

Current Literature

A REVIEW OF THE TIMES

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1912

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A Review of the World

The Attempt to Assassinate
Mr. Roosevelt.



ROOSEVELT'S luck and Roosevelt's pluck were never more obvious than when, on the fourteenth of last month, in Milwaukee, an attempt was made upon his life. Hardly six feet away from him, as he stood up in an automobile to acknowledge the plaudits of the crowd, stood a man with a number 38 Colt's revolver, for which he had paid \$14.00 a week or two previously. His aim was good, and a bullet large enough to stop a grizzly bear or lay a lion low struck Mr. Roosevelt in the chest a little below and to the right of the right nipple. Ordinarily it would have passed through the little lobe of the right lung and the auricles of the heart, or the arch of the aorta, and gone through the body and out under the left shoulder. Mr. Roosevelt would in that event have been dead within a minute. But the bullet found obstacles. A big army overcoat was the first obstacle. About one hundred pages of manuscript (fifty pages doubled) were the next. A steel spectacle case was the third. By the time it had passed through these and reached the heavy muscles of Mr. Roosevelt's powerful chest, it was a very much tired and discouraged bullet. Instead of piercing the lung or heart, it turned upward and inward, plowing a channel through the flesh between six and seven inches long,

striking and fracturing the fourth rib, but not entering the pleural cavity, and imbedding itself in the rib about four inches from the sternum.

Mr. Roosevelt's Wonderful
Exhibition of Nerve.



OF COURSE the victim of this foul assault staggered and fell, gasping in a faint voice, scarcely audible, "I am shot!" Well, no, not exactly. He did drop to his seat in a crouching posture, but he neither gasped nor turned pale, and a moment later he was on his feet again. Albert E. Martin, his stenographer, formerly a football player, made a flying tackle straight over the car, catching the would-be assassin around the neck and bearing him to the ground as he was trying to fire a second shot. "Don't hurt him," cried the Colonel, "bring him to me." Martin dragged the man to his feet and turned his face around. By that time the police had the man and Dr. Terrell had Roosevelt—or thought he had. "To the hospital," ordered the doctor. "To the Auditorium," ordered Mr. Roosevelt. "You get me to that speech. It may be the last one I shall deliver, but I am going to deliver this one." All expostulations were in vain. Not until he reached a dressing-room of the Auditorium would he even let the wound be examined. A temporary bandage was then made with a handkerchief, and Mr. Roose-

velt proceeded to deliver his speech, his step firm and his voice full and steady. For an hour he spoke, waving aside protesting friends, who even tried to steal his manuscript to make him stop. He lost, it must be admitted, no tricks that night. He showed the audience his pierced manuscript, his nicked spectacle case and even his stained shirt. And he said:

"It is a very natural thing that weak and vicious minds should be inflamed to acts of violence by the kind of foul mendacity and abuse that have been heaped upon me for the last three months by the papers in the interests not only of Mr. Debs, but of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Taft. Friends, I will disown and repudiate any man of my party who attacks with such vile, foul slander and abuse any opponents of another party.

"Now I wish to say seriously to the speakers and the newspapers representing both the Republican and Democratic and Socialist Parties that they cannot, month in and month out, year in and year out, make the kind of slanderous, bitter, and malevolent assaults that they have made and not expect that brutal and violent characters, especially when the brutality is accompanied by a not too strong mind—they cannot expect that such natures will be unaffected by it."

Responsibility for Assaults
on Public Men.

THE cue thus given was promptly taken up by Mr. Pinchot, Senator Dixon, and other of Mr. Roosevelt's lieutenants. "We have not forgotten," said Gifford Pinchot, in an address the next day, "the assassination of McKinley, and the men and newspapers who lead men on to slay, by themselves assassinating characters. It is what they write and say that works on feeble minds, and it is not so bad to shoot a man as to destroy his character with a lie." Senator Dixon issued a statement to the effect that the intemperate assaults upon Mr. Roosevelt were "directly responsible for the murderous attack." The *New York Press*, in its headlines, asserted that the attempt upon Mr. Roosevelt's life was made by a Socialist, a report that gained considerable currency at first. These efforts to throw the blame upon political opponents were instantly resented. "When Senator Dixon," said the *Brooklyn Eagle*, "seeks to convert into political capital the results of frenzy, he files a bid for execration." The *New York Tribune* called attention to the fact that Mr. Roosevelt

himself has always believed in hard-hitting and plain speaking and has always given at least as good as he has received. "There is no fathoming the workings of a crazy brain," says the *Tribune*. The *Baltimore News*, one of Munsey's papers, speaks in the same key. "This is not a campaign," it remarks, "which has aroused the passions of men. The assaults upon Colonel Roosevelt have been severe and prolonged, but his own acceptance of them as being part of the game, his healthy habit of hitting as hard as he is hit and recognizing that in the give and take of political life hard blows must be struck and hard blows received, have done much to take out of campaigns in which he has played a leading part hidden malice and sullen hate."

Assassination and the
Newspapers.



F ESPECIAL interest is the comment made on the assault by Mayor Gaynor, who still carries in his throat the bullet of the paranoiac Gallagher. Says the Mayor, with a note of evident bitterness:

"The persistent abuse and assassination of the character of public men is naturally followed by assassination of their bodies. What else could you expect? These cranks are excited by the exaggerated articles they read. The public little suspect the number of threats of assassination that are made and sent by mail by inflamed persons who are ready to carry them out. They are quite commonly written on the margin of these newspaper articles written to assassinate character. Which kind of assassins are the worst? One kind are arrested and prosecuted by the prosecuting officers. They let the others go on scot-free."

But the *New York Evening Post* is unconvinced by this line of talk. "Free discussion," it remarks, "is the very breath of our political life. . . . These appalling things will happen, from time to time, but they cannot be allowed to impair our right freely to think, and freely to utter what we think, about our public servants, and those who seek to become our public servants. Any incitement to violence, or intimation of it, ought to be sternly put down, but discussion of public men and public questions must go on without let or hindrance, unless freedom is to fail. Mr. Roosevelt himself would be the first to assert this."

John Schrank Dreams
a Dream.

NE passage in the confession made to the police by Schrank, the man who shot Roosevelt, links the assault, in part at least, to the asperities of the campaign. Schrank—his full name is John Flammang Schrank—is a Bavarian who came to this country when he was twelve. Ever since he was a boy—he is now thirty-six—he has been engaged in the liquor business on the East Side, in New York City, part of the time as a bartender, part of the time as a proprietor. He owns property to the value, he says, of \$25,000; but he never had an education except for a year or two in Bavaria and in night schools in New York. His antipathy to Roosevelt seems to have begun several years ago. In reply to a question by the Milwaukee Chief of Police, he said:

"I had a dream several years ago that Mr. McKinley appeared to me, and he told me that Mr. Roosevelt is practically his real murderer, and not this Czolgosz, or whatever his name was; Mr. Roosevelt is practically the man that has been the real murderer of President McKinley, in order to get the Presidency of the United States, because the way things were that time he was not supposed to be a President; all the leaders did not want him; that's the reason they gave him the Vice-Presidency, which is political suicide; that's what I am sore about, to think Mr. McKinley appeared to me in a dream and said, 'This is my murderer, and nobody else.'"

This statement seems to be borne out by a written proclamation found in Schrank's pocket, which ran as follows:

"September 15, 1912, 1:30 A. M.—in a dream I saw President McKinley set up in a Monk's attire in whom I recognized Theodore Roosevelt. The President said: 'This is my murderer; avenge my death.'"

"September 12, 1912, 1:30 A. M.—While writing a poem some one tapped me on the shoulder and said: 'Let not a murderer take the Presidential chair. Avenge my death.'"

"I could plainly see Mr. McKinley's features. 'Before the Almighty God, I swear this above writing is nothing but the truth.'"

"God Has Called Me to Be
His Instrument."

UT Schrank's dream does not seem to have had enough power by itself to impel him to action, until the present campaign began. Then the third-term idea seems to have taken pos-



"GOD HAS CALLED ME TO BE HIS
INSTRUMENT."

John Flammang Schrank, who tried to kill Roosevelt, was inspired, he says, by President McKinley, in a dream.

session of him and to have reinforced the dream. He borrowed \$350, on a ninety-day note, bought his revolver, and started South to find Roosevelt, leaving New York for Charleston, September 21. He visited about a dozen cities before reaching Mil-



THE LATEST JOKE

—Murphy in San Francisco Call

waukee, being balked of his purpose by one means or other. Here is another passage from his confession:

Q.—Well, what object did you have in following around and trying to meet Theodore Roosevelt? A.—Well, because I have been reading history, and following up history, and I have seen that this man Roosevelt is trying to break one of the old-time established traditions of the country; calling it a third-term, which he has no right to; he can create a third party and create all the offices, but to nominate himself was absolutely out of the way, and I think to-day that it is absolutely necessary to establish new, and have the third-term tradition to exist and not be violated by anybody."



CONSULTING EXPERIENCE

—Youngstown Telegram

In addition to his proclamation, already quoted, a note was found in Schrank's pocket on the third-term idea, reading as follows:

"So long as Japan could rise to the greatest power of the world despite her surviving a tradition more than 2,000 years old, as General Nogi so nobly demonstrated, it is the duty of the United States of America to uphold the third-term tradition. Let every third-termer be regarded as a traitor to the American cause. Let it be the right and duty of every citizen to forcibly remove a third-termer. Never let a third-term party emblem appear on the official ballot.

"I am willing to die for my country. God has called me to be his instrument, so help me God.
INNOCENT GUILTY."

At the end of this was the line written in German: "A strong tower is our God."

Schrank's Fear of
Civil War.

ASKED if he was a member of any political party, Schrank said no. Then he went on as follows:

"I thought there should be an example of the third term if it should exist any longer. Mr. Grant was refused and he was satisfied, this man was refused, and he is not satisfied. It's gone beyond limits, if he keeps on doing this after election. He can't possibly carry a solid Western State. The next thing we will have is a civil war, because he will say the scoundrels and thieves and crooks stole my nomination, and now they will steal my election, and they will take up arms in all the Western States. We are facing a civil war just to keep him in a third term, in an illegitimate place."

Q.—Where did you get all this idea from? A.—I have been reading history all the time. . . .

Q.—When did you first begin to think about this? A.—I began to think of it after the Chicago Convention.

Q.—What caused you to think of it? A.—I thought on account of calling a new convention and starting the third party makes anybody think. What's the use of being a citizen if you don't take any interest in the politics of our country?

Q.—What did you read in the papers that directed your mind to meet Roosevelt? A.—You read a lot of things in the papers, and especially in *The New York World*. *The World* practically came out that the country is in danger if he has the chair again.

Q.—Did they say anything in particular that centered your attention on this action? A.—No, sir, not at all; perhaps 1,000,000 people

read it and didn't think anything, and I just happened to read the matter over. I was interested from there.

Q.—Editorial page? A.—Editorial page.

Q.—You remember any particular editorial?

A.—No, sir, I don't remember. I could not repeat it.

Q.—Well, did you read anything else in any other paper except *The World* that made an impression on you of Mr. Roosevelt? A.—Well, in fact, I have been following up all papers of the political views, and I have been taking out *The World* as the right thing. She is right, the way she talks, and one paper I read is *The New York Herald*, and she never speaks about Theodore Roosevelt, but the third-termer, and she don't mention his name; only the third-termer."

Schrank denied that he had ever been in trouble before; had ever been arrested, or ever been confined in an institution. Investigations by the police both here and in Bavaria seem to confirm his statements. He expressed no sorrow whatever for his deed and no agitation in regard to his fate.

The World Pays Tribute
to a Man.



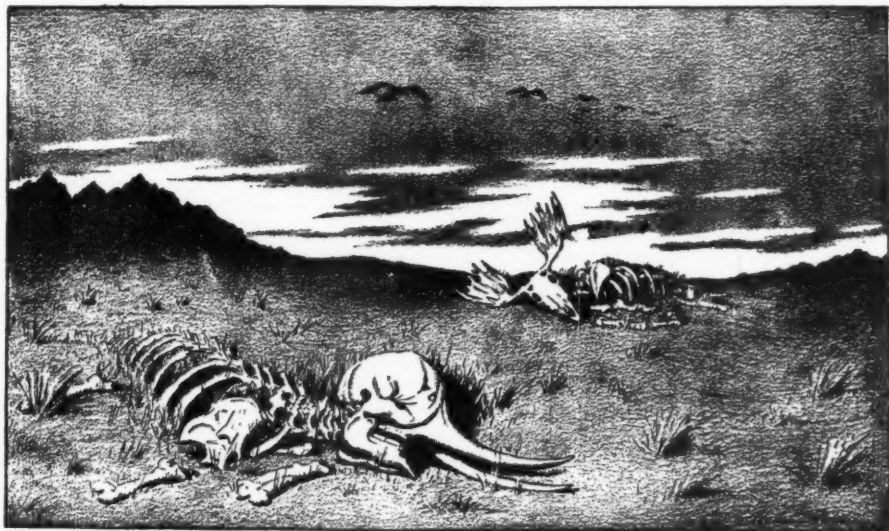
NE is reminded anew, by the comment elicited from all parts of the world upon the attack, that Mr. Roosevelt is a great world-character. Within a few hours after his arrival at the hospital in Chicago, over one thousand telegrams and cablegrams had



THOSE KATZENJAMMER KIDS AGAIN—
WHAT?

—Macauley in *N. Y. World*

been received from people of all walks in life. Kings and emperors, cardinals and counts, athletes and prize-fighters, financiers and social reformers were hastening to express their horror over the assault and their joy over the escape. Emperor William and "Bat" Masterson, King George and Melvin Sheppard, Cardinal Gibbons and Johnny Hayes—the list is endless of Mr. Roose-



ARMAGEDDON—AFTERWARDS

—Harding in *Brooklyn Eagle*

velt's personal friends and admirers. Papers strongly hostile to his political ambitions were prompt to express their admiration for his courage and grit. The *New York Times*, for instance, had this to say of his course after being shot: "Instances of personal and physical heroism are common upon the battlefield; but probably the history of politics affords no example of it worthy to be compared with this. It was rash, it was an act of hardihood, we may say even that it was an act of folly, but it was characteristic, and the judgment of the country will be that it was magnificent." The *Pall Mall Gazette*, of London, under

the title "The Heroic Mould," expressed itself in the following terms:

"The amazing and characteristic coolness with which the ex-President bore the assault and its consequences must touch every instinct which responds to chivalry and self-control. The picture of a statesman insisting on proceeding with his address with a bullet freshly imbedded in his breast is almost too staggeringly dramatic for our British ideas to comprehend. . . . There are few men in any land of such caliber, and we may be sure that many thousands who had intended bestowing their suffrage elsewhere will now ask themselves if it is well to pass him by."

Closing Aspects of the Campaign.

THE presidential campaign now drawing to a close seems to have been in charge of General Confusion. There has been confusion of issues, confusion of thought, and confusion of purpose on the part of the voters. "The most striking feature of the political situation," said the Cincinnati *Times-Star* last month, "is the very large percentage of voters who have not made up their minds how they will vote in November." An extensive "straw-vote" was polled by the Chicago *Record-Herald* early in the month. So large was the proportion of ballots that were returned unmarked that the result was admitted by that paper to be robbed of most of its significance. "All indications," it remarked, "are that the contest will be decided in the closing two weeks or more of the campaign." The same view was taken by the Chicago *Evening Post*. The number of voters who had not made up their minds how to vote it found to be "unprecedentedly large" up to the middle of October.

Wilson Holds the Democracy Intact.

ACCORDING to all the tests applied prior to the shooting of Mr. Roosevelt, Governor Wilson up to that time had held the Democratic vote practically unbroken. This of itself, with the Republican vote badly split between Roosevelt and Taft, ought to insure his election. Two features have, however, developed since, the effect of which is as yet entirely uncertain. One is, of course, the attempted assassination of Mr. Roosevelt.

Just how large a factor that may prove to be in influencing in his favor the large class of voters up to that time undecided, there is no means of estimating. Many of Mr. Roosevelt's followers profess to believe that that event has insured his election. The other feature is the starting by President Taft of a "prosperity campaign"—the sort of a campaign that more than once in times past has proved tremendously effective, and which this year is reinforced by unprecedentedly large crops.

Trade Revival as a Taft Asset.

THE facts which the prosperity campaigners are able to make use of are, indeed, numerous. The last year of Mr. Taft's administration, as the Springfield *Republican* points out, "is proving to be coincident with one of the most impressive trade revivals of industrial and commercial activity the country has experienced in a generation. Not only have the farmers harvested crops of phenomenal size, but the prices they are receiving are satisfactory, and in the West at least they are, as a class, 'richer than any farmers, probably, known in history.' In addition, labor in the East is employed to the last man able and willing to work. The Baldwin locomotive works complains that it cannot get enough men. The steel trust finds difficulty in filling orders for the same reason. The cotton mills in New England have been advancing wages in order to increase the number of employees. The head of the Harriman railway lines complains that work is being retarded because of a lack of men. The president of the Atchi-

son system makes the same complaint. The *Iron Age* announces that the sale of steel billets for 1913 is "on a prodigious scale"; that the manufacturers of agricultural implements find a demand for next year that is "beyond precedent"; that the car manufacturers are far behind on orders; that the buying of steel rails is tremendous, and that for the first time in years our iron and steel goods are being sold abroad for higher prices than at home. Never was it less true, the *New York Times* remarks, that this prosperity inures to the few instead of the many. "The number of stockholders in only 242 corporations increased from 394,842 in 1906 to 872,393 in 1911, and almost half of them were women."

The Prosperity Campaign Begins.

WITH this condition of things to make use of, the Taft managers began their campaign last month with a certain degree of restored confidence. One advertisement widely circulated reads: "Remember the panic of 1893. Remember the panic of 1907. No panic under Taft. Better be safe than sorry." Said the President in a recent speech:

"A National Government cannot create good times. It cannot make the rain to fall, the

sun to shine, or the crops to grow, but it can, by pursuing a meddlesome policy, attempting to change economic conditions, and frightening the investment of capital, prevent a prosperity and a revival of business which otherwise might have taken place. And, in view of the experience of the past in which we have seen efforts to bring about a change in monetary or economic policies, it can halt enterprise, paralyze investment, and throw out of employment hundreds of thousands of workmen. The negative virtue of having taken no step to interfere with the coming of prosperity and the comfort of the people is one that ought highly to commend an administration, and the party responsible for it, as worthy of further continuance in power."

Again Mr. Taft warns us that the election of the Democratic ticket and a Democratic Congress "would mean four years of rainy days." Social justice, he reminds us, is not likely to come with hard times. "Prosperity is the broom that sweeps our alleys and cleans our noisome hovels." Mr. Taft's keynote has been taken up jubilantly. "Why," asks the *New York Tribune*, "take a leap in the dark economically and vote in an administration whose election would be a signal for a raid upon the protective system to which all business and production are now adjusted? Why scare off prosperity by again unloosening the destructive energies which played havoc with



THE COUNTERSIGN

—Donahy in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

the country the last time the Democratic party was put into full possession of the government?" "What a fallacy," says John Wanamaker, in a long appeal for Taft, "it is to give up the prosperity already attained under Taft for the by-products offered by the Democrats and Progressives."

Will Tariff Revision Check
Prosperity?

THE effect of this appeal is seen in the vigor with which it is resisted. Up to the time it was made the forensic contest seemed to be almost entirely between Wilson and Roosevelt. At once, with the prosperity cry, Mr. Taft became again an active participant in the fight. Governor Wilson essayed to answer the prophecy of rainy days as a result of Democratic success. "I recall the time," said the Governor, "when the President condemned that preposterous schedule under which the wool monopoly flourished and I want to ask him if he does not think that rainy days came long ago to the poor mill hands of Lawrence, Mass. What kind of days are those that are enjoyed by some of the employees of the overshadowing steel monopoly who have to work seven days in the week, twelve hours every one of the seven, and cannot, when the 365 weary days have passed and a year is told, find their bills paid or their little families properly sustained? Are they waiting for rainy days?" The reply, the *New York World* thinks, is a complete one; "the worst wage conditions in the United States are in the most highly protected industries. The best wage conditions are in industries which receive no tariff favors whatever. How does Mr. Taft explain it?" The *Springfield Republican*, while admitting the strength of Mr. Taft's appeal, calls attention to the fact that the trade revival has come in spite of the tariff agitation. Before the present revival began all parties had promised to reduce the tariff. "The markets adjusted themselves to such an outlook, with full knowledge of the character of the Underwood tariff reduction bills at the last session, and also the probability that the Democrats would elect the next President and control the next Congress on account of the disruption of the Republican party after the Chicago convention. And then the upward movement came." In other words, the revival has come "in complete disregard of politics."

Business Disregard of
Politics.

THIS view is taken also by Holland, the staff correspondent of the *Wall Street Journal*, a financial, not a partizan paper. He writes concerning the trade revival:

"Another feature of the campaign which is causing comment all over the country is the demonstration of the confident attitude of business interests of the United States, based upon a belief that prosperity and business are the great commanding factors of this time and that no matter how the election may be determined, business interests are in no serious peril. With rare exceptions, bankers and business men assert that business is really paying little heed to politics this year and that the feeling is widespread, almost universal, that whatever be the result of the election no serious apprehension of harm to business will be justified."

Another financial journal that holds itself independent of parties, the *New York Journal of Commerce*, asks questions in rather a scornful tone of voice: "Is everything dependent upon the tariff? Has politics produced the 'bumper' crops and is the effect of them to be sustained by a party success? Will industry lie down and die and business give up the ghost if Taft is not re-elected? It is one of the misfortunes of having such a tariff that so many people can be cajoled into believing that their prosperity depends upon it."

A Wave of Republican
Sentiment.

BUT the Boston *Transcript* sees no good reason for taking chances. While the head of the nation can not make the crops grow, it observes, he is more or less responsible for conditions under which we can reap the highest benefits. "Shall we," it asks, "exchange a certainty that is more than usually satisfactory, for a series of radical and doubtful experiments? Shall we discard a guide who has led us along safe courses to follow one who invites us into unexplored jungles?" And the Philadelphia *Star*, another Republican paper, says it cannot be denied that a wave of pro-Republican sentiment is sweeping over the country as the sober and serious voters ponder on the fact that "President Taft and his Republican administration banished the hard times brought about by the Roosevelt panic in 1907 and have given us prosperity."



The Becker Trial.

IN THE trial last month of Becker, police lieutenant of New York City, for the murder last July of Herman Rosenthal, a gambler, the underworld of the metropolis has had such a public airing as comes but once or twice in a generation. That the disclosures made have been disquieting is to draw it very mildly; but the most disquieting thing about the case is the lack of any remedy toward which public opinion, thus thoroly aroused, is being directed. Some of the suggestions made only serve to indicate the general feeling of helplessness. The *N. Y. Press* suggests "a modified form of the California vigilance committee." The *N. Y. Herald* scouts the idea of a modified vigilance committee. "One of the real, old-fashioned San Francisco vigilance committees in operation for a few days," it says, "would free this city of its bands of murderers for hire." As the evidence in the case points strongly to the fact that the gang which did the murdering was actually driven unwillingly to the deed by an officer of the law, the inadequacy of such a remedy is obvious. But it shows the intensity of feeling that has been aroused as the dramatic stories of "Jack" Rose, "Bridgey" Webber and others have been made current, revealing a hideous condition of graft and crime flaunting itself almost openly.

Gaynor's Administration Under Fire.

BUT if remedial suggestions are few, reproaches are many. Most of them are aimed at Mayor Gaynor and Waldo, his police commissioner. An aldermanic committee has been investigating the police situation, and has elicited the information that 12 per cent. of the men appointed to the force under the present system are ex-convicts, perjurers, or bad men of one kind or another. This fact was part of the sworn testimony of Lieutenant Stanton, who was made the head of a police bureau of investigation under Commissioner Bingham, a bureau which was declared by Bingham's successor, Cropsey, to be the most efficient body of investigators he ever knew. One of the first acts of Commissioner Waldo was the abolishing of this bureau and the appointment to the force of the 12 per cent. whom

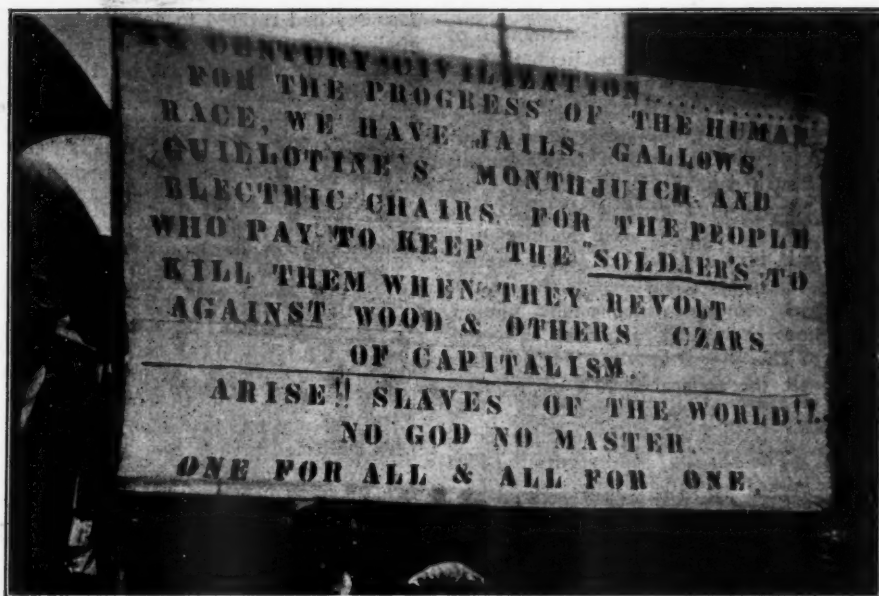
Cropsey had refused to appoint because of their bad records. Waldo, in spite of the Becker case and the storm of criticism that has ensued, still insists that there is nothing wrong with the police force except "public clamor." Mayor Gaynor assails "certain degenerate newspapers" as responsible for "the tide of falsehood and abuse," and suggests that it is about time the Governor took action against the district attorney because of the way in which, as is alleged, the secrets of the Grand Jury room are fed to the press. And James Creelman, president of the civil service commission, which examines and passes upon applicants to the police force, asserts that the "abuse and misrepresentation" to which the Mayor has been subjected is in large part the result of an effort to discredit him because of his action some time ago in degrading four influential police inspectors "who had many friends among newspaper men."

New York Schools for Criminals.



ONE influential defender of the Mayor appears in William McAdoo, former commissioner of police, now chief city magistrate, and a man whose views command unusual respect. In an article in *Harper's Weekly*, he says that at no time in the history of the police department of New York City has less blackmail been collected from saloonkeepers than during the Gaynor administration; and he adds: "No mayor ever so zealously and with such a comprehensive and intelligent grasp of the situation wrestled with the police question as did Mayor Gaynor." On the other hand, the superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, Rev. Ferdinand C. Iglehart, asserts that "the saloons, always insolent and despotic, have never felt so free or done so outrageously as in the past two years." Dr. Iglehart does not deny that there is less blackmailing, but he seems to hold that this has been effected by simply letting the saloons run about as they please. And to this alleged riot of the saloons he attributes the growth of lawlessness in recent years. He writes in *The Christian Advocate*:

"In the 15,000 drinking places the thieves, the murderers, the ballot-box stuffers, the prostitutes, the gamblers, the grafters, the 'gun men,' the criminal outcasts have found their education, the inspiration for their diabolical



"NO GOD, NO MASTER"

This is a photograph of a placard carried in a demonstration organized in Lawrence, Mass., September 30, by the Industrial Workers of the World, to protest against the imprisonment of Ettor and Giovanpitti as accessories to homicide. Several thousand paraded. So much feeling was aroused that two weeks later a counter-demonstration was made by 30,000 citizens marching to show their loyalty to the United States flag and American institutions.

deeds and their protection, and out from them the vile mob has poured to hold up and rob and kill the people. It is not much of a step from the thousands of unchecked saloons and the institutions which are their natural attendants to the horrible moral condition that now confronts the city."

Commercialized Vice.

BUT the causes of trouble, according to Magistrate McAdoo, are not confined to the saloons. In New York City, as nowhere else, he says, is the conducting of disorderly houses and gambling houses so thoroly commercialized and made a business proposition. He writes from extended personal observation as follows:

"Investigations made by me as a magistrate showed beyond doubt that large numbers of disorderly houses are owned by a group of men of infamous character, who place their property in the hands of ostensibly respectable agents and manage them with hired employees as openly and systematically as if it were a legitimate business. It is not necessary that these owners should ever put their foot in the houses in question. The hired manager, generally a woman, can even go to prison without

discommoding the business, which runs on perpetually. If you want to close up these places you must strike at the owners as such, and the Penal Code offers ample remedy if all the authorities are united—which should include the police, the magistrates, the judges of the minor civil courts, and others."

Some of these establishments have been in business for many years, and not only in New York City but all over the country and in foreign countries "are as well-known as the leading hotels." In one of them the furnishings of the ball-room alone cost \$7,000. This is managed by "a woman of marked ability," who "carries herself well" and "is as prominent in the underworld as some of the leaders of society in the upperworld." These houses do not annoy the neighborhood, and the saloon-keepers, the delicatessen stores, the dry-goods men, the landlords, the real estate agents, are all friendly to them, because "from a sordid, purely business point of view, they are a good thing." If a vote could be quietly taken in the neighborhood, Judge McAdoo thinks it would be almost unanimous in their favor. This makes the

application of the common law against nuisances very difficult. The strongest weapon against such places is a proceeding against the owners of the property.

Popular Support of
Vice and Crime.

IT IS much the same with pool-rooms, in which betting on horse-races is carried on. They are popular with their neighbors, and "whenever a raid is made on one of these for violating the law, the neighborhood will stand by and jeer the police and sympathize with the proprietor." The same thing is true of the coffee-saloons on the East Side, where small games of chance are carried on, and which, in the poorer districts, are most destructive. "They are the open doors to crime, poverty, and death, and bring great privation upon innocent women and children. They rot the moral fiber of the young man's character; they make him lazy and dissolute, and they bring him in contact with criminals, and his course is steadily downward. He either becomes a drunken, worthless loafer or a dangerous criminal. You see these victims on the street corners at all hours of the day and night, an offense to the eye, a nuisance, and a danger to decent people, men and women." Even the pickpockets, Judge McAdoo believes, are "officered and manned and their movements conducted with business discipline, the same as those who cater to the vices." They are always defended by clever lawyers. They have a great deal of influence and are the hardest of all criminals to convict and get into prison. They seem to have powerful friends. Judge McAdoo says that, after a long and fair trial, he convicted two women pickpockets during the last Christmas holidays, and, tho sentenced long ago, they are not in jail yet.

Startling Figures on Homicide.

BUT bad as the criminal record of New York City seems to be from these descriptions, the whole nation seems tarred with the same stick. In the matter of homicide, at least, many cities display a far worse record. In the *Spectator*, F. L. Hoffman gives a series of tables that ought to stagger, for a time at least, our invincible American optimism. Comparing the figures for this country in 1911 with those of England and Wales, he

finds that the rate of homicide in this country was 6.5 for 100,000 population; in England and Wales it was but .9 per 100,000—about one-seventh as high! Moreover, our rate is growing. The average rate per year from 1882 to 1891 was 5 per 100,000; from 1892 to 1901, it was 4.9; from 1902 to 1911 it was 7.2, and for the last two of those years 8.3 was the rate, being exceeded by that of only one year—1907, with a rate of 8.8—in the last 30 years. The southern cities are far the greatest sinners in this respect, showing 20 per 100,000 in 1911.

Murder in the United States.

THESE figures cover what is known as the "registration area," in which criminal statistics are fairly reliable, and which includes 30 cities. The following table shows the order in which these cities stand:

CITIES.	1901-1910.		1911.	
	Homicides	Rate per 100,000 Population ...	Homicides	Rate per 100,000 Population ...
Memphis, Tenn....	556	47.1	85	63.4
Charleston, S. C....	159	27.7	25	42.3
Savannah, Ga.....	154	25.6	25	37.8
New Orleans, La...	702	22.2	83	24.1
Atlanta, Ga.....	215	17.1	48	29.8
Louisville, Ky.....	356	16.5	36	15.9
Nashville, Tenn...	132	13.6	40	35.3
St. Louis, Mo.....	804	12.6	108	15.5
San Francisco, Cal.	343	11.2	44	10.4
Cincinnati, Ohio...	328	9.4
Chicago, Ill.....	1,659	8.4	203	9.1
Spokane, Wash....	55	8.0	3	2.7
Seattle, Wash.....	119	7.6	20	7.9
Washington, D. C..	210	6.8	31	9.2
Manhattan and				
Bronx, N. Y.....	1,249	5.1	197	6.9
Cleveland, Ohio....	234	4.9	50	8.6
Pittsburgh, Penn...	243	4.9	29	5.3
Providence, R. I...	97	4.8
Boston, Mass.....	283	4.6	33	4.8
Dayton, Ohio.....	44	4.3	8	6.7
Brooklyn, N. Y....	583	4.2	61	3.6
Baltimore, Md.....	215	4.0	27	4.8
Reading, Penn.....	32	4.0	7	7.2
Philadelphia, Penn.	529	3.7	66	4.2
Hartford, Conn....	24	3.3	4	4.0
Buffalo, N. Y.....	109	2.8	25	5.8
Minneapolis, Minn.	71	2.7	11	3.6
Newark, N. J.....	68	2.3	6	1.7
Rochester, N. Y....	43	2.3	14	6.2
Milwaukee, Wis....	56	1.7	11	2.8
Average	9,672	6.9	1,300	8.3

Baseball Eclipses Politics.



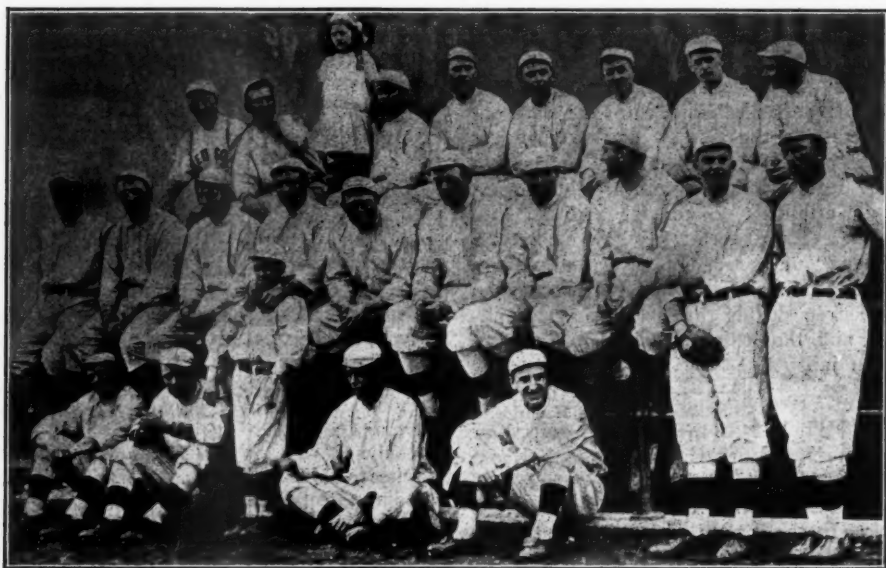
HE great event of the year is over. We don't know who the next

President is to be, but we know what nine holds the baseball championship of the world. The struggle between Taft, Wilson and Roosevelt has been temporarily eclipsed by that between the New York "Giants" and the "Red Sox" of Boston. The registration in New York showed a falling off, but the receipts at the first six games of the baseball championship series showed an increase of about \$25,000 over those of last year, which showed an increase of \$60,000 over those of the preceding year. Politics is no



JOE WOOD: THE PITCHER WHO MADE BOSTON FAMOUS

longer the national game. Baseball crowded it off the front page day after day last month. Joe Wood's spit-ball received more attention than Roosevelt's attack upon Wilson, and Josh Devore's shining catch of a difficult fly aroused more enthusiasm than President Taft's message to the governors on financing the farmers and reducing the cost of living. It is, perhaps, just as well. Politics divides us; baseball reunites us. There is no class struggle at a baseball game, and no sectional division. If the variegated peoples in the Balkans only played the same national game there might be fewer massacres there. Baseball is spreading. Canada, Cuba and the Philippines are already conquered. Japan is yielding.



BASEBALL CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD

In the last half of the tenth inning of the eighth game the "Red Sox" of Boston (American League) won the championship from the New York "Giants," after the most hotly contested series ever seen. To the right of the little girl is Speaker, the star batter; to her left is Wood, the star pitcher; Cady and O'Brien sit next to Wood; the middle row begins (left to right) with Hooper, Carrigan and Yerkes, and ends with Gardner, Collins and Stahl. Bedient, the star pitcher, sits on the right of the small boy in front, and Wagner next.



THE BATTERY THAT WON THE PENNANT

These are the pitchers of the New York "Giants," pennant-bearers of the National League, who came within an ace of being the champions of the world. Left to right: Marquard, Tesreau, Mathewson, Ames, Wiltse, Crandall.

Physical Problems in Baseball.

ETHICS, physics and psychology all enter into the baseball literature which at this time of the year floods the country. The manager must be a student of psychology, the players must develop certain ethical standards of living, and the ball itself furnishes enough problems in physics to perplex a whole academy of science. Hugh S. Fullerton calls attention to some of these problems,

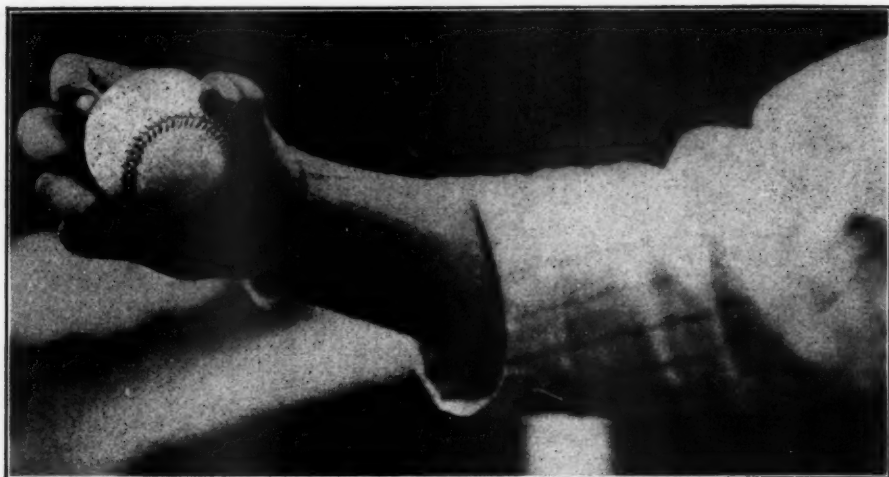
writing in the *American Magazine*. Every man in a ball game, he says, affords a problem. Most of the problems relate to atmospheric pressure. "Did you know," he asks, "that a man who can throw a baseball 350 feet on the Polo Grounds, New York, on a dead calm day, can throw the same ball almost 400 feet on the Denver ball park? Did you know that the San Francisco outfielders play on an average 15 feet closer to the home-plate than they would dare



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"A CLUB OF CLEAN LIVERS"

That is what McGraw says proudly of the "Giants," of New York, and to their clean living he attributes in large part their success in again winning the National League pennant this year. In the front row (left to right) are: Fletcher, Doyle, Meyers, Snodgrass, Herzog, Murray, McGraw (manager), Mathewson, Marquard, Tesreau, Devore, Becker. Merkle is sixth from the left end of the top row, McCormick third from the right end.



THE TANTALIZING "FLOATER"

This is how "Joe" Wood, of the Red Sox, holds the ball when he wishes it to take a sudden upshoot just as it reaches the batter. There is no curved ball harder to control than the "floater."

play in Phoenix, Arizona? Did you know that a fast curve ball will 'break' four or five inches farther in the same distance at Chicago than at Albuquerque, N. M.?" All because of the different densities of atmosphere.

Curious Antics of a Baseball.

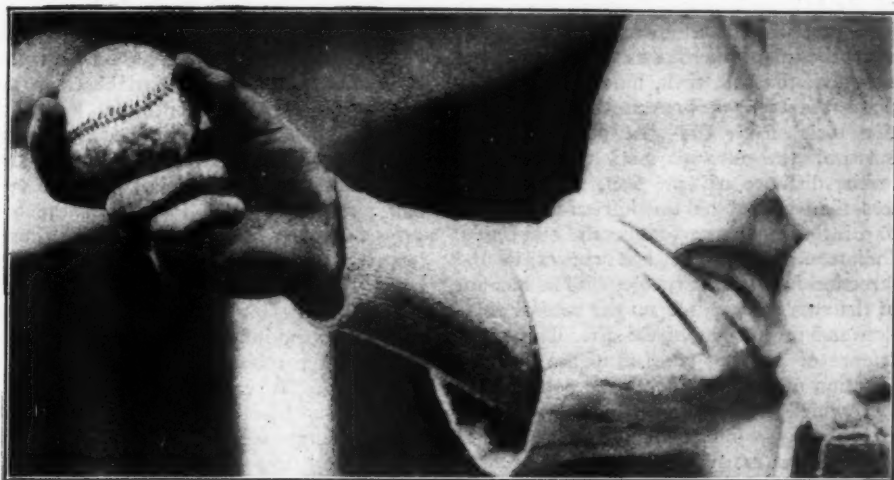
BUT the most interesting things about a baseball are the directions it takes rather than the distance it goes. It is capable, according to Fullerton, of accelerated or retarded mo-

tion, and of both in the same sixty feet. That is, it may be made to slow up and then resume a faster rate of speed. He experimented once, shooting balls out of a pneumatic gun with a rifling that gave them the rotation necessary to make them curve. "We shot balls under thirty pounds of pressure, making them curve sometimes a hundred feet. Putting the up-curve motion on the ball, we aimed the gun at a target exactly on a straight line, and the ball, going straight for perhaps a hundred feet, sud-



DELIVERING A "SPIT-BALL"

The fore-finger is liberally moistened before grasping the ball, and the thumb is hard pressed on the bottom as the ball leaves the hand—in this case the hand of Jeff Tesreau.



JOE WOOD'S FAST BALL

The famous young pitcher does not expect this ball to do any fancy curving. But it goes with such speed that they call him "Smoky Joe."

denly seemed to slack speed, then leaped upward and rose at a terrific rate until it passed over the crossbar of the flagpole in center field, 70 feet above the ground." The ball, in going from the pitcher's hand to the home plate, traverses a distance of about 56 feet. The curve given to it by its rotary motion can not, in that distance, Fullerton concludes, be more than 20 inches, tho you will find ball-players who estimate it as high as five feet. He made

experiments on this point with Orval Overall, a pitcher who had an exceptionally wide out-curve.

Measuring an Out-Curve.

TWELVE big sheets of tissue paper, each enclosed in slats, were placed at intervals between the pitcher and the batsman's position, and a string was stretched from one point to the other at a height of five feet. The course




Copyright, Paul Thompson

THE MYSTERIOUS "FADE-AWAY"

This is the hand of Christy Mathewson, about to deliver a ball whose tricky course just before it reaches the batsman has puzzled the best batters of the League.


of the ball as it passed through the sheets was carefully determined. At one point near the plate there was a slight actual ascent of the ball, then, nine feet from the plate, the ball "broke," as the rotary motion took effect, and shot downward and outward, the outward motion carrying it, in the distance of nine feet, from a little less than a foot on the left of the string to a little less than a foot on the other side. Fullerton says: "The ball curves in the direction in which it revolves. The amount of the curve depends upon the rate of rotation and the weight of the air. The entire science of pitching consists in the deft application of friction upon some point of the ball which makes it rotate in a certain direction, or which counteracts its natural rotation and cause it to "wobble" or float with little revolving motion. The slow balls, fadeaways, knuckle balls, all have as their object the prevention of rotary motion, or to give false rotary motion or 'reverse English.' The ball that presents the most air surface to the resistance of the atmosphere slows up quickest and yields more rapidly to gravitation. The one that spins oftenest (not necessarily fastest) curves most."

OT only the pitched balls but the thrown balls vary greatly. One man throws a "light" ball, that revolves with a tendency to lift, another man throws a "heavy" or "dead" ball. A short-fingered player throws a "heavier" ball than a long-fingered player,

The Spit-Ball—and Others.

the impact of which is much harder, tho the speed of the two may be the same. "Many good first basemen have been ruined by having second and third basemen and short-stop throwing different kinds of balls." Then again the kind of throw may depend upon the rotation the ball has when it reaches the thrower's hand. "The spit-ball pitcher wets the surface of the ball, grips the lower side tightly with his thumb, lets the ball slide off the fingers. The effect is that two conflicting forces cause the ball to 'wobble' for a distance and then, yielding to the influence of the thumb pressure and the attraction of gravity, it darts downward. When a ball thus pitched is hit it still refuses to surrender its inclination to rotate. It starts toward the infielders with two forces still struggling for mastery. Each time the ball touches the earth it takes a different English. The infielder scoops the ball and throws. If he clutches the ball hard enough to kill all motion, all is well. If he seizes it lightly and throws with the same motion, the ball takes fresh and renewed English as it leaves his hand and is more than likely to shoot out of reach of the baseman toward whom he throws." There are other problems in physics to be solved when our colleges become truly progressive and establish baseball professorships. The molecular changes which a ball undergoes when hit by the bat soon render it lifeless and slow, as even the boys know. What few know, however, is that the bat itself grows tired in a month or two of hard usage and has to be given several weeks to rest.

The Farce of the Chinese Republic.

OUTH of the Yang-tse river, the jurisdiction of Yuan Shi Kai as China's executive head has now about as much weight as attached to the administration of President Lincoln over our Southern States in 1862. This statement is made positively upon the basis of careful investigation by a competent authority in *Blackwood's*. In Canton and in the South, according to this report, is found not only defiance of Peking but open rebellion against its authority. "In the North, Mongolia and Manchuria have ceased, the one openly, the other for all

practical purposes, to belong to the Chinese Republic." In Sze-Chuan and in the far Northwest, the millions of inhabitants are in no way affected by what proclaims itself at Peking as the government of President Yuan Shi Kai. "Even north of the great river, so far as the provinces are concerned, distrust of the new republican rule is settling down into a well-defined feeling of defiance." The British investigator confirms reports which appear from time to time in Berlin dailies. Yuan Shi Kai is accepted seriously as the head of a unified China only by the diplomatic corps, and by the members of that body only to the extent they please. No doubt the lines of

railroad from Peking to the Yang-tse enable troops to pass and repass through an agitated region and to enforce some fraction of presidential authority within a limited area. The President, however, would not trust the troops he could send far south, even were he able to find a commander to keep the field for half a year.

Embarrassments of a Paper Republic.



ROSSER than all other misconceptions regarding China is the false notion, as the *London Mail* calls it, that the republic is financially in the hands of a "six-power group," spoken of as an international combination of great banks which has in some mysterious way acquired a monopoly of Chinese state loans. This group has been represented, according to the *London Telegraph*, as taking advantage of the newborn Chinese Republic to "put on the screws" in its banking operations. This is but the Peking version, we are warned by the daily last mentioned. The picture thus painted, it says, is distorted and fanciful. British and German financial interests began years ago to act together in Peking. This policy of cooperation was so wise that the financiers begged to be included within its scope. The combination put an end to bribery of mandarins. "The most peculiar presents had been made to high mandarins—human ones occasionally." If financial cooperation had merely removed abuses of that sort it must have proved a blessing. It had the further merit of uniting the six powers responsible for the stability of Chinese finance during the upheavals of the past decade.

The Finances of the Six-Power Group in China.



NOT alone for the sake of a share in Chinese loans did the United States join the six-power group three years ago. It was from motives of policy connected with the open door in the far East. The United States is to some extent enabled to use Wall Street interests for the promotion of purposes in which Washington could not assert itself directly. The same motive explains, says the *London Telegraph*, the accession of Russia and Japan lately. Strong, regular and continuous finance is possible in China only so long as it is under the supervision

of an intelligent diplomacy. If the powers break away from one another, playing each a lone hand, the old scramble for loans and concessions will disgrace civilization anew. "A still more serious consequence may be a new era of rivalry among the governments standing behind the various financial interests." Thus the six-power group has worked for peace in Peking. The group saved China from threatened chaos. Those attacks upon the group which emanate from irresponsible journals work serious harm to China, argues the *London organ*. They provoke dissension in "high finance and high politics."

Striving to Put China Together Again.



SUPPORTED by the six powers, Yuan Shi Kai may escape pecuniary embarrassments for the present, observes the *Paris Matin*. Even the six powers, nevertheless, can not mend broken China. Her trouble is due to the failure of what the world has been taught to regard as a success—the revolution. That was no revolution of the Chinese people. It was, to employ the words of that keen observer of everything Chinese, J. O. P. Bland, "the accidental triumph of a body of politicians." The Chinese revolution, he writes, in *The National Review* (London), grew out of the fortuitous success of "an insignificant local rebellion, precipitated by the moral and physical helplessness of rulers who had lost all capacity for ruling." The men at the front, whom Mr. Bland has had opportunities of estimating, are, he thinks, destitute of constructive genius. They are without authoritative leaders. They have no elements of cohesion among them. Only a miracle, the appearance of another Peter the Great, can save China from total disruption. The process of her disintegration is hastened by Yuan Shi Kai rather than retarded.

An Alleged Conspiracy to Discredit the Chinese Republic.



CONSPIRACIES to discredit the republican government in the eyes of the world seem to be perpetually active to Doctor Morrison, the British journalist who now advises President Yuan Shi Kai. The Doctor, it will be remembered, contradicted many sensational stories from Peking a few months ago. He

continues to denounce, in the London *Times*, the paper he served so long at Peking, those rumors of the helplessness of the Yuan government which fill so many European organs. There seems to him a measure of malice in the rain of insinuations tending to discredit the new rulers of China personally. They are able, honest, successful. Little by little, the authority of the central government is extended throughout the eighteen provinces. One

by one, the regiments of a new army are drilled, fed and paid. Republican China is an accomplished fact. Despite these assurances, the government in Peking can not get itself taken very seriously by some European organs. Indeed, the solidarity of the six-power group itself is now impugned and, as the Paris *Temps* says, one wonders if a crash in Chinese finance is to follow that crash in Chinese politics which no diplomatic tact can disguise.

The Coming Presidential
Election in France.



OW that France has arrived at the threshold of a presidential election, rumors of a plot to capture the executive office in the interest of a clerical-monarchist coalition fill the radical press with excitement. Even responsible and serious dailies like the *Temps* and *Figaro* recall the popular delusion that a French President is but a figure-head in a tone suggestive of dismay. "The election of the President of the Republic for the seven years to follow," asserts the daily last named, "is of capital importance on the eve of great decisions to be taken in foreign politics." The allusion here is to the determination of the extreme groups to wage war upon the very idea of a "Dual Alliance President." The Socialist leader, Jean Jaurès, is credited with a purpose to ascertain once for all the basis of the alliance between his own country and Russia. A French President, he complains, has hitherto been but a creature of that mysterious pact. The republic of liberty, fraternity, equality, complains his organ, the Paris *Humanité*, is in close alliance with the "arch-despot of the world." Upon what terms? Vainly have the great dailies of Europe speculated upon this theme. The presidential election is to be utilized to shed a little light upon it. There is not the slightest possibility, aver German organs, and especially the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, that serious French statesmen will consent to any indiscretions of the kind demanded by the Socialists. Europe may be in the throes of fierce war when the contest begins. France may be called upon to take sides with her ally in the supreme contest of her republican existence. But the secrets of the Dual Alliance will be kept.

A Welter of Candidates for the
French Presidency.



POSSIBLE candidates for the Presidency of the French Republic resemble in distinction, at any rate, a list of the forty immortals. The claims of the "sublime figure of the republic," as the *Figaro* calls him, M. Léon Bourgeois, are set forth in that journal glowingly. He is, we read, the world's pacificator—the artist, the statesman, the seer besides. He dwells in esthetic dignity among books and pictures. He has held every great post under the republic but one, the first. But M. Bourgeois is suspected of Socialism. He is profoundly anti-clerical. These might not be fatal defects but for a suspicion of his lukewarmness to the Dual Alliance. The elegant possibility, M. Paul Deschanel, is a trifle too aristocratic. M. Jaurès has doubts of his sympathy with the masses. The venerable President of the Senate, M. Antonin Dubost, will be chosen if precedent be followed. He is on the highest rung of the ladder of promotion. But he has never read Karl Marx, a circumstance disgusting to the *Humanité*. There are demands for the Premier, Raymond Poincaré. He has the gifts, the fame, the popularity. The *Figaro* endorses him. But he holds too political, too partisan a post for the moderates.

Socialist Upheaval in the
Ranks of the French.



THERE need be little fear that a type of man pleasing to Socialists will emerge from the contest for the presidency as ruler of the French Republic. Neither will M. Fallières be followed by a man of his humdrum, ordinary, if genial soul. France, as the Paris press explains, is weary of colorless presidents. She wants no dreaming Socialist,

either. The radical and extreme elements in the Chamber will not, declares the *Débats*, dictate the choice. Yet the determination of that very element to rescue France from "the Russian tumbril," as the *Lanterne* calls it, seems firm. The French Socialists are, possibly, too optimistic regarding their own future, owing to the recantation of the terrible Gustave Hervé. The renowned anti-militarist has, like Saul, seen a great light. The wonder is attributable to Jean Jaurès. The fame of Hervé, as all know, was due to his conviction, noisily proclaimed, that "the proper place for the flag is a dung heap." He was wont to sign himself "the man without a country." He would as soon be a German as a Frenchman under "the all-embracing banner of Socialism."

Hervé Makes Confession of his Anti-Militarist "Errors."



HAVING abandoned the heresy of extreme anti-militarism, Gustave Hervé has returned to the ranks of the Socialists under Jaurès. Hervé repudiates now the anarchists, the foes of standing armies, and that faction calling themselves "Libertaires," because they claim liberty from all law. Having preached his gospel of anarchy publicly, Hervé deemed it but fitting to make a public renunciation of his errors. The Salle Wagram was crowded with the rebel spirits of all Paris that night. Hervé's appearance evoked yells and hisses from his whilom allies, thunders of applause from the partisans of Jaurès. The antagonism provoked a display of pistols. Fist-fights led to the irruption of the police. "Half the audience engaged in combats with chairs, sticks and stones." The other half, composed mainly of shrieking women, made for the door. "A dozen or more revolver-shots were heard, smashing the mirrors on the walls and bringing them down in pieces, while chairs came hurtling from the crowded balconies." All this time Hervé stood gesticulating and shouting upon the platform, striving to be heard above the din. This din must have been music in the ears of one whom opposition delights.



THAT WONDERFUL DOLL "FRANCE"

Every time it is dandled on the Russian knee, gold coins drop out of its clothes.

—Berlin Kladderadatsch

Socialism Gaining in France.



SCHISM that threatened French Socialism with disaster terminated with the renunciation by Hervé of his anti-militarism. His fiery genius, subdued like that of Aristide Briand, must, the *Kreuz-Zeitung* of Berlin thinks, nevertheless stimulate the Socialist movement in the republic. It rules not only a strong group in the chamber but controls a minister or two. This is the obstinate fact which, as many Berlin papers argue, threatens the Dual Alliance. Russia is stepping backward in the direction of obscurantism. France grows so radical that, if we may trust European gossip, the recent visit of Premier Poincaré to St. Petersburg was rendered embarrassing by the circumstance. It has been rumored that the Czar would pay a state visit to the new French President, whoever he may be, shortly after his installation. Such a courtesy is, apparently, overdue. The mere announcement of the possi-

bility excites the Socialist groups. They threaten to provoke a series of those unpleasant incidents which kept the Czar from going to Rome several years since. Nevertheless, Nicholas II., despite official denials, will go to Paris if he lives. That seems decided.

Has Republican France Gone
Over to the Jingoists?



USPICIONS in the radical Parisian press that the ministry takes advantage of the European crisis to enter upon "un-republican escapades" find expression more and more. The conflict reaches a head with the approach of what may be the smartest contest for the Presidency France has yet witnessed. The explanation of the political mystery of the hour is that Germany, under cover of the war cloud in Europe, seeks to renew her obstruction of the French in Morocco. At any rate, hints to that effect are conveyed in the London *Times* only to be denounced in furious terms by the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*. France, none the less,

has embarked upon a war of conquest, opines the liberal Manchester *Guardian*. "Wars must be conducted by generals and not by anti-militarists." With a Moroccan adventure on her hands, France has been overtaken by a crisis among the powers. Those who protest against the dilemma are themselves responsible for its creation. "Had they joined the Socialists in making a strong stand against the enterprise into which France has been dragged by the speculations of financiers, they might have succeeded in stopping it. When radical ministers, with the acquiescence of the radical party, sanctioned the expedition to Fez, they made themselves responsible for its inevitable consequences." The results of all the recent developments, both inside and outside of France, seem to competent observers like the British daily to strengthen the political position of the great Socialist leader, Jaurès. He stands now at the head of a united party. He dictates the appointment of ministers. May he not conceivably dictate the election of the next President?

The Aged King of Montenegro Takes
the Field Against the Turk.



NICHOLAS, the venerable poet on the throne of Montenegro, had declared war against the Sultan and despatched his little army to the frontier before official Vienna, striving desperately to forestall a crisis, was aware of the immense disaster that had overtaken Austro-Hungarian policy. That great and independent Balkan federation which it is the dream of Italy to establish, but which to Austria seems such a portent, was outlined in Belgrade at a conference of the diplomatists concerned. No well-informed European daily doubts, apparently, that King Nicholas acted as the agent of official St. Petersburg and official Rome. His little army, as the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* observes, is "miraculously well clothed and armed" when one recalls the chronic impecuniosity of the sovereign and his people. Nicholas of Montenegro, however, has the rare luck to be on the most cordial terms with Victor Emmanuel III. of Italy and Nicholas II. of Russia. One is his son-in-law. The other is in fact, if not on paper, his ally. For

one entire year the Russian treasury and the Italian treasury have defrayed large bills for powder, shot, shell, rifles, machine guns and army blankets pouring over the frontier into Montenegro. A daughter of the aged poet-king at Cetinje became Queen of Italy, as all the world knows. Another daughter became Queen of Servia. Two other daughters became Russian grand duchesses. There are others still to marry. The father-in-law of eastern Europe may rule a very small kingdom—its inhabitants number some quarter of a million—but his tiny realm is the pivot of the Balkans.

Montenegro Under the Protection
of Russia and Italy.



ON THE eve of the explosion from the direction of Montenegro a somewhat elaborate exchange of ideas regarding the Balkans took place, if we may credit the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, between Foreign Minister Sazonoff of Russia, Premier Poincaré of France and Foreign Minister Grey of Britain. It was agreed, if we may trust our authority, that the hour had struck for the creation of the Balkan confederation in its preliminary stage. The King of Italy,



THE WARRIORS OF THE RACE THAT XENOPHON LED

Greek troops of to-day to the number of fifty thousand have drilled in the vicinity of Athens in preparation for war during the entire past summer. The regiment wearing the uniform here shown is named in the despatches as already guarding the Greek frontier.

some observers declare, thinks he would make an ideal executive head of such a group of powers under the title, say, of Emperor of the Balkans. He would remain King of Italy besides, just as the German Emperor remains King of Prussia. Other European dailies hint that Nicholas of Montenegro is to be the executive head of the Balkan federal government. He and his dynasty stand for that idea of Serbian unity more completely than anyone else. In the Serbian race are included not only Montenegrins but Croats, Bulgarians and the Serbians proper. These were the factors of which much was made in the discussions between the chancelleries of the great powers, it being decided, in the end, to leave full liberty of action to Montenegro.

Austria-Hungary Feels She Has Been
Tricked in the Balkans.

WHILE the King of Italy and the Czar of Russia were settling the destinies of the Balkans to their mutual satisfaction, the court of Austria, it appears from the innumerable despatches inspired in Vienna, succumbed to panic. That Balkan confederation of which Serbians dream is a nightmare to the Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Berchtold. It is his mission in life to defeat it for reasons set forth in the *Paris Temps*, the *Berlin Vorwärts* and the *London News*. Austria, it would seem,

desires few things so much as control of Albania—control of Albania being likewise an Italian aspiration. Austria, furthermore, has now among her provinces not only Dalmatia but that Bosnia-Herzegovina which so lately brought on an international crisis. The Serbs, who enter so profoundly into the calculations of the King of Montenegro, happen to be dominant in Bosnia and Herzegovina as well as in Dalmatia. The emergence on the Austrian



THE BOILING POINT

—London Punch



THE RULER OF THE LAND OF THERMOPYLAE
AND MARATHON

King George of Greece has used his influence with the great powers to have them "make a ring around the Balkans" and see the fight with the Turks as spectators. That is the policy for the time being, apparently.

frontier, therefore, of the Balkan confederation or of anything resembling it, may cost the Hapsburg dynasty its Serbian dependencies. Italy, as Vienna organs tend to suspect, has worked so far with the enemies of her own ally, Austria.

The Doom of Hapsburg Policy
in the Balkans.

EVERY stroke of Montenegrin policy, like every blow dealt by the Montenegrin army last month, seems based upon a theory that the tiny kingdom is a base of operations on the highway from Vienna to Salonica. Thus are the operations elucidated by the military expert of the *Paris Gaulois*, to whom the highway in question seems sus-

piciously like a Russo-Italian line of March. Official Vienna took this view of the situation so completely that a mobilization of three army corps was effected in short order. What actuates Austria, according to the *Indépendance Belge* of Brussels, is a dread that her ambition to acquire Salonica will be thwarted by a Balkan war under Russo-Italian auspices. Yet the Czars in St. Petersburg never longed to seat themselves in Constantinople more fondly than the Hapsburgs have eyed Salonica. The grand obstacle is Montenegro. There is no point on Austrian soil from which Montenegro can be threatened that is not fortified and manned for instant war. "When the King of Montenegro looks out of the window of his palace at Cetinje he can almost look down the muzzles of the Austrian guns."

Austria's Determination to Foil
Italy in the War.

NO SOONER had it become apparent that a war was brewing in the Balkans than officially inspired Vienna organs took up the theme of Salonica. This point, observes the *Rome Tribuna*, is potentially the greatest of Mediterranean harbors. It is not far from Constantinople. It is close to the Suez Canal. It is set like a jewel in the sea, we read, along the watery way to Asia Minor and the far East from such great ports as London. The trade from Vienna, Berlin and Paris to the Asiatic marts must pay tribute in time to Salonica, and very rich tribute too, for the place is a sort of natural traffic monopoly. The possession of Salonica is to Austria, according to one of her journals, what the conquest of Carthage was to Rome. But the Hapsburgs could never retain the place without at the same time holding Albania. Nor need readers of the inspired Vienna press be told that Albania, in Italian hands, would not be made good to Austria even by the acquisition of Salonica. Such an arrangement must entail the loss of the Adriatic. An Italian Foreign Minister told the deputies in Rome once, on the other hand, that Albania can never be permitted to fall into the hands of "a certain power"—Austria. There have been hints of a determination by the powers to "make a ring around the Balkans" and watch the struggle there as spectators merely.

Has Italy Broken with Her
Ally, Austria?

IN DRIVING the Turks before them last month the Montenegrins seem to the liberal and independent dailies abroad to have sounded at the same time the knell of the Triple Alliance. Only the ministerial dailies in Italy now refer to Austria as the ally of their country. The anti-ministerial press has recently welcomed, tho in guarded terms, the idea of an alliance between Rome and St. Petersburg. "We must take into account henceforth," to quote Signor Pellegrini, an authority on world politics, writing in the *Secolo*, "that the Austro-Hungarian Empire, our ally on paper, is actually our implacable foe in the Balkans." He urges a closer union with Russia as a means of maintaining the balance of power in the disturbed region. The proposition has been advanced in the Italian Chamber so boldly that certain Vienna organs took offense. Italian dailies retorted with spirit. The journalistic polemics reached a climax when Vienna warned Rome that Turkey's war with Italy must not be transferred to Europe proper. The Italian government, says the *Avanti*, resolved to retaliate. The result is seen in the swift movement of Montenegrin troops against the Turks. Immediately afterwards came the peace between Rome and Constantinople. Turkey felt that she could not fight on land against the Balkans and at sea against Italy.

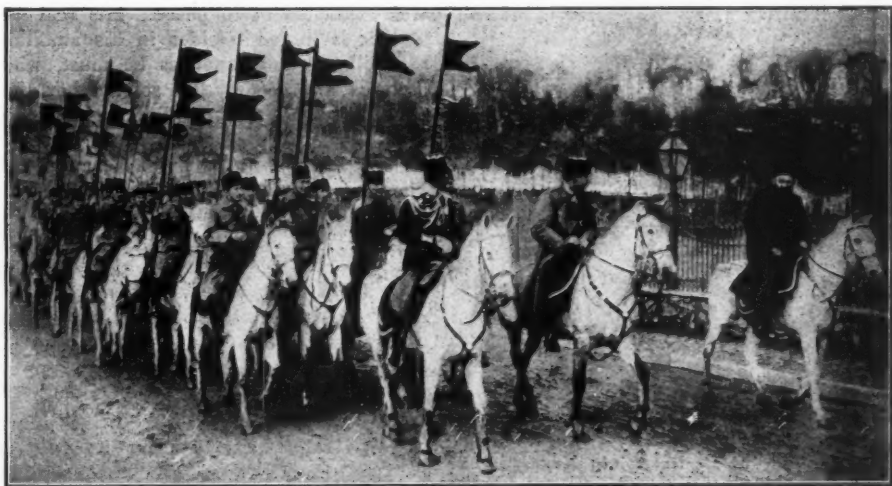


THE BOLD BLUFFER OF THE BALKANS

Peter, King of Serbia, trusted by nobody, is said to wonder every morning why he was not assassinated long ago. He is connected by marriage with the King of Montenegro and before ascending his throne lived precariously in a mean boarding house.

Subtle Policy of Ferdinand
of Bulgaria.

MORTIFICATION must have eaten into the heart of Ferdinand of Bulgaria when he learned of the bold declaration of war against Turkey by the King of Montenegro. This tit-bit of information emanates from Italian



THE TURK IN ARMS

This is a force belonging to the Sultan's bodyguard. Military experts assert that the cavalry of the Balkan powers is not so well equipped as that of Turkey.



THE MOST PIOUS POTENTATE ON ANY THRONE

Mahmoud V., or, as some style him, the Sultan Mahomet, of Turkey, celebrates every holy day recognized by the Sheik-ul-Islam. He receives the officials, the members of the parliament and the diplomatic corps on days calculated with reference to the occultation of the moon or its appearance in the morning sky. Here he is receiving in one of the palaces at Constantinople.

dailies. They attribute to him a consuming ambition to play the part of Napoleon in the Balkans. He dreams of an empire on the German model welded together from



THE "OLD LION" OF THE BALKANS

Nicholas, King of Montenegro, is a dramatist, a poet, a journalist, a writer of prose romances and an editor. He runs his own press bureau and telegraphs spirited despatches to the Vienna dailies. He is deemed one of the ablest military commanders in Montenegro, a land in which all are trained to the army.

those fragments of old Turkey which have successively become independent. Ferdinand has taxed his people heavily, we read in the *London Mail*, for the maintenance of a fine army. Time and again he has been afforded opportunities to take the field. His people clamor for war with the Turk in the interest of the miserable Macedonian Bulgars. Yet Ferdinand delays. He professes attachment to peace. His real motive, it is hinted, resides in his ambition. He will not move, unless he must, while there is a prospect that some other than himself will be made Balkan Emperor. The blow against the Turk is to be struck under Bulgarian auspices or not at all. These insinuations are denied hotly at Sofia and in the *Paris Figaro*. Ferdinand, it says, was held back last month by France. Rightly or wrongly, however, there is an impression in Europe that Nicholas of Montenegro has scored against Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

The Dilemma of Balkan Diplomats.



INGO politicians in all the Balkan states have for months past received the support of their respective peoples. They clamor loudly for the protection of their countrymen, settled across the frontier under the

unsparing absolutism of the Turk. "Thus the governments of Athens, Belgrade, Cetinje or Sofia," writes that close student of Balkan problems, H. Charles Woods, in *The Fortnightly*, "may at any moment be faced by the alternative of maintaining a peaceful attitude towards Turkey against the wish of a large section of the people whom they represent, or of adopting a war-like policy which in the long run might prove detrimental to their nationality." In Greece, this observer adds, the government is ever faced by the difficulties of the Cretan problem. "At Belgrade the situation is particularly complicated, because the Servian government is forced either quietly to witness the ill-treatment of the Serbs in Turkey by their Moslem fellow countrymen, and thus to lose prestige at home, or else to draw the attention of Europe to a situation of disorder in Turkey which may be utilized by one of her neighbors as an excuse for entering Ottoman territory with the avowed object of putting an end to the existing confusion." At Cetinje the hand of the Montenegrin government was forced by the crisis in Albania. The refugees from that region had begun to pour into the dominions of King Nicholas at a rate that threatened to swamp the government.



THE KING WHO KEEPS OUT OF THE BALKAN CRISIS

Charles of Roumania announces his neutrality in the war that seems about to involve Servia, Bulgaria and Greece in addition to Montenegro. The kingdom of Roumania will, however, be an important factor in the struggle and may have to take sides in spite of the King.

He had either to make war or to be inundated by Albanian pauperdom.



CHIEFS OF THE MONTENEGRIN CLANS

The Turks profess contempt for the subjects of King Nicholas at Cetinje, regarding them as slaves who have thrown off their allegiance to the Sultan. The chiefs shown in this picture wear the national military costume, affected by the King himself.

Nicholas of Montenegro
Denounced in Vienna.

FOR a long time past the Austrian press has been representing Nicholas of Montenegro as the cause of all the troubles in the Balkans. He is using the Albanian crisis, they contend, as a means of promoting his own dynastic ambitions. Some of these attacks upon him, especially those in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, have amazed all Europe. That inspired organ, for instance, took advantage of the betrothal of his granddaughter, Princess Helen of Serbia, to a member of the Russian imperial family, to advise him to "continue his successes in marrying off his progeny instead of courting disaster by smelling around powder barrels." No power, says the *Fremdenblatt*, will really help the poet of Montenegro. King Nicholas, who is not only a dramatist and poet but a journalist of supreme ability, is retorting constantly to these attacks through his press bureau. He has also sent spirited remarks by telegraph to the Vienna dailies to the effect that the situation is indeed critical, particularly on account of the burden placed upon Montenegro by the support of refugees from Turkey. Here is a characteristic extract from one of his Majesty's despatches to the *Neue Freie Presse*:

"The King of Montenegro, who has ever deemed war a godless deed, even when Turkish generals were brought as prisoners of war to his tent or when he led his victorious forces into fallen Turkish strongholds, has now no desire for war. Should, however, war be offered him by the Young Turks, who require

abroad a diversion from their plight at home, the Old Lion will be found at the mouth of his lair, invoking no aid—neither from related or friendly courts nor from his daughters, whom he expects only to discharge their sacred maternal duties—but counting on Divine help alone."

The Fatal Defect of Turkish
Policy in Albania.

YOUNG Turks, against whom the animosity of the Montenegrins is particularly strong, seem to the *London Telegraph*, a pro-Russian organ, to be deadly to all non-Moslem races. Abdul Hamid at his worst, it reminds us, adopted a different system. He favored the Albanians in every way. "They furnished the Pretorians of his palace guard. He allowed the mountaineers to feel that they were in many respects the first race in his empire." In their own mountain home, under their own chiefs, they enjoyed a large measure of irregular autonomy. They were actually allowed to prey "to any reasonable extent," upon their Christian neighbors, especially the Serbs. When they became mutinous at intervals they were not crushed; they were cajoled. Abdul Hamid knew well what he was about. "If he let the Albanians do more or less what they pleased, he expected them to rally around him as one man in a crisis." They did so with enthusiasm. Their war-like valor was invaluable to him in the Turco-Greek conflict. Now all is changed. Once the Albanians seemed to be holding the Turkish empire together. Now they appear bent upon rending it asunder.

Russia Holds a Machine-Made
General Election.

RUSSIA has just emerged from her national election amid a chorus of protests from every liberal element in the empire. The Czar, using a clique of subservient ministers and bureaucrats as his tools, has secured a substantial majority for his government in the fourth Duma by methods of intimidation and chicanery. The whole contest at the polls was a farce. The constitution exists on paper now only. No moral weight attaches to the new Duma. Thus runs the stream of indignant comment in liberal and democratic dailies abroad. It is significant,

too, that while inspired and official sheets like the *Novoye Vremya* of St. Petersburg may hail the victory of reaction in any words they please, more independent papers like the *Russ* seem to be censored into ambiguity. Never, according to such Socialist organs as the Berlin *Vorwärts*, did the forces of clericalism exploit themselves with less hindrance than during the progress of Russia's electoral campaign. The result is the emergence in the land of what anticlerical sheets call a "black peril." The exalted ecclesiastics within the Czar's empire seemed in some districts to be in complete control of the political machinery. Archbishop Serafime of Irkutsk, a bold

child of reaction; Bishop Philarete, of Viatka, with a mind said to be left over from the fourteenth century, and the grand vicar Ioam, of Minsk, a spiritual adviser to his Majesty, formed a clique of campaigners against whom the free spirits of progress, complains the German paper, could make no headway whatever. The Czar is said to have thanked his patron saint "with swimming eyes," when the returns were all in.

How the Czar's Agents Carried
the Election for Him.



VICTORY for reaction in Russia was won through the medium of an electoral decree giving the peasant, and in a less degree the working man, all the glory of acting as voters without a vestige of the real power. This impression, conveyed by the radical London *Chronicle*, is based upon division of the electors into social and economic classes. The contest at the polls was an affair of "stages" and degrees, at the end of which candidates beginning with a majority ended in defeat. Complicated as the machinery proved, it seems to have worked perfectly from a bureaucratic standpoint. The whole voting population came to the polls in five "curiae" or groups. The landowners were the most privileged. Next to them ranked the wealthier order of city residents. The poorer class of townsmen formed an additional group. The peasants, shepherded at every stage by the clergy, were politically quarantined with extra rigor. Finally, there were the wage-earners, ingeniously arranged in blocks of at least fifty. Not one of the five groups could vote for a deputy directly. Each group had to ballot separately for its delegate. Then the delegates of the five groups came together to choose a deputy.

A Big Majority for the Czar
from a Small Minority.



N the eve of the election Prime Minister Kokovtseff showered ministerial decrees upon all the constituencies in any form, the Paris *Temps* says, that happened to suit him. The Czar, whose personal interest in the election is said to have been intense, took direct charge of the elaborate machinery. In one district, for instance, the Russians and the Poles were arbitrarily divided to forestall a combination of peasants of the two nationalities. More-

over, the official decrees were so worded as to deprive countless laborers and peasants from any kind of direct voting—even for the delegates who choose the deputies. To effect this, the peasants did not in many districts vote at all. They were represented by committees of their own class chosen, in some instances, three years ago. Workingmen did not vote unless they were employed in a factory having at least fifty hands. This last device played havoc with the plans of the Socialists. The net result is a Duma likely to support the government in any crisis by a majority of fully two-thirds. Political meetings on the eve of the ballots were supervised by the police, who refused admission or granted it at their pleasure.

The Revival of the Reign
of Terror in Russia.



WITH an international crisis of the first magnitude facing him in Europe, the Czar, according to the Paris *Débats*, could not run the risk of a revolutionary Duma at home. It could, to be sure, have been dissolved, but the expedient of a subservient Duma was deemed more advisable. The result has proved so successful that practically every well-informed daily in Europe anticipates a prolonged period of reaction in Russia, rendered exciting now and then by local uprisings. Short shrift will be given the agitator and the revolutionary. The prisons seem even now more crowded with political offenders than at any period since the granting of the "constitution." Prince Kropotkin, who is in one of his blackest moods of despair at the state of his native land, has just painted a vivid picture of conditions in the Siberian penitentiaries. Suicide and insanity among the political offenders are, according to him, both numerous and on the increase. Last year, after an unusually sensational exposure, inspectors were named to institute reforms. These men, says Kropotkin, were the most brutal of all the administrators. They have sent in a report vindicating themselves.

Nicholas II. Returns to the
Muscovite Tradition.



AMONG the immediate anxieties of the Czar is the tendency of the lower clergy to sympathize with the forces of discontent. After a process of elimination lasting nearly four

years, according to the *Paris Temps*, his Majesty has purged the ranks of the exalted hierarchy. With the aid of such reactionaries as Bishop Mistrofane, of Homel, who is ambitious to revive the old Muscovite piety in the land, the radical and popular elements among the lower clergy have been politically eliminated. There will be no priests clamoring for economic reform on the benches of the new Duma. Imbued with a conviction of his own direct responsibility to God, Nicholas II. means, it is now hinted, to supervise the acts of

the Duma from the moment of its assembly in his capital. He appears to have an adroit as well as a willing instrument in Premier Kokovtseff. Nor does his Majesty neglect spiritualistic interests because of his recent immersion in the political atmosphere. Fantastic tales of ghostly apparitions, addressing dire warnings to the Czar, find their way once more into western European dailies. The Czarina, dreading the assassination of her sovereign, will renew, it is said, her pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Seraphim.

Difficulties of the Court of William II.

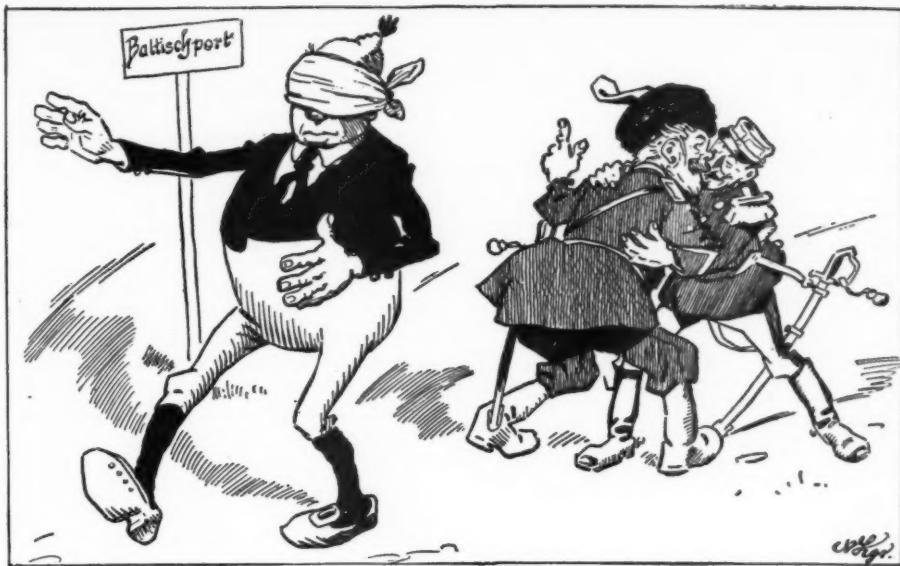
RELATIONS between Emperor William and his son and heir, the German Crown Prince, have now become so strained as to be a source of embarrassment to the whole court of Berlin. Vienna, a sort of clearing house for gossip of this sort, is filled with sensational stories in explanation of the Emperor's refusal to attend the festivities of last month in honor of the Crown Princess. As for the Crown Prince, he communicates with his father in formal official documents bearing on military matters alone. Even written communications between the pair, say the French despatches, have almost ceased. His Majesty communicates with His Highness through the court marshal and His Highness replies through the same medium. One of these communications has taken the form of a bitter protest against the Emperor's action in having the Prince's regiment inspected by a staff officer instead of making the inspection himself. Thus the difficulties between father and son, inferred in the beginning to arise from temperamental accidents or those natural and inevitable collisions between senior and junior, grow apace and attract marked attention in Europe. The Crown Prince, as is well known, announced a purpose, if matters do not soon mend, of taking up his residence in England until he comes himself to the throne. Stories of the dismay of the Empress at the crisis, of the vain efforts of exalted functionaries to effect a compromise and of the extreme measures to which His Majesty may yet resort, are too sensational for credence.

Emperor William's Loss of Vigor.

POPTIMISTIC as are all recent reports of the Emperor's convalescence, it does not seem to the well-informed correspondents of European organs that William II. is asserting himself like a healthy potentate in the crisis confronting Europe. The Jingoos have become, oddly enough, the chief critics of the Emperor, altho they are supposed to be with His Majesty in the contest with the Crown Prince. In Germany a war party certainly exists, as the *Manchester Guardian* explains. It is a party not working for war with any one nation in particular, but actuated only by the impression that war for its own sake is a national blessing, and "means a cleansing and a strengthening of the whole people." It is recruited partly from the ranks of the idealists, according to our authority, "who pin their altruism to the theory of force," and partly from reactionaries "who hope by means of war to turn the attention of the people from social agitation." The party is small, but it fights hard and maintains a perpetual campaign in the columns of Jingo papers, including even such staid sheets as the *Hamburger Nachrichten*. It demoralizes these organs to find that Europe faces a war without Germany's having a hand in it.

Great Britain a Bone of Contention in Emperor William's Family.

JINGOES throughout Germany seem now on the eve of changing sides in the long and sullen controversy between their sovereign and his son. The frank fashion in which the young man is forever revealing his hostility to



THAT TRIPLE ALLIANCE

Germany (blindfolded): "I thought Russia was waiting for me here but she seems to be with Italy behind my back."

—Berlin *Kladderadatsch*

Great Britain, while delighting the hot-heads of Berlin, embarrasses the Imperial Chancellor, if we may believe the *Matin*, to such an extent that he discussed the theme with the Emperor. Acting in his capacity as head of the house of Hohenzollern, which gives him absolute power over all members of the family, and exercising his function as commander-in-chief of the army, William II. has given drastic orders to the youth who may soon be the ruler of the empire. Yet the result has been disconcerting. Whenever the Crown Prince enters a theater, the audience will, as likely as not, cheer him to the echo. "The Crown Prince," says the *London Standard*, "by demonstrating his dislike of the German Government's peaceful policy and especially by giving vent to some degree of animosity against Great Britain, has captured the popular imagination and for the moment thrown himself into the forefront of German politics."

Germany Divided by the
Feud at Court.

THE well-known jealousy of Emperor William on the subject of his prerogative makes his resentment of his son's attitude keener.

This, as some London papers think, ex-

plains the hotness of his displeasure. He never permits any undue prominence of another member of the house of Hohenzollern, if he can prevent it. Unfortunately for himself, the Crown Prince can conduct his side of the controversy unsparingly, too. He has revealed traits which inspire European apprehension, in view of the declining state of the Emperor's health. The Crown Prince persists in maintaining friendly relations with persons who have incurred his father's displeasure, and who have, in fact, been banished from the court of Berlin. On one occasion he is known to have made a disrespectful allusion to his father's taste for flamboyant oratory in public. His chief offense, however, is the indulgence of a propensity to explain to his intimates how differently matters will be managed when he has himself ascended the throne of Prussia. The domestic crisis comes at a most unfortunate time. The Emperor's mind is said to be so disturbed that he cannot play a conspicuous part in world politics. William II. is in the most embarrassing diplomatic dilemma of his reign between his ally, Austria, on the one hand, and his protégé, Turkey, on the other. He takes refuge in neutrality.

Emperor William and the
Mediterranean.



ERE Emperor William not handicapped by his domestic crisis and by the precarious state of his health—he grows more and more rheumatic—all Europe might now be exercised over the Mediterranean problem. The Balkan difficulties would seem secondary by comparison. This is the impression of the Socialist Berlin *Vorwärts*, often remarkably well posted regarding dynastic policy. His Majesty is gravely concerned, this observer tells us, by the concentration of so many French warships in the Mediterranean. That sea is practically a French lake. The transformation was effected in harmony with Great Britain. The German Emperor wishes now to extend the scope of the triple alliance—it embraces Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy—to the Mediterranean. This means more naval bills in the Reichstag. Dumbfounded as Europe has been by late increases in the imperial navy, the coming year will eclipse them all, it seems. Rightly or wrongly, Emperor William has convinced himself that his empire need feel little concern regarding the Balkan crisis. The source of impending anxiety is the growth of French naval power in the Mediterranean.

France Agitated Over Emperor
William's Plan.



ILLIAM II. has agitated French opinion greatly by his sudden concern over the Mediterranean. May he not be cherishing some scheme of intervention in Constantinople when the existing complications are ripe? That idea prompts the officially inspired Paris *Temps* to warn Rome against Berlin. Since Italian unity was realized, it points out, Italians have always dreamed of a greater Mediterranean Italy. Germany did nothing to assist. Nor during the past year has Germany helped to secure recognition of Italy's annexation of Tripoli, as she did for Austria in the matter of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Now when Italy, through her own unaided efforts, is on the pinnacle of success, Emperor William steps in. "Entrust me," he says, "with your Mediterranean interests—turn your back on old friends." Regarding the triple alliance, not a word or act in French diplomacy justifies the assertion, the *Temps* insists, that France wishes to hinder its

renewal. "Nobody in France asks Italy to give up alliances. France, Britain and Russia alike are satisfied with the status quo." On the contrary, Germany suggests an alteration because she wants to benefit by the rupture of Italy's Mediterranean arrangements.

The Mysterious Moves of
Emperor William's Game.



TALY is bent upon detaching herself from the triple alliance. This is the hint to Emperor William, from a source unnamed, which occasions him anxiety. He dreads lest, when next year brings with it expiration of the famous pact, Italy be found in the arms of France. To this purport runs the analysis of the situation in the London *Standard*. That explains the eagerness of His Majesty to make the Mediterranean German, as far as squadrons can do so. The prospect terrifies the moderates in the Reichstag, who dread new naval bills. They hear daily that Emperor William will make common cause with Italy in any Mediterranean dispute. They hear daily that France is striving by questionable means to detach Italy from the triple alliance. The aim of France—seconded by Britain—is inferred in Berlin press comment to be anti-German. The protests of the *Temps* go for naught. Europe enters the crucial phase of the Turkish problem with the triple entente—Great Britain, France and Russia—superior in naval strength and diplomatic position to the Triple Alliance—Germany, Italy and Austria-Hungary. This admission is made by the radical but dispassionate *Frankfurter Zeitung*. It feels convinced that the concentration of the French fleet in the great sea is intended to overawe Italy out of the Triple Alliance—to prevent its renewal next year. "Italy is to remain by the side of Great Britain and France. This is the warning intended to be conveyed by the action of France." Assuming the truth of the statement that Emperor William means to renew the Triple Alliance at all costs and that France means to force Italy out of it at all costs, what must happen? For one thing, affirm London organs, a severe constitutional crisis in Germany itself. The Reichstag is bent upon taking control of Germany's foreign policy out of the Emperor's hands.

Persons in the Foreground

HENRY CLAY SULZER, THE PALLADIUM OF OUR LIBERTIES



IS real name is Honorable William Sulzer, the Honorable having been appended to it so long that it may be considered now an integral part of the name. That is his real name; but he looks more like Henry Clay than Henry Clay himself looked—that is, he is an intensified and exaggerated Henry Clay, so to speak,—what Henry Clay might have been had his features kept on developing in the way they were going. Many people have an idea that Mr. Sulzer is a Jew. But they never have seen him, with his steel-blue eyes, his sandy hair, the long forelock straying restlessly over his left temple, and the features described by one of his eulogists as “broken up into these rugged juts of force, those abrupt bubbles of intensity, which tend to spoil the smooth, even, waxen symmetry known as ‘regular features.’” He is of Scotch-Irish, Dutch and German ancestry. His parents were strict Presbyterians, and his own church affiliations are of the same kind. His father was one of the band of German revolutionists who engaged in the struggle in the '40s for constitutional liberty, was imprisoned, escaped, and fled to America. Here was the Honorable William born,—on a farm in New Jersey, in the year 1863. He attended a district school, graduated from a grammar school, attended lectures at Columbia Law School, and went into training at once for a palladium of liberty.

To-day, he is the chairman of the important committee on foreign relations in the House of Representatives; to-morrow or thereabouts he expects to be the governor-elect of New York State. A few years from now he hopes to climb to the political apex and send resounding presidential messages to the people of the United States in Congress assembled.

Mr. Sulzer is far from being a joke, and

yet the tendency to take him in large part as a joke seems to be ineradicable even after twenty-three years of unbroken political success. He was speaker of the New York Assembly when he was but thirty. He has been a congressman for nine consecutive terms from New York City, where a congressman usually lasts but one or two terms. He is, in fact, “the ranking Democratic congressman in the United States north of Mason and Dixon’s line.” He has never been beaten in an election, tho his district is a close one and tho he had to run as an independent one year when Tammany Hall tried to shelve him. Yet in spite of this record, everybody smiles when they speak of Billy Sulzer, even tho they may proceed the next minute earnestly to advocate him for governor. The reason is thus stated by a correspondent of the N. Y. *Evening Post*:

“William Sulzer, the man, is hard to reach. To get at the real Sulzer you have to wade through, not a mess of red tape and ceremony or a retinue of lackeys, but an exasperating bog of bombast and ‘hifalutin’ oratory, best summed up in the effective slang word ‘bunk.’ When you do get past the pose or, by unusual good fortune, catch him off his guard in some moment when he is the real ‘Bill’ Sulzer, out of hand-reach of his habitual mantle of morbid self-consciousness, you find the real man.”

The writer of “Who’s Who—and Why,” in the *Saturday Evening Post*, takes about the same view. “It is all right,” he says, “to have fun with the Honorable William Bill. Nobody objects, not even the Honorable William Bill. Then, after the fun is over and we get down to serious things, let it be stated here that he is the one live wire in the New York City delegation, when you peel him down, taking off the frills and furbelows, and look at him with a calm and critical eye.” He is regular at his desk, al-

ways ready to do the work required. He is a good debater and "knows the business of Congress intimately." He is admitted, even by his harshest critics, to be personally honest, and, after twenty-three years of public service, he remains nearly as poor as when he started. "Sulzer's manner of speaking," says the "Who's Who" writer already referred to, "made a number of smart Alecks think he was a joke when he first came to Washington. That idea has been obsolete for a long time now."

Even in an interview he orates. Just after his nomination for governor, the reporters assailed him, and here is a pen picture of him in action:

"Sulzer never sat down at all. He strode on long, thin legs, back and forth across a space about four feet wide, spouting words; gesturing with upraised hand or clenched quivering fist as he exuded oratory, as a spellbinder exudes to a group of yokels about the town pump. For fully fifteen minutes he declaimed thus: 'I want to say to you, and through you, to all the people of the State of New York, that my nomination is not a personal triumph, but a vindication of the slogan, "Let the people rule."'

"Yet every man in his little audience knew, and Sulzer knew they knew, that he has pursued the nomination for governor for nearly twenty years with the sleepless, relentless persistence of a woods Indian. If ever there was a 'personal triumph' in politics, won cleanly without the use of money or unworthy schemes for the 'acceleration' of public sentiment, this was one."

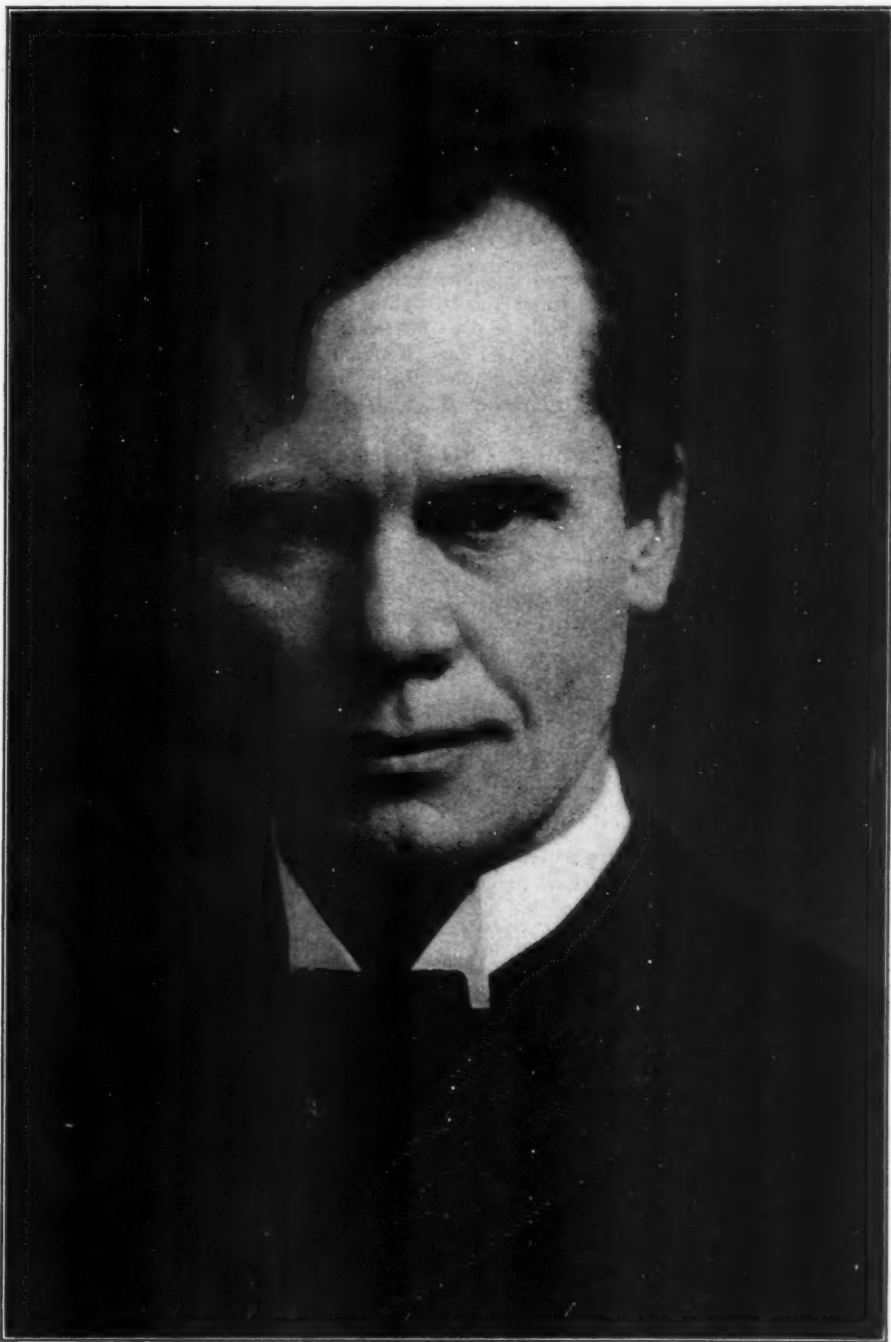
As an orator, a purveyor of "bunk," Mr. Sulzer has soared to all altitudes and scorched the empyrean in all directions. "When it comes to preserving our liberties," says a Washington correspondent, "William is a whole canning factory. He can scent an outrage on those liberties all the way from the Capitol to the White House, or vice versa, as the case may be. He can do better than that. No person can perpetrate an outrage, no matter how remote from Bill's scenting apparatus, without his getting on to it and sounding the loud bassoon. He is there with the scent. Try to put one past him, and you will think there has been an avalanch of phraseology off the steep and frowning sides of the mountain of speech. It makes no difference what the outrage on our liberties may be. The whole boundless universe is Bill's. He lets go at the Czar and at King Leopold

with equal vigor and with equal output. He is a little brother to the oppressed of all the world. 'Our' to him means all nations, all creeds, all colors and all conditions. He is for the universal conglomeration of man."

The sort of subject that calls forth Mr. Sulzer's most characteristic eloquence is the one of obvious rhetorical possibilities. Thus he introduced a bill ordering the lighthouse board of the government to keep a light burning every night in the statue of Liberty in New York harbor. "Sir," he said, "its light should shine for all the ages. It should never go out while liberty lives. It links the past with the present and should be prophetic of the future. . . . Why is it that after all this time this light must now go out? Is liberty dead? I hope not. I am a friend of liberty here and elsewhere." And so on and so on. The bill to preserve the Yellowstone National Park was another opportunity not to be lost. "Take it all in all," he exclaimed, "Yellowstone Park is the greatest, the grandest, the most picturesque, and the most marvelous picture in Nature's art gallery—painted in all the radiant colors of the rainbow by the unerring hand of the Infinite—sculptured by the Supreme Creator of the Universe—a testifying demonstration that the Great Jehovah liveth."

If you like that sort of thing Mr. Sulzer's speeches in Congress, especially his earlier ones, will give you a long continued rapture. Here, for instance, is another uplifting passage in which the Honorable William, just to show that Patrick Henry has nothing on him, boldly and intrepidly advocates the perpetuity of the republic. "Mr. Speaker," said the gentleman from New York, "in the contest which is now on between the republic and the empire, I take my stand with the people against empire and in favor of the perpetuity of the republic. Ours is the great republic, the beacon light of the world, the refuge of the oppressed of every clime, the home for the downtrodden of every land, and it is the imperative duty of those who are here and enjoying the inestimable blessings of our free institutions to see to it that the government of Jefferson, of Jackson and of Lincoln does not perish from the earth."

All the same, William Sulzer has given great satisfaction to his own constituents



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"HE LOOKS MORE LIKE HENRY CLAY THAN HENRY CLAY LOOKED"

Honorable William Sulzer, candidate for governor of the Empire State, was looked upon as a joke when he first went to Congress eighteen years ago. His oratory still furnishes amusement, but the orator himself has achieved a place of real importance among his fellow congressmen.

on the teeming East Side. He has few if any enemies. People may smile at him but no one dislikes him. His record is free from corruption, and for a regular Tammany man, which he is, he has shown an unusual degree of personal independence

since he left the Assembly and went to Congress. While he lives, oratory shall not die, liberty shall not lack a voice in her championship and the republic shall not look in vain for at least one defender to stand between her and destruction.

TWO DIVERGENT VIEWS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT



ALMOST at the same moment last month, Dr. Lyman Abbott and Senator La Follette presented the views formed by them, after years of close observation, of the character of Theodore Roosevelt and the motives leading to his present course. Each sketch has the earmarks of entire honesty and sincerity on the part of the writer. Yet one man sees an insincere, double-dealing, sinuous politician, lusting for power and ready to sacrifice great issues and close friends to his unbridled ambitions. The other man sees a devoted patriot, "fighting honest," absolutely direct in all his ways, the key to whose character is his vital interest in his fellowmen—the "enthusiasm of humanity."

It is one of the most interesting contrasts history has ever presented, all the more interesting from the fact that the same sharp contrast will be found in almost any part of the country where a half-dozen persons are found grouped together.

Senator La Follette publishes his views in his own weekly paper—*La Follette's*—as the first of a series of articles on "Why I Became a Candidate for President." It is not vituperative nor does it bear evidence on the face of it of any emotional excitement. It is as calm and candid as Dr. Abbott's article is, and treats of Mr. Roosevelt from the political rather than the personal side, tho the Senator does not hesitate to assign motives that seem to him to be obvious from the facts. Of Roosevelt as President, the Senator says, that while his utterances were "highly colored with rhetorical radicalism," they were "characterized by an absence of definite economic conception," and his seven and a half years in the White House resulted in no great constructive statute. "The most savage assault upon special interests was invariably offset with an equally drastic attack upon

all others who were seeking to reform abuses." When he sailed away for South Africa, there was no definite Progressive national movement with a clearly defined body of issues. That movement did not find itself until he had gone away, making greater headway in the two years of his absence than in the entire seven and a half years of his administration. The Senator accounts for this fact as follows:

"This was largely due to the fact that Taft's course was the more direct, Roosevelt's the more devious. Openly denouncing trusts and combinations he made concessions and compromises which tremendously strengthened these special interests. Thus Roosevelt smeared the issue, but caught the imagination of the younger men of the country by his dash and mock heroics. Taft cooperated with Cannon and Aldrich on legislation. Roosevelt cooperated with Aldrich and Cannon on legislation. Neither President took issue with the reactionary bosses of the Senate upon any legislation of national importance. Taft's talk was generally in line with his legislative policy. Roosevelt's talk was generally at right angles to his legislative policy. Taft's messages were the more directly reactionary; Roosevelt's the more 'progressive.' But adhering to his conception of a 'square deal,' his strongest declarations in the public interest were invariably offset with something comforting for Privilege; every phrase denouncing 'bad' trusts was deftly balanced with praise for 'good' trusts."

So far the Senator's article contains no disclosures; but he then proceeds to tell of a visit which he made to Oyster Bay, June 27, 1910, as the result of an invitation coming to him through Gilson Gardner, a newspaper correspondent and a close personal friend of Mr. Roosevelt's. A colored attendant showed him into the library, where the Colonel soon appeared in linen knickerbockers, fresh from pitching hay. They talked of Congress and the Taft administration. Says the Senator of this interview:

"Excepting as to one matter which he said was definitely settled in his mind he was very guarded in his statements. Speaking of the initiative and referendum, he said he had arrived at no settled conviction; but upon the recall his mind was definitely made up, at least in so far as it related to the recall of judges. He said: 'I am not sure whether the recall should be applied to public officials generally, but I have been so disappointed in many of the judges commissioned during my administration that it is perfectly clear to me that the recall should be established and enforced as to judges, and particularly federal judges appointed for life.' I received the statement with some expression of surprise, suggesting as my viewpoint that, if the recall were applied to the judiciary, the percentage of petitioners demanding recall should be fixed at a much higher rate than was commonly accepted as a proper basis for recall of legislative and other public officials. He replied that he had given no particular thought to the details, but that he had a settled and fixed opinion as to the importance of applying the principle to the federal judiciary."

At this interview, Mr. Roosevelt's only comment on Taft was that "sometimes a man made a very good lieutenant but a poor captain." It was not until March, 1911, that he let it be known to the Progressives in Washington that he was at last hostile to Taft. Gifford Pinchot, Van Valkenberg and Gilson Gardner bore frequent messages from him to the effect that while he was hostile to Taft at this time, he did not wish to see any Progressive candidate put in the field against him; that he was confident of two things: first, that Taft could not be beaten for nomination; and, second, that no Republican, progressive or reactionary, could be elected in 1912. He preferred, therefore, to see Taft nominated without opposition and beaten at the polls.

"Up to this time there had been no change in his opinion regarding opposition to Taft's renomination, as the Progressives in Washington were advised from time to time through these friends of his who kept us informed. He was deadly hostile to Taft, but still felt that he could not be beaten in the convention, and that he should be allowed to take the nomination without contest and then be given a beating at the polls. But so far as reported to our group in Washington, the idea of a Progressive candidate for the presidency, even if defeated in the convention, as a means of holding together an advance Progressive

movement, seemed to have no place in his political thinking. His mind was dwelling upon immediate political victory or defeat. In all that we heard from Roosevelt, through these near friends of his, the continued up-building of the Progressive Movement for the restoration of representative government was not a subject which he was considering at all."

That was in the winter of 1911. In the meantime (in 1910) Mr. Roosevelt had been through the New York State election, leading the campaign for Stimson, making it his own fight, and being "overwhelmingly defeated." But, worse than that, his course at the Saratoga convention had been "a staggering blow" to Progressive Republicans throughout the middle and western states. In his speeches in those states, his utterances on the tariff had been in general accord with the western view. Yet the Saratoga platform, for which he voted and which he approved, praised the Payne-Aldrich bill for reducing the average rate of duties eleven per cent. and for turning a deficit into a surplus, and it also enthusiastically endorsed "the progressive and statesmanlike leadership of William Howard Taft." The result of the New York state election was by Roosevelt himself, we are told, construed as a personal defeat, and as a reason why he himself could not be a presidential candidate again. "On one occasion," says the Senator, "I remember it was stated by Gardner that the Colonel, referring to the 1910 election in New York as a Roosevelt defeat, said that he would be literally eaten up if he were to become a candidate, and that he could not consider such a thing." Then came Mr. Roosevelt's speaking tour, beginning in March, 1911, which restored his self-confidence in a marked degree. Up to that time, he was looking forward to 1916; and in the light of subsequent events, according to the Senator, "there can be little doubt that when Roosevelt left the White House he had 1916 firmly in mind." Up to the spring of 1911, he was still looking to 1916, and "in his political philosophy, which is always personal, Taft's renomination and defeat in 1912 fitted admirably into his plan."

"Then came this tour in the spring of 1911. It fired his blood. There were the old-time crowds, the music, the cheers. He began to think of 1912 for himself. It was four years

better than 1916; and four years counts in the life of a man turned fifty-three; a world of things may happen in four years. But everyone saw the uncertainties of 1912. Roosevelt clearly saw them. He could take no chance. He could not afford to become a candidate against Taft and fail. Why not put forth another man, and feel out the Taft strength? If it became apparent that Taft could not be beaten for the nomination, a contest would nevertheless weaken him and make his defeat in the election the more certain. If it became clear that Taft could be beaten, in the convention and furthermore that he (Roosevelt) could win in the election against a Democrat, his restored confidence, resulting from the tour of 1911, made him reasonably certain that he could displace the candidate put out against Taft, stamped the convention, and secure the nomination for himself."

Such is Senator La Follette's account of events prior to his own candidacy for the nomination. For that candidacy, he promises to show in subsequent instalments, Roosevelt and his close friends were largely responsible; but, surprised and disappointed at the strength which La Follette developed, they sought by clever work to defeat his endorsement at the Chicago conference, and long before his speech at the banquet of publishers, in Philadelphia, had determined to "hamstring" the Senator's candidacy—not because it was so weak but because it was so strong.

Dr. Lyman Abbott's article on "Theodore Roosevelt as I See Him" is published in *The Outlook*. The provocative cause of it, apparently, was ex-President Eliot's letter, opposing Roosevelt's reelection because he showed himself "capable while in power of taking grave public action—which, of course, seemed to him wise and right—in disregard of Constitutional and legal limitations."

Dr. Abbott begins by questioning this statement and demanding specifications. During the nearly nine years of Roosevelt's executive life as Governor and President, he says, "no executive act of Mr. Roosevelt's and no legislation which he has recommended, has ever been declared unconstitutional by the courts; and I think it is equally true, tho on this subject I do not speak with equal certainty, that no administrative act of his in the preceding years, as civil service commissioner, police commissioner, and assistant secretary of the navy, was ever set aside by his superior

officers because by it he transcended the limits of his legal authority."

For more than thirteen years, says Dr. Abbott, he has been on intimate relations with Mr. Roosevelt, and, of course, in the last three years they have been closely associated in editorial labors. Here is the Doctor's interesting comparison between his own and Mr. Roosevelt's characters:

"In temperament we are very different. Mr. Roosevelt physically is an electric battery of inexhaustible energy. I have been compelled all my life carefully to conserve such physical energy as I possess, and to do my work within the limits which a not naturally strong constitution has imposed upon me. Mr. Roosevelt is by temperament a soldier; in phrenological language, his combativeness is large. I am by temperament a teacher, and avoid battle of every description when it can be avoided without cowardice or dishonor. Mr. Roosevelt has, either by inheritance or by long training, great decision of character. My decision of character—and I do not think I am wholly without it—has been laboriously built up by conscious, deliberate effort persistently continued ever since the days when, as a boy, I read Foster's 'Essay on Decision of Character' and discovered my own native weakness. Mr. Roosevelt acts upon questions presented to him with a celerity of judgment which takes one's breath away. I am accustomed to follow my grandfather's advice and, when a difficult question is presented to me, to sleep on it. Mr. Roosevelt always goes to his goal as directly and as swiftly as one of his rifle balls. Sinuous ways are abhorrent to him, and ways of indirection distasteful. I am always more inclined to persuade an opponent than to vanquish him, and in conflict recognize, as I do not think Mr. Roosevelt often does, the advantage of sometimes resorting to a flank movement rather than to a direct attack."

Dr. Abbott understands, therefore, why Mr. Roosevelt is disliked by men of certain temperaments. His courage, his militant character, his quick executive action, are construed as evidence of a rash and heedless temper. "Easy-going good-nature is a natural American vice, and Mr. Roosevelt's hearty, and in the main healthy, hatred of wrongdoing and wrongdoers, always vigorously but not always temperately expressed, offends the taste of gentle natures."

Then the Doctor uses a characteristic illustration to enforce the point he is making, that Mr. Roosevelt is not rash, heedless, impetuous or impulsive. He writes:

"I am accustomed to play solitaire, sometimes with a companion whose eyes are much quicker than mine. The cards are laid out on the table. I have to look at them one by one. My companion sees at a glance their relations to each other and what can be done with them. Present any problem to Mr. Roosevelt, and he instantly sees all the conditions of the problem, and forms his judgment, not without careful thought, but without the delay involved in deliberation. I have not always at first agreed with him, but when I have given to the problem the deliberate study which my temper requires, I have come either to the conclusion that Mr. Roosevelt was correct or that the difference between us was less than I had thought it to be."

Most enigmatical men cease to be enigmas if you can get the key to their character. Dr. Abbott thinks he has the key to Mr. Roosevelt's character. It is "his vital interest in his fellowmen."

"All problems that directly concern humanity concern him. Problems that do not directly concern humanity he is not interested in. Philosophical questions, theological questions, economic questions, legal questions, scientific questions, interest him as they touch life, and only as they touch life. Wide as are his interests—and I know no man whose horizon is wider or whose life is filled with more multifarious interests—they are all practical. Whatever the circumference of the circle may seem to be, the center of it is always life—mainly human life. He is interested in the minds of men, but not in the philosophical theories of the schools; in practical righteousness, but not in theological theories; in the maintenance of social justice, but not in legal formularies and fictions; in the protection of the home, but not in ecclesiastical theories about marriage and divorce; in improving the condition of the working men and their wives and children, but not in economic theories about labor and capital."

It is partly because the tariff and the currency question have been presented as economic rather than as human problems that Mr. Roosevelt has been but "slightly interested" in them.

He is, however, neither patronizing nor headstrong and opinionated. On the contrary. *The Outlook* staff holds a conference once a week, usually at the National Arts Club, at which the questions to be treated in the next number are freely discussed. According to Dr. Abbott, Mr. Roosevelt is far from being domineering

or intolerant of opposition in these conferences. We quote again:

"In this conference Mr. Roosevelt habitually joins. He shares in the arguments with the other members of the staff; he presents his opinions, but he never attempts to force them. He is a good listener no less than an effective speaker. He asks advice as well as gives it, and is the more influential because he is perfectly ready to be influenced. It is true that, when he has considered a subject and reached his decision upon it, he does not easily change his decision. He is as far from being vacillating as he is from being headstrong. But it is also true that he is always ready to consider and to take counsel upon the question how best to interpret persuasively to others the conviction which he has formed, and he is always ready to weigh considerations which are offered for the modification of the conviction which he has himself reached."

As to Mr. Roosevelt's present candidacy, Dr. Abbott's conclusions are directly opposite to those of Senator La Follette. The Doctor says "with confident assurance" that the Colonel "did not desire to enter again into political campaigning" and "had no political ambition to assume the duties of the Presidency." So long as there was any prospect that Senator La Follette would be accepted as leader of the Progressives, Mr. Roosevelt abstained from political activity, and even, so far as he could conscientiously do so, gave his support to the Taft administration. Not until it became apparent that the Progressive movement was in danger of utter failure for want of a national leader, did he consent to accept the leadership. "I recall, as I write these lines, the day when that decision was apparently finally reached. It was about the time when the seven Governors presented to Mr. Roosevelt their united request that he become a candidate. He submitted to us, his associates on the *Outlook* staff, the question, Could he with honor decline?" The staff all agreed that he "had no option but to accede to the apparently unanimous request of those who had faith in Progressive principles."

Dr. Abbott concludes as follows: "Thirteen years of increasingly intimate acquaintance with Theodore Roosevelt has steadily deepened my affection for him personally, my esteem for his character, and my admiration for his political genius and his public services."

CZAR FERDINAND: THE SUPERMAN OF THE BALKANS



IN THE assumption by Ferdinand of Bulgaria of the dignity of chief of the united armies of the Balkan states, those liberal and democratic European organs which hold him up to the execration of mankind profess to see another display of his characteristic and unblushing audacity. The friends of Ferdinand behold in what he has just done fresh evidence of the sublime genius which, now that a supreme crisis threatens all Europe with disaster, will work the salvation of the Balkan world. But whether the impressive and achieving Ferdinand limned in the portraits drawn by loving hands be disregarded for the sinister studies of those who scorn him, there seems little doubt that this Bulgarian Czar is himself the crisis. Dailies abroad damn him when their standpoint is democratic. They find no phrase too fulsome in his favor when they comment from the angle of reaction. The duality is traceable to the artistry, the brilliance, the charm of his absolutism. Here is a ruler who frankly despises the people without oppressing them, who regards democracy as academic and outworn. He has put into the body of his strange political system the soul of the superman, complains the Paris *Humanité*. Statecraft is to him that realm beyond good and evil of which the famed Nietzsche spoke. Morals, rights, duties—these things correspond to no realities of which Ferdinand recks. That, we are asked to believe, is why, in twenty-five years, he has transformed himself from a petty vassal prince to one of the world's great independent sovereigns.

Corruption—the diversion of the tide of revenue from the coffers of the state to the individual's pocket—has proved a pillar of the glory of this potentate. There is no secret about it. The policy is avowed openly in statements having almost the authority of inspired communications. The explanation, we read in the *Libre Parole*, is found in the necessity of transforming backward, primitive and agricultural Bulgaria, the peasant's paradise, into just such a modernized state as finds its monied class a backbone. The monotonous dead level of ruralized and pious obscurantism found by Ferdinand when he abandoned his

Austrian elegance for his present throne made Bulgaria, as he said, a hell to him. There were none of the trappings of a monarchy in the land—no aristocracy, no solidly substantial bourgeoisie, no vested interest even. His court, in its first few years, was as grotesque as a play staged by country bumpkins. To evolve the rich and the lordly, the great ones of his empire, he made administrators of the most venal and let them rob right and left. In less than a generation he had filled his quaint capital with millionaires, all with fortunes of doubtful origin.

The cordiality of kings, the magic of manner, the spell of a fine simplicity with which such rulers as Alfonso of Spain entrance their people are reserved by Ferdinand of Bulgaria for the foreigner. To his own subjects, according to the Vienna *Fremdenblatt*, he suggests only that divinity which so many think hedges kings no more. In Ferdinand, their Czar, all Bulgars are made to behold the sternly magnificent monarch, coldly sublime, unbending never. His comings and his goings in his own dominions are affairs of Persian pomp. His countenance assumes aspects of that severity through the medium of which multitudes are awed. His cold aloofness and the grave dignity of his public deportment suggest, and are intended to suggest, the sovereign circumstance of a supernal being. No one can doubt, affirms the Austrian daily, that Ferdinand has studied his part with all the fond art of great tragedies. No reigning monarch boasts more royal robes, longer swords of state, a crown glittering with a fire so star-like or a retinue trailing behind with such a serious gorgeousness. Merely as a spectacle, the court at Sofia is a flaming glory of decorated courtiers, beribboned maids of honor and dazzled spectators.

No transformation suggests the miraculous so perfectly as that undergone by Ferdinand once he has crossed his own frontier, the *Matin* noting it with admiration. "The medieval monarch becomes the modern man." The stern visage assumes a most gracious affability and the pride of place is lost in an enticing sweetness. Even the casual journalist is introduced to the sovereign's consort with the mere words "my



FEARLESS FERDINAND—THE BRIGAND BULLY OF BULGARIA

This brilliant buccaneer of the Balkans has made himself prince, then overlord, and at last Czar. He is a military chief, a man of letters, a student of science and the most bellicose of potentates, all in one.

wife." In Paris, in London, in Berlin, in Vienna—for Ferdinand is the most assiduously persevering traveler on any throne—he not alone receives all manner of men but seeks them out. The scientist whose latest laboratory experiment stuns the world, the poet whose new verses are on every lip, the explorer returned from the earth's confines, even the anarchist with his nebulous generalization, finds no listener so enthralled as Ferdinand, no sympathy so intelligent as his.

He is a humbug, an impostor, an adventurer to be sure, reflects the French daily, but how original in his cynicism, how free from that most disgusting of the poser's traits, the pretense of believing in himself! Morals he has no use for nor does he gloss the fact. Steal, rob, exploit, he seems to say, but do not interfere with the privileges of others in the great and universal field of human corruption. His career exemplifies the practical nature of the principle. He has built up for himself out of his sovereignty one of the immense fortunes of Europe without incurring the odium of the late Leopold of the Congo. Success is to him the touchstone.

One finds, of course, the friends of Ferdinand busy in his vindication. He was transported from the culture of a luxurious palace in early life to sway the destinies of a dull, laggard land of yokels. His personal tastes were in the direction of science. He had been brought up in an environment of Bourbonism. Only the transcendent quality of his abilities differentiated him from the elegant princes and princesses of the Saxe-Coburg circle. To be charming, to be superior to the men of common clay, to live life—this was the whole creed. Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, to give him his inherited title, derived from a witty and fascinating mother the intellectual power which marked him as a boy. She had been reared amid the memories of the Tuileries and her art of swaying men was Bourbon in all things. As he grew to manhood he displayed all the mother's exquisite charm. He shared her interest in books, in pictures and in those severer studies which made the Princess Clementine the great bluestocking of her day. He derives from her, likewise, an extreme majesty of gesture and the pleasing quality of a voice that can fill the immense national assembly building at Sofia without an effort.

The palaces reared for himself by Ferdinand in different parts of his dominions seem to our authority to reflect that combination of militant Caesarism with the cosmopolitan time spirit which explains the mystery of his greatness. No day is too busy for a period of retirement into his study, his library, his room of rest and reflection. In the palace at Sofia he has a refuge from the world—a gorgeous room paneled in rare wood, dimly lighted by stained glass windows. The walls exhibit a canvas or two by the impressionists he loves. Rare birds shot by the monarch in the course of his Balkan hunts stand everywhere in stuffed grotesqueness. These trophies are of especial interest to the ruler of Bulgaria for a reason little suspected—he is one of the world's authorities on ornithology, a subject he has cultivated since boyhood. In a corner is a miniature railroad to remind the beholder of another royal hobby. Like the King of the Belgians, the Bulgarian Czar often rides in a blouse on the cab of a locomotive. The stokers on the French lines know him pretty well. Everywhere in the study one sees the new books in the leading languages, for Ferdinand is a linguist of some note, too.

Only the constitution of a primeval savage, one might conjecture, could endure the incessant physical strain of Ferdinand's goings and comings. All court life at the Bulgarian capital is restless, a thing of parading garrisons, of gorgeous processions, of endless ceremonial, of the go and come of the perpetually moving monarch himself in a magnificence that would weigh an ordinary mortal to the earth. The difficulty seems to reside in a nervousness of temperament which a constant possibility of assassination has not subdued in Ferdinand. Moreover, as the French daily reminds us, the Balkan Czar is the soul of the new Bulgarian army with its crack regiments named in honor of the princes he delights to remember—Boris, Alexander or himself. He loves to emerge suddenly from bed in the early dark of the morn and dash to the barracks with a command to deploy. All is on the instant rummage and alarm. It is the despair of Ferdinand that his Bulgars are but indifferent horsemen, a quality in which their late improvement is due to his own energy. He imported a breed of horses from one of his estates in Hungary to make

good a national deficiency and it is supposed to speak volumes for his capacity that the experiment succeeded.

Time has not dimmed in Ferdinand, now that he is past fifty, the fire of his eye nor the military ardor that so befits a Balkan brigand. For that is what he is to the innumerable dailies abroad which, now that he bodes forth the latest crisis, ascribe the trouble to his great ambition. He has the boldness as well as the morals of the brigand, according to the *Lanterne*, and he values and rewards in others those qualities alone which make men useful to a brigand. His is the boldness, the rude virtue and the ruder grandeur of the armed and lawless robber. His very generosity is that of the brigand, since it means no more than royal license to rob. Yet all this, observes the *Paris Temps*, which becomes in turn his champion and his critic, is to miss the meaning of his wonderful character and even more wonderful career. Translated from ease and refinement to a den of the most predatory freebooters, he has tamed the savages he found there and made a wilder-

ness into one of the sovereign states of Europe. When Ferdinand came first to Sofia, he found it a group of hovels, ranged along tortuous lanes, stagnating amid pools, heavy with muddied weeds. Only the wandering Turk was there to traffic in his bits of bright carpet, his shining brass, his barbarian essences. The stock peasant came from his fields to stare in red breeches, open-mouthed. Everywhere was the fez, the squatting trader, the Oriental bazar. It was a wild riot of color, of gleam, of dancing gypsy. Ferdinand subdued the blaze of this. The mean streets were transformed by great stone structures. The noisy bazars became quiet shops. The red and yellow and green of national costumes gave way to ordinary brown and black and gray. The flaming East was subdued into the cold West, but in the transformation Ferdinand himself had to dip a little of himself into the color he strove to chasten. He is still the elegant Austrian nobleman he was in youth, but he has caught the Bulgarian air and has taken on a little of the temper as well as of the aspect of the savages he sways.

BRITAIN'S BIG TRIO—ASQUITH, LLOYD-GEORGE AND WINSTON CHURCHILL



LL British cabinets, be they liberal or conservative, are quite alike in having an outer ring and an inner ring. The inner ring, as the *London Mail* concedes, holds the men who possess the real ability, the brains, the personality. And in the case of the ministry now in power this inner ring is small indeed. It is a trio—Asquith, the eloquent, tactful, magnetic Prime Minister; Lloyd-George, the fiery, radical, pugnacious Chancellor of the Exchequer; and Winston Churchill, the aristocratic, boyish, impertinent and noisy First Lord of the Admiralty.

No one could question Mr. Churchill's right through sheer ability—through intellectual gift and force of character—to be assertive in that exclusive inner ring which wields all power, says the brilliant writer, G. A. B. D., in the *London Mail*. He is there, of course, by his birth and name, but he is there by intellect and will—in other words, through his "personality," for that is what this word which we like to be vague about really means in public life.

Mr. Churchill ran for such a considerable time in double harness with the Chancellor of the Exchequer that everybody naturally, and quite politely, compares them. All agree that they are alike in both being very vivid politicians. The Prime Minister himself has taken them together and described them by one term, saying he was happy in having two colleagues with such a power of "variegated language." But when we have said they are both vivid in personality and are both variegated in speech, we about reach the end of the striking likeness between them. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is often described as the evil genius of the Cabinet. He certainly appears to be touched with something—an impatient, dangerous, original something—that is clearly apart altogether from political habit and training and from hard work. The touch—a good deal more of it tho—was felt in the case of Lord Randolph Churchill. We call it genius; and perhaps all we know of it is that it is not got by any schooling and that it seems to be a capacity for doing things without taking pains.

The First Lord of the Admiralty hardly gives the impression, as his father did, of this gift. Nor has he given people the idea that he possesses the fervent class sympathy with the masses, ingrained and inborn, which drives the Chancellor of the Exchequer into excesses of speech which must make a Carnarvon harangue exciting reading for the rest of the Cabinet next morning. People may be all wrong; bold Mr. Winston Churchill may be as passionate as any man of the masses in that sympathy. But there is the truth—people cannot or will not see him quite in that light. Did not somewhat the same difficulty tell



A BIG GROWN BOY IN BIB AND BUTTONS

This is Winston Churchill—not ours of that name, but England's—an uproarious, rattling, riotous and rubicund Lord of the Admiralty.

against that strange figure of the French Revolution, Philip Egalité?

In extensive range and in intellectual grip of subject the First Lord of the Admiralty is not excelled, if he is equalled, by any of his colleagues. Acton detested Macaulay as historian, and looked on a great deal of his work as infamous, but he confessed in one of his letters that Macaulay's grasp of history was great. A great many people, the whole Unionist Party indeed, dislike Mr. Churchill's politics, but he would be a blind man who was not impressed by Mr. Churchill's grasp and range. He seems to some people to surpass Lord Randolph Churchill in this gift of wide vision or survey. It is notable that Mr. Churchill showed this power quite soon after he had come to the fore in politics. It has been noticeable in speech after speech. He thinks in whole programs—tho whether he thinks closely in all their items is a very different matter.

It is curious to contrast the early part of Mr. Lloyd-George's career in politics with Mr. Churchill's. The first for years dared not, or cared not, to enter at all into any of the great public matters of the day. It was always Little Wales and Little Bethel with him—it was ten years ere he got so far as Little England.

The other entered into the field of greater politics and performed there with zest and assertiveness from the start. There is an entertaining suggestion in Mr. Churchill's début of a young blood just come of age and inheriting, all in the natural order of things, his large estates waiting for him—quite the younger Pitt style.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer served something like ten years of apprenticeship; the First Lord of the Admiralty may be said not to have served any apprenticeship. Which had the advantage? At first glance, it seems as if there could not be a moment's doubt—why, the man of course who got into the first rank straight away! But it may be a far more difficult question than it seems at first sight.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is easily the chief power in politics to-day as his enemy, the *London Mail*, concedes. The thing, whether his colleagues and his opponents grant it or not, is extremely sure.

Whether you see in him the villain or whether you see in him the hero—it does not affect this: he is the first actor in the

piece. The stalls and the gallery may see him in a wholly different light; but both see him, for good or evil, in the high light.

Tho an original man, and a brilliant man—this again is past all dispute—with his passions and prejudices of to-day born and bred in him, Mr. Lloyd-George does seem to have borrowed a hint or two from the earlier phazes of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. His admiration for Mr. Chamberlain as a bold and impulsive party leader has never been concealed.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has genius—that very rare thing in politics to-day. Genius invents and talent applies, according to a great thinker. But genius borrows as well as invents; indeed, have not some of the greatest geniuses been greatest borrowers? A Chancellor of the Exchequer may borrow sometimes—it may be his business to do so.

He may have borrowed from Mr. Chamberlain the idea of an Unauthorized Program. But still more he suggests an attempted adaptation of the brilliant, bitter Mr. Chamberlain of the eighties combined with the broader and completer statesman of our own time. The Imperialism has perhaps not appeared so far in the adaptation. Yet it is curious that Mr. Lloyd-George in this matter seems to be half suspect among many of his own followers! That he is not very hard at a pinch to coax into making a Hands-Off-England speech is clear enough—who can forget that he was chosen to warn Germany?

There is another thing or two we must all admit—his great vitality, his individual character. He has made his way to the front rank, and to the best place but one in it, simply by his own force; there has been no outside help, and none of the natural advantages of education or name or money. It would not be easy to find quite a parallel with it in British politics. The Prime Minister's case is scarcely one, for at least he did come with a great university prowess, which appealed to Mr. Gladstone and was promptly recognized. Mr. Lloyd-George came with nothing.

He has made his way in part by a gift of dangerous, nimble speech, in part by safe drudgery for years on many parliamentary details quite obscure to the outside world. But the great thing about him is his vitality, the great thing and far the best thing. It is to this he really owes his place to-day.



THE TERRIBLE TALKER IN BRITISH POLITICS

The violent Lloyd-George, as his foes call him, the irrepressible Lloyd-George, the explosive and excitable Lloyd-George, is said in private life to reveal the sweetest of natures, the most genial of tempers.

Next our critical character student polishes off Prime Minister Asquith. A true master of the parliamentary arts must be a great speaker as well as a tactician, it pleases the *London Mail* to say, and it must long since have been borne in on every critic of the Prime Minister that he is that. It was thought once that his style was somewhat orotund, and his phrases were said to smell of midnight oil. But, if so, it is a very good smell. The Prime Minister is certainly orotund, but there is

none of the mere windiness about it which so often marks that style of speech. The intellectual force of his set speeches in



A PAST MASTER OF PARLIAMENTARY
TACTICS

Herbert Henry Asquith holds office so long only because he is a master of that rarest of all arts, the management of men.

the House is beyond question. The whole thing is very impressive. In his flights of passion he never forgets punctilio.

His achievement in the game of party politics cannot be denied. The last Prime Minister held together a difficult team, but the difficulty lay practically in one thing, the tariff. Mr. Asquith has held together half a dozen factions by the nicest management, the management of the loose rein. Is he not the master of all the parliamentary arts? A few years ago the artful leader was thought to be Mr. Balfour. Certainly Mr. Balfour was a tactician; every great parliamentary leader is. But we know now that all the time the leader opposite was learning in that school himself; a leader taken by the innocent to be the most single-minded and direct of statesmen, "candid as the skies," simply incapable by constitution of playing the game in politics. And what a past master six years of constant study have made him! Is he in difficulties at any time between the utterly conflicting demands of the peace-at-any-hazard section of his party and the section that insists they must increase the Navy or become the "conscript appanage" of a foreign country? Well, wait a bit and see how deftly he will seem to suit both!

He stood for tactics in the view of every Liberal. They never tire of telling us how he adroitly managed the Free Trade and the Tariff Reform sections of the party, endlessly equivocating to keep his friends together and himself in power. The thing became a Liberal obsession—and it was not only a Liberal obsession. Have any of the Liberals compunction about passing a Parliament bill without reforming the Peers? He will ease them with a promise of preamble—a debt of honor to be paid without delay.

Is he in difficulties between the Osborne judgment in trade-unionism and the leaders of the Labor Party? Wait a bit, and see what babes these simple Labor men prove in the hands of a true master of the parliamentary game!

They are very fond of saying that the Prime Minister toes the line of Protestant nonconformity in England, yet of Papist conformity in Ireland; of Labor, yet of Liberal Capital. But may they not be beguiling themselves a little? May it not be that all the sections are really toeing the master's line?

Finance and Industry

THE PITIFUL PLIGHT OF THE AMERICAN RAILROAD



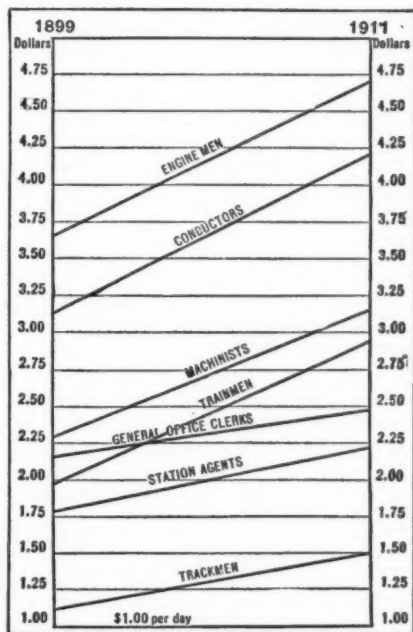
RAILROAD construction has come to a standstill. The greatest of constructive industries is staggering under the solar plexus blows administered by the exactions of the Federal Government and the increasing demands of labor. Such is the burden of B. F. Yoakum's plaint on the high cost of living for railroads. The railroad business, declares the eminent Chairman of the Board of Directors of the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad, in *The World's Work*, disburses more than a billion dollars a year to its 1,700,000 employees. The next largest industry, that of lumber, employs 695,000 men and pays them three hundred million dollars in wages. The railroads are also the largest consumers of manufactured products. Out of the eighteen million tons of iron and steel produced in 1907, the railroads bought more than one-half; and out of every four thousand feet of lumber cut, the railroads consume one-fourth. Apart from their own pay rolls, the railroads support indirectly another industrial army of more than one million and a half, drawing in wages almost \$840,000,000.

The prosperity or the reverse of the railroads means the prosperity or depression of the whole country. 80 per cent. of the cost of all material bought by the railroads goes to labor. The advance of the cost of doing business in this giant industry, Mr. Yoakum declares, may become a menace for the future of the whole country.

"We find it the main issue in every wage conference between officers and men. We find it the basis of every strike, every spasm of discontent. We meet it year by year in our coal mines. We struggle with it every time we have to pass on bids and specifications for new cars, new engines, or new supplies. We tackle it again whenever we come to figure on building a new line to meet the needs and demands of the people in undeveloped sec-

tions, awaiting transportation that development may go forward. It hits us hard again in our tax bills and our payments in personal damage suits.

"We come face to face with it in our dealings with the bankers and investors of the world. The era of easy money for railroad building, railroad improvements, railroad expansion, has temporarily passed away. To-day we pay five and one-half dollars in interest for the same supply of capital that, in other days on equal security, cost us only four and one-half dollars. When we consider that the railroad business, in the nature of things, must always be a tremendous borrower of capital, the importance and the imminence of this question of the cost of capital becomes apparent.



THE SOARING PAY ENVELOPE

In this diagram, taken from *The World's Work*, the Chairman of the Board of Directors of the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad illustrates the staggering burden of the railroads owing to the increasing demands of labor.



A RAILROAD PRESIDENT IN A QUANDARY

"We have been told," complains Mr. Yoakum, the Chairman of the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad System, "in a thousand ways what we must not do and dare not do. The administration of the future must tell us what we can do and show us the way to do it."

"Late in July, on the witness stand, Mr. Atterbury, General Manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad, undoubtedly the most powerful of our systems, testified that, if the advances now demanded in wages had been in force last year, there would have been hardly a dollar of surplus left out of the surplus income of that system. In other words, the cost of living and of doing business would have resulted in leaving hardly a dollar for the future growth and improvement needs of the property."

The largest item contributing to the misery of the railroads seems to be the advance in wages. Some of these advances, Mr. Yoakum admits, have been justified by the facts; some have not. The Bureau of Railway Economics in a detailed study of the effect of the increases in wages in 1911 discloses the fact that on June 30th, 1911, there were 31,037 less employees on the railroads than on the same day of 1910. In spite of this, the wages paid by the railroads were \$49,976,000 more than in 1910. While the employees were gaining this amount in revenue, the net revenue of the railroads in question decreased \$41,000,000.

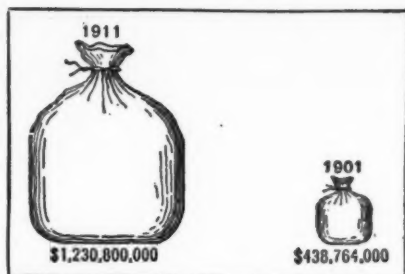
If railroad labor had been capitalized on the basis of its earnings in wages in 1899, identically the same labor would have received in 1911 an extra dividend of \$300,000,000. In 1899 the general office clerk enjoyed a higher wage than either the fireman or the train man. The trend of events has, however, left him behind. Here, in Mr. Yoakum's opinion, one may find some tangible evidence to determine upon what class the burden of the increased cost of living falls the heaviest. The increased cost of labor, he goes on to say, is entirely unproductive from the standpoint of earnings. It is interest at five per cent. on six billions of capital and represents an overhead charge equal to five per cent. on nearly half the total cost of the railroads.

The biggest single item next to labor in the expense of running a railroad is the cost of buying coal. In 1911 fuel cost \$227,000,000. Out of every one hundred dollars earned in the railroad business \$8.05 went to pay the coal bills, an increase of two dollars, less four cents, in ten years. This difference amounts to approximately \$60,000,000 added to the railroad's annual budget. Lumber, pipes, wire, and other commodities have equally increased in price, the one exception usually cited being steel rails, which, since the advance from \$17.62 in 1899 to \$28, has remained stationary at the latter figure.

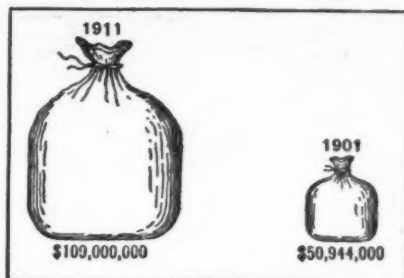
The railroad's tax bill has jumped from \$247 for every mile of railroad in 1899 to \$446 in 1911. "I am not," declared the writer, "debating the rights and wrongs of the increase, but simply setting down items in our bill for living expenses in the railroad world. This tax item is only another \$63,000,000 which we have to earn and pay if we continue doing business. Loss and damage claims show an increase of 469 per cent. in the period under discussion. Reckoned on the same basis, there was a waste (economically) of \$11,000,000 in the item of personal injuries, this, in spite of millions spent on safety appliances, signal systems, etc.

This, according to Mr. Yoakum's figures, is the story of railroad affliction in the last three years:

"In 1909, 235,000 miles of railway earned in gross 2 Billion 607 Million Dollars. In 1911, 244,000 miles earned 2 Billion 814 Million Dol-



Courtesy of *World's Work*



WHERE THE RAILROAD MONEY GOES

How the pay roll has grown.

The increase in taxes.

lars. This was a healthy increase in traffic. When we come to look at net earnings after taxes, it is a different story. Out of the total gross earnings in 1909, the railroads saved 813 Million Dollars in net. Out of the 207 Million larger gross earnings in 1911, they saved only 771 Million Dollars. In the meantime, 14,500 miles of additional railroad, which cost at least 600 Million Dollars, had been put in operation. In other words, after spending 600 Million Dollars more in new plant, this industry earned 207 Million Dollars additional gross and lost 42 Million Dollars in net! The result speaks for itself."

From a purely traffic point of view, there has been a steady advance all around. The amount of freight traffic that moved on the lines in 1910 as against 1900 shows an increase of 45 per cent., while the freight revenue increased 42 per cent.; the passenger density was 66 per cent. greater in 1911 than in 1900, and the passenger revenue grew 51 per cent. They measure the job laid down for the railroads by the advance in growth and expansion of business in the United States.

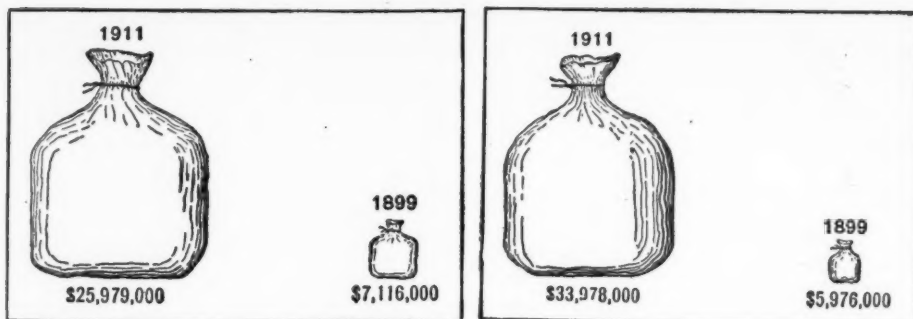
"The demands of this service, however, have grown more and more exacting as year has followed year. In 1900, the railroads of the country had to move 1,863 tons of freight one mile for every inhabitant in the country. In 1910 the people needed the movement of 2,773 tons. This shows the traffic demands that have been made upon the railroads as public carriers of freight. In the same time, we have had an equal demand for passenger service. In 1900, the average distance each inhabitant traveled by train was 211 miles. In 1910 it was 352.

"We have met these demands, first, by building more railroads. That alone, however, was not nearly enough to care for the service demanded. Ten years ago, for every 1,000 miles of track there were 7,092 freight cars, 180

passenger cars, and 195 locomotives. Now there are 8,900 freight cars, 195 passenger cars and 245 locomotives. In the meantime, the capacity of the freight cars has increased from less than twenty-five tons to more than thirty-six; the locomotives have more than doubled in tractive power; and the passenger cars have increased about twenty per cent. in average seating capacity."

The railroads were compelled to spend 200 million dollars to meet the cost of regulation and supervision by the Federal Government and State authorities. These charges, and many for improvements demanded by the public, were "unproductive"—at least from the bookkeeper's point of view. "They are," in Mr. Yoakum's words, "overhead charges upon railroad income fixed by the Government."

Turning from the operating end of the railroad business, Mr. Yoakum discusses finances. The railroads, it seems, must pay 5½ per cent. as against 4 per cent. formerly for the capital needed in equipping and building new roads. This difference amounts practically to eleven million dollars a year. "Under present conditions," Mr. Yoakum goes on to say, "the only sane argument for favoring government ownership of railroads lies in the fact that the interest rate would be an average of 2 per cent. less per annum. This would amount to saving 200 million dollars a year on the present bonded debt of the railroads. "It is difficult," the writer concedes, "to lay the blame for this condition upon any one in particular, yet the fact that the greatest instrument in our future development is being crippled, all thoughtful men must see. Perhaps in our railroad enthusiasm and railroad expansion we have done some things that have accelerated the



Courtesy of *World's Work*

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING—FOR RAILROADS

The increase in the cost of damages caused in transit.

Increased damages for accidents.

decline of American railroad credit; but the best critics of the world acquit American railroads of any great inflation in their bonded debt, even tho they have at times criticised expansion in the stocks and junior securities."

The gap left here—as to railroad sins—in Mr. Yoakum's account is amply filled in Charles Edward Russell's eloquent account of the sins of American railroads.* In this book Russell (the socialist candidate for governor of New York) indicts our great railroad magnates from Hill to Mellen. He draws a lurid picture of railroad mismanagement, bribery, graft, extortion, criminal inflation of capital. If all of Mr. Russell's charges are true, it seems a surprise that American railroads can find any one willing to pay for their paper. Even if we must take Mr. Russell's statements with a grain of salt, the fact is made evident that dividend payments on watered stock are one of the heaviest burdens carried by our railroads.

The sins of the past cannot well be wiped out. We must therefore accept present conditions and make the best of them, but we must also prepare for the future. The immediate railroad prospect, according to Mr. Yoakum, is bright in view of this year's abundant crops. Net earnings will expand and the railroads will have a new lease of life. Beyond this, Mr. Yoakum is not optimistic. To-day, he says, those who figure on the building of new lines must face two serious problems.

The first question is whether new railroads can be operated with profit in view

of the rising cost of doing business. The second is whether or not the railroads can obtain the necessary capital. "Most of us," he declares, "do not care to undertake the responsibilities of spending the money that is now necessary to build new lines, and then face the even greater problem of operating them at a living profit."

"Once stated, it is self-evident that, if the economic conditions of the next ten years make it impossible or unprofitable to build this 4,000 miles of new railroads that otherwise would be built, labor, industry, trade, and commerce alike will feel the effects of that curtailment. You cannot wipe out 160 Million Dollars' worth of construction in this or any other country without paying for that curtailment in nearly every branch of industry in the country. . . .

"I write as a railroad builder. The railroad I helped to plan and helped to build is to-day employing more than fifty thousand men. Their families make up an army of a hundred and fifty thousand people who draw the support and education of their children from our pay-rolls. In the part of the country where my work has been done, railroads are still needed. East of the Mississippi River, there are less than five thousand acres of land to every mile of railroad, but in the West there are more than thirteen thousand acres. Oklahoma is only half supplied with railroads. Arkansas is barely prospected, Louisiana is short of transportation property to develop the State. Texas needs very badly at least 10,000 miles of new line. Arizona, New Mexico, and, in fact, almost all the western States need a large amount of railroad building in the next ten years. I know that these great regions of the Southwest can never come into their own until they get the transportation facilities they need."

* STORIES OF THE GREAT RAILROADS. By Charles Edward Russell. Charles H. Kerr and Company.

FINANCING THE FARMER



URING the last three or four years the United States has been losing rank as an agricultural power. This year, whether by the favor of fortune or the increase of intensive and scientific methods of farming, or both, Uncle Sam has harvested prodigious crops. The cotton crop is estimated at 16 per cent. above the previous maximum, and the government experts tell of a record-breaking crop of corn, oats and spring-sown wheat. The total wheat crop probably exceeds the yield of 700,000,000 bushels which has been recorded only twice before in our history. Brewing interests, remarks the *Wall Street Journal*, should find satisfaction in the barley crop; paint and oil industries must be encouraged with the flax report; while abundant forage crops (in which the consumer is indirectly interested), an excellent crop of potatoes, fruit, and vegetables, together with the cereal yields, justify a cheerful frame of mind not alone in the business man or railroad manager but in the people at large.

It is not sufficient, however, to grow crops; they must be harvested and financed. Of all great businesses in America, farming alone has yet to be put on an adequate basis commercially. Europe, as Myron T.

Herrick, American Ambassador to France, explains in *Moody's Magazine*, has established banks for the farmer. If our present tide of prosperity serves to delay the much-needed reform of our banking facilities for the farmer, the bumper crops of 1912 will prove a misfortune in disguise.

Germany and France, Mr. Herrick assures us, have not only taught their farmers how to make the land yield maximum crops but they also set up the financial machinery by which the farmers can borrow cheaply and easily the money they need to put in operation the processes they are taught. As a consequence, France, Germany and other European countries are now far in advance of the United States in the per acre production of foodstuffs.

"In the United States the average yield of wheat per acre is about 15 bushels; in Germany, about 28 bushels; in France, 20 bushels; in England, 32 bushels; and in the Netherlands, 33 bushels. The statistics as to the production of potatoes are particularly striking. In 1909 France produced 190 bushels of potatoes per acre, Germany 226 bushels, Russia 135 bushels, and Belgium 286 bushels. In 1911 the United States produced but 80 bushels of potatoes per acre; and the importation of potatoes into this country is now assuming considerable proportions.



PLOWING SIX FURROWS AT ONCE

This machine shows how farming is being placed on a scientific basis. The process, if profitable in the end, is distinctly costly.



Courtesy of *The Sun*

THE PLAIN OF THE AGITATOR

AGITATOR: "If the crops continue to grow I am lost."

"In the last ten years the average price in the United States of products of the farm has increased 87 per cent., altho the increase in the average price of all commodities, including agricultural products, has been but 23 per cent. The material advance in general prices in the past ten years is difficult to explain satisfactorily. However, it is certain that the failure of production to increase with the rapidity of consumption has had much to do with the high prices of foodstuffs. A further material increase in the prices of foodstuffs would be a serious hardship to a vast number of people, and would imperil the economic advantage of the country. The only sure remedy for increasing prices of products of the farm is a very substantial augmentation in production, for the consumption of foodstuffs not only will not diminish but will increase as fast as if not faster than in the past."

Agricultural banks are one of the essentials of scientific farming. In France and in Germany there are numbers of organizations that loan money to farmers on easy terms. These organizations have been so successful that they can loan funds to landowners on terms as favorable as those secured by large railroads and industrial corporations in the United States. In this country the farmer, when he needs

funds by the use of which he may increase the output of his farm, seldom can borrow except in his own immediate neighborhood and for short periods.

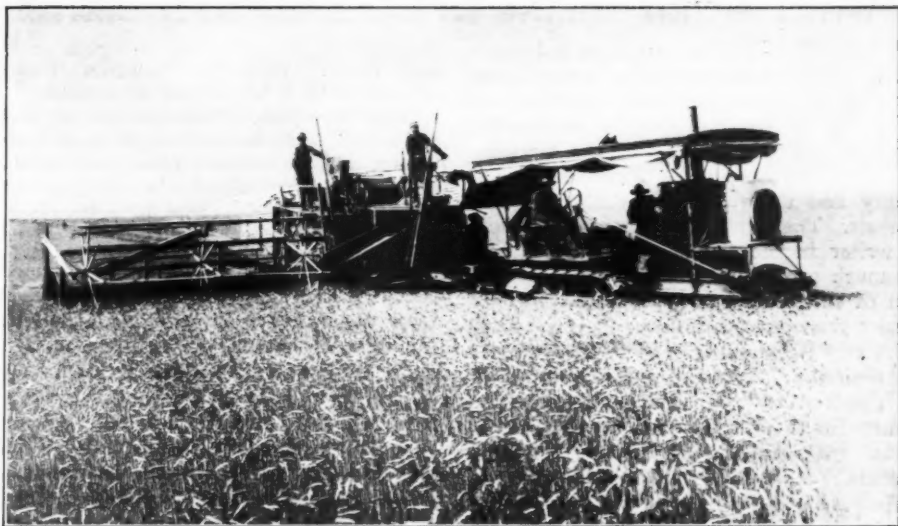
"He is fearful of using borrowed money to pay for important improvements and to meet the cost of making necessary changes in methods that may take some years to perfect, for the reason that he may be called upon to repay the loan before the application of the borrowed funds has increased his income and at a time when the repayment would be a serious hardship. By reason of the very limited investment market to which a particular farmer has access the rate of interest on farm mortgages varies materially in different parts of the country, even though the security may be equally as good. In some parts of the country farmers have to pay as high as 10 per cent. for their loans, and in other localities similar loans can be made at 6 per cent. Up to this time little consideration has been given to the pressing need that exists in this country of financial machinery whereby loans on land—the safest of all security—can be mobilized, and access obtained to the wide investment market."

The availability of cheap money for loans on farm lands would stimulate the buying of farms by many who now rent land for



THE IRON MONSTER OF THE PLANTATION

This cotton picker of metal easily does the work of sixty pickers of flesh and blood toiling hard.



THRESHING BY STEAM

This is a typical scene from an opulent farm in South Dakota.

cultivation. It would encourage many to take up farming as a business. In Germany the demands of farmers for funds resulted in the organization and rapid growth of three important forms of credit-societies, the *Raffeißen* banks, the *Schulze-Delitzsch* banks and the *Landschaften* associations. Altho the *Raffeißen* and the *Schulze-Delitzsch* banks differ in many particulars of organization, both of these forms of banks are founded on the principle of combining borrowers to the end that by association they may secure credit facilities, which, as individuals, it would be impossible for them to obtain. By means of such cooperation, it has been found possible to gather together a considerable amount of capital through the proceeds of the sale of stock, but principally through deposits.

"The capital thus secured is used to supply the needs of members for funds. The membership of the *Raffeißen* banks is made up almost exclusively of farmers, the *Schulze-Delitzsch* banks draw their members from those engaged in various sorts of occupations. In 1910 farmers made up 26.57 per cent. of the membership of the *Schulze-Delitzsch* banks. The loans made by the *Raffeißen* and the *Schulze-Delitzsch* banks, for the most part, are secured by the personal credit of the borrowers. Occasionally these two classes of banks loan on mortgages, but, as a rule, the loans are

made for short periods, and have no other security than the personal credit or personal property of those to whom the loans are made. The *Landschaften* are associations of landowners which issue bonds secured by mortgages on the land of the borrowers. These bonds are readily saleable on very favorable terms to banks and all classes of investors. By means of these bonds the *Landschaften* can command the money market as readily as great business corporations or municipalities."

In France the demand for agricultural credit is provided for in the main by the *Crédit Foncier*, by local mutual and by regional banks. The *Crédit Foncier* is an incorporated company with a capital of 200,000,000 francs. The loans which the *Crédit Foncier* makes to landowners usually run for a long period, ten to seventy-five years, and are secured by mortgage.

"The long-time loans are repaid in the form of an annuity which covers the interest and partial payment of the principal. At the present time the rate of interest charged by the *Crédit Foncier* is 4.3 per cent. On the basis of the mortgages which it holds the *Crédit Foncier* creates and sells bonds that have a very wide and favorable market. The local mutual credit banks and the regional banks secure the greater part of their working capital from the State. In 1910 the regional banks had a paid-up capital of 15,900,000 francs, State advances amounted to 40,400,000 francs, and deposits to 2,000,000 francs."

WHAT SPEED MEANS IN DOLLARS AND CENTS



PEED has a distinct and measurable value in terms of money. The "mechanization" of the universe, to imitate the phraseology of the German, has greatly increased the rapidity and the volume of business transactions. The mechanical inventor, to quote a writer in the London *Economist*, gives us much greater returns for the same output of energy. If, in spite of this, we are busier than our forefathers, the fault rests with us. We could have more leisure if we so desired. "Since the mending of roads in England forty or fifty years ago," so Adam Smith told his class at Glasgow in 1762, "its opulence has increased enormously." Every boy can perceive that the difference between a good road and a bad one means less strain on the horses, less wear and tear for wagons and carriages, and, above all, an increase in speed. It means, in short, our writer goes on to say, a saving of time and money in both goods and passenger traffic.

"A few miles off, at the old town of Ayr, was a younger Scot, John Loudon Macadam, just out of his cradle, destined to give his name to the language by revolutionizing the art of roadmaking. At the time when Smith spoke there was only one stagecoach between London and Edinburgh. It ran once a month from each capital, taking from twelve to fourteen days to cover the four hundred miles which separate the Edinburgh rock from the London stone. The English part of the road was much better. As early as 1706 a stagecoach made its way twice a week from London to York in four days, returning in the same time. Taking 1730 to 1830—in the latter year mails were first dispatched by railway—as the period of the improvement of roads—Macadam's successful experiments began in 1810—we get an acceleration in passenger traffic of something like 600 per cent.; for in the early years of the nineteenth century the mail-coach from Edinburgh to London began to accomplish the journey of 400 miles in less than two days. An inside place cost 11½, an outside 7½ guineas, apart from tips and meals.

"The construction and improvement of roads were not universally welcomed. It is related in the 'Wealth of Nations' that early in the eighteenth century some of the home counties petitioned Parliament against the extension of turnpike roads, fearing that the remote counties, where labor was cheaper, would be able to undersell their grass and corn in the Lon-

don market, and so reduce suburban profits and rents. Whatever facilitates transit, whether it be a better road or a canal or a railway, multiplies the competition of commerce and tends to equalize prices, reducing them in large towns and raising the rewards of labor in distant places where the producer has previously been without a market for his surplus stocks."

The second period in the history of modern transit may be taken as from 1830-1870, when the railroads began to span the land. If an express mail coach made the distance from Edinburgh to London a century ago in less than two days as against twelve days in 1760, the speed has been accelerated twelve times in our own day. The fare has been reduced from 12 pounds to 32 shillings. The third period of improvement reaches from the early seventies into our own time, and is marked by the growth of a network of tramways, by the invention of the bicycle, the motor car and the flying machine.

"The conversion of electricity into a power comparable with steam opened up new possibilities for traction. The clumsy horse and steam tramways were converted into electric tramways, and by the same means the underground railways in great cities were relieved of smoke.

"So far, in catering for speed, mechanical invention had done vast good with few, if any, disadvantages to balance. The melancholy forebodings of old-fashioned conservatives like the Duke of Wellington, to whom railways spelled national decadence and ruin, proved almost wholly unfounded. The towns which refused to admit railway stations have bemoaned their mistake ever since. Almost equally wonderful and beneficial was the bicycle, a supplementary boon which has immensely extended the activity and range of active people. At first the bicycle was a fashionable luxury of the rich; now it is a means of innocent and healthy enjoyment for all classes and an indispensable necessity of daily life to many for whom this time-saving machine provides profitable work at a distance from their homes. The cycle is also a factor in distribution—invaluable to shopkeepers who cannot afford a horse and trap."

In the United States we passed through these various periods far more swiftly than England passed. We can hardly imagine an American community refusing to admit a railway station within its precincts. It

is characteristically British and amusing to the American sense of humor to find the same writer who derides the inability of his ancestors to realize the economical importance of the macadamized road and the railroad, assume an equally obtuse attitude toward the automobile and the aeroplane, the most revolutionary modern means of locomotion, of whose value in dollars and cents there can be no question. "There is no doubt," he remarks, "that, if the greatest happiness of the greatest number were our test, the pleasure car would be condemned."

"It gives far more pain than pleasure, far more annoyance than comfort. I once described it as a device for enabling rich idlers to save time. But when one considers how much property it injures, how many lives it destroys, how it smothers pedestrians and gardens with dust, what enormous damage it

has caused to the roads, there can be no question that the benefits of the few are obtained at an utterly disproportionate cost to the many. The revelation of the motor-car luxury has been by general admission one of the incentives to labor unrest. Of the flying machine, it may be said that so far it offers all the disadvantages of the motor-car with none of the advantages. The high flier may commit either suicide or homicide, or both. If he tries his luck often he is sure to come to grief. Its only claim so far to consideration is that it has added, like the submarine, to the horrors and terrors of modern warfare."

In this country at least the automobile—the pleasure car as well as the motor truck for commercial purposes—have changed the face of civilization. So far as traveling in air-lanes is concerned we recently printed an article from which it appears that aviation is already an industry and flying a business.

THE PRICE OF STRIKES

THE world has paid no less than a billion dollars for its labor strikes during the year ending October first, according to an estimate given by W. A. MacDonald in the Boston

Evening Transcript. The total of losses during other recent years has probably been approximately as great, declares Mr. MacDonald. The British dock strike cost \$15,000,000; the British coal strike cost \$250,000,000; the American anthracite strike cost \$50,000,000; the strike on the Harriman lines cost \$26,000,000; the Boston Elevated strike cost only \$1,000,000. The Lawrence textile strike caused a financial loss of only \$5,000,000, according to Mr. MacDonald. This is a comparatively slight figure when one considers the British dock and coal strikes, the American anthracite strike, or the strike on the Harriman system.

But England and the United States were by no means the only sufferers from strikes. Among the European strikers were the following: the baggage porters at Cherbourg; the revolutionary labor revolt at Bilbao, Spain; the general strike at Valencia, Spain; the Irish railway strike, which tied up the three principal lines of the island; the strike of 30,000 laborers in Madrid; the six months' coal strike in

western Canada; the strike of 6,000 London taxicab drivers; the strike of 31,000 tailors throughout Prussia; the coal miners' strike in Germany, participated in by 300,000; the Havana dock strike; the Belgian riot because of the Government victory; the Budapest riot, participated in by 50,000 laborers; and the strike of the freight handlers in Ontario, Canada, involving 9,000 men at Fort Arthur and Fort William.

Strikes, Mr. MacDonald thinks, are more costly than war and, if anything is gained from them, he is unable to determine it in terms of dollars and cents. He is certain of one thing: "The unrest is worldwide; Russia and Honolulu; England, Peru and Canada have suffered. Manila has just had a strike of cigarmakers; and neither new countries nor old are exempt." Speaking of possible gains through the weapon of the strike, he points out:

"New England workers during the year have won increased wages amounting to about \$10,000,000 per annum. The Lawrence, New Bedford and Lowell strikes cost more than the total increase for all New England. In Great Britain the time lost during the month of June totalled 1,505,700 days, and 135,929 men and women were thrown out of employment by strikes, 69 of which began in that

month. In May 99,156 were out. The cost of the great coal strike alone is estimated at \$250,000,000. Are such losses ever to be recovered? A list of those strikes that have come most prominently to attention since a year ago to-day will further indicate the vast toll of industrial turmoil. The cost in money of most of these it is practically impossible to ascertain; that of the greater ones is stated conservatively. No attention is given the very small troubles, tho these would undoubtedly roll up a great total of days lost? And there is no attempt to place blame; merely to show what was demanded, what was gained and at what expense."

Mr. Macdonald's calendar, which is incomplete, of the chief strikes in the United States is startling not only in the number of strikes given, but in the widespread prevalence of violence and rioting. We may indeed affirm that judging by this table of facts we are already in the midst of a nation-wide, if not world-wide, industrial revolution.

- "Sept. 1, 1911—100 glaziers out in Lynn, claiming their machines had been geared down to reduce their output.
- "Sept. 14—10,000 New York tailors demand more pay and shorter hours, together with better working conditions.
- "Sept. 16—Strike of 1250 foremen and section hands on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad. Demands: More pay and discharge of a foreman.
- "New York tailors' strike settled with compromise; employees given better conditions and shorter hours.
- "Sept. 26—Strike of railroad clerks on the Illinois Central; 2,000 involved.
- "Sept. 27—Tampa cigarmakers to number of 2000 go out; end of strike Oct. 2.
- "Sept. 30—Strike of 35,000 shopmen of the Harriman lines; this strike ran into the spring of 1912 and cost \$26,000,000.
- "Oct. 6—Strike of 200 men working to relieve the sufferers from the Austin dam catastrophe; strikers assisted out of the State by the Pennsylvania constabulary with their demand of an eight-hour day ungranted.
- "Oct. 16—Lynn shoe cutters' strike; demand by 700 for shorter hours; strike ended Nov. 1.
- "Nov. 9—2500 engine makers of the American Locomotive Company.
- "Feb. 24, 1912—Paterson, N. J., silk mills strike; 3500 involved.
- "March 26—Paterson silk mill strike grows; 7000 out demanding more pay.

- "March 28—Strike at cotton mills at New York Mills, N. Y., near Utica; 200 in idleness. Demand: more wages, double pay for overtime, better conditions in the factory houses owned by the mills. Riots; troops called.
- "April 9—End of month's strike of 900 at West Warren, Mass., cotton mills; better wages for 900.
- "April 12—800 of the striking weavers at Passaic return to work.
- "April 23—Strike at New York Mills ends; no gain.
- "May 2—Strike of Chicago newspaper pressmen; riots; men lost and union has charter taken away after several weeks' strike.
- "May 6—Chicago freight handlers' strike; 5000 in idleness.
- "May 9—Strike of 2000 laborers at Newark, N. J. Demands: Eight-hour day and \$2 wage. Riots.
- "May 31—2500 waiters out in New York for more pay, shorter hours and union recognition; number out on June 1, 3000; riots; on June 3, 5000 out.
- "June 7—Mill strike at Middletown, Conn.; rioting; militia called; 3000 operatives out.
- "June 9—3100 cable makers out at Perth Amboy, N. J. Demands: More pay for shorter hours. Serious rioting, resulting in fatalities; 900 return to work on June 15.
- "June 25—End of New York hotel strike; no gain.
- "June 26—End of five-week strike by 500 at Mechanicsville, Conn.; no gain.
- "June 27—End of Chicago freight handlers' strike; no gain.
- "July 1—30,000 join in shipping strike at Atlantic ports; rioting, resulting in fatalities. Demands: Better wages and conditions of work.
- "July 27—End of shipping strike in New York, except for 10,000 marine firemen who remained out until July 30.
- "Aug. 5—Adams, Mass., weavers to number of 2500 in idleness as result of strike for closed shop; end of strike Aug. 16.
- "Sept. 19—At Bingham, Utah, 4000 miners out, demanding an increase in wages of 25 cents a day.
- "Sept. 20—Detroit street-car strike; 1500 men involved; wage increase demanded; strike settled within twenty-four hours.
- "End of strike of 9,000 miners, idle for four weeks, in Panther Creek Valley, Pa. Demand: Discharge of two men who refused to wear union button. Wage loss \$150,000; men won.
- "Two thousand Lawrence mill operatives strike as protest against continued imprisonment of Ettor and Giovannitti. On 29, 12,000 out."

Science and Discovery

A SCIENTIST'S VINDICATION OF THE HIGH COST OF LIVING



ALL efforts to reduce the high cost of living are based upon ignorance of biology, ignorance of the laws of evolution, ignorance of the recent progress of medicine and ignorance of elemental economics. The high cost of living has always been with us. It is a blessing because it promotes human efficiency by killing so many. This, in untechnical language, is the gist of a recent study of birth rates, overpopulation and the cost of living in *The Medical Record*, from the pen of that gifted man of science, Doctor Charles E. Woodruff, of the United States Army medical corps. Malthus, he observes, proved that there was a tendency for population to increase in a geometrical ratio and crowd the food supply. He feared that a time would come when, in spite of the checks he mentioned, we would suffer dreadful distress from future overcrowding unless we took measures to keep down population so as to leave fewer to be killed by famines or in the wars due to the search of food or the means to purchase it. His fears were groundless, as the future overpopulation he dreaded was really present then, but it required a Darwin to show that the very basis of evolution of better beings of all kinds is this very overpopulation which forces a struggle for existence, during which the best fitted to survive outlast the least fitted and thus cause a change of type. Those scientists who had specialized on plants and lower animals, after resisting the new generalization for twenty years, reluctantly embraced it, but those who had specialized on man and his activities—the anthropologists, sociologists, and economists—held off longer. Some of them even yet cannot bring themselves to see that nearly every social phenomenon is based on competition, as there are always more workmen than jobs.

"Part of this reluctance is due to the fact that political economy as a science was born too soon. Many of its laws were known two centuries ago, tho they were first collected into a real science by Adam Smith in the last half of the 18th century, but it is now found that he made many blunders he would have avoided had he foreseen the work of Malthus. Similarly John Stuart Mill, who brought the science down to his time, correcting some of Smith's blunders, was himself woefully in error because deprived of the illumination of Darwin's later work, and was unable to use it when it did appear. Since Mill's epoch-making book there has been no economist of sufficient genius to correct the science to date and make it accord with modern biology. Thus it happens that in these few subjects it is basically wrong and will be until it applies to man the laws known to govern all other animals. Sociologists—and that term includes all who study any group phenomenon of man—are hopelessly divided and make contradictory proposals for human betterment. Some, while insisting on competition as an essential of society, are constantly making impossible suggestions to end the most basic of all competitions. It is taken for granted that man is not an animal and that there need be no destruction of the unfit; indeed, they say that there never has been overpopulation and that the unfit for survival do survive."

The medical profession is vitally interested in this modern discussion of birth rates. We must recognize that the reduction of the size of families is a world-wide movement that has been going on for many ages but only noticed for a century. It is but one of the ways in which thinking people try to ease the struggle for existence and make survival more certain for their healthier, fewer, better-raised offspring. But it must be known that at the present rate there are still produced enough men to overstock the labor market and make it impossible to employ them all.

It may be remarked that few people real-

ize what a narrow margin separates us all from starvation. Before harvest time, the last year's crop is nearly all eaten up. Indeed, most foods are perishable. If all harvests were suddenly destroyed the world over, the food in stock would not keep us alive long enough to plant the next year's crop, even if we had the seed. When a poor season brings starvation locally, say to forty million Chinese, the world can not spare enough food to keep them alive a whole year, although we have enough money to buy it if it were available. Death is unavoidable to at least half, for they can not eat gold. Famines, then, are permanent unavoidable things, existing even where there is abundance of wealth, as in India.

"There is even an indisposition to fight plagues on this ground of benefit to survivors; that is, density of population is regulated automatically.

"The main interest of physicians centers in the proof that a certain percentage of every society—the least efficient—are in such chronic want that proper nutriment is beyond their reach. It won't do to say it ought to be given them when we see shiploads of food leave our harbors to be purchased by abler men abroad. We cannot prevent the owners from selling to the highest bidders while there are thousands who are underfed here. And even in northwestern Europe where our food flows they have the same phenomena of a certain percentage unable to buy that imported wheat and meat. So we witness children growing up into degenerates the world over through sheer underfeeding. Nor will it do to say that in time we will raise enough food for all, as man has been at that very thing ever since he planted the first grain. That is, there is always a demand for more food than exists, and man is always trying to raise more to prevent the distress and cause more to survive, but the only result has been more survivors with the same percentage on the poverty line, and many beyond, to die at the first poor harvest. Japan has actually terraced her mountains to supply foods when there were but ten millions to feed, and she now has fifty millions, among whom the struggle for food is enough to make one's heart bleed. When we have irrigated every inch where water can be conducted, and have drained every inch of our swamps, we may have some hundred million or so more mouths to feed, but the same percentage will be only partly filled or not filled at all. A thousand years will not change a phenomenon which has been going on for many millions, and which is the cause

of all advances by survival of the fittest for survival. . . .

"The increased cost of living could also be very accurately explained by economists if they would only recognize the significance of Darwin's work. The present theories are so contradictory as to be absurd, yet each has a part truth. It is foolish to complicate the matter by discussing the value of the coins by which we are paid. The real test is whether a laborer can get as much of the necessities of existence for his labor as he formerly did—not the amount of copper, silver, or gold he gets as compared with what he got one or ten decades ago."

It is now acknowledged that ever since the first man ape picked up his first club or stone as a tool to help in getting food or shelter to survive, he has been constantly improving those tools to get more of that food and shelter so as to survive where otherwise it would be impossible to accomplish that end. Publicists still use the absurd expression "labor-saving machines," whereas they all know that the only result in our labor competition due to overpopulation is increase of product. The sweatshop worker bending over an electrically driven sewing machine works just as hard and just as long as the needle woman of a century ago and gets just about as much of the necessities of survival in exchange for an hour's work.

But there is now a vast difference in what is needed for survival. Here is where physicians can again enlighten economists in their discussion of the cost of living. Every invention permits a laborer to accomplish more than formerly and he can demand more in exchange. So he saves up and buys luxuries without which man has before survived. But in either case he is able to raise frail children who before perished for the want of extra food or luxuries. There has been a progressive racial enfeeblement from this kind of survival of the fittest for survival—the more efficient workers—and as a result we can not possibly live as did our ancestors of a few centuries back.

"Adam Smith first pointed out the natural cost of living (our total energy), but in measuring the price of food he made a remarkable blunder, due to his ignorance of overpopulation. He tried to measure the value of wheat by the labor of production, whereas its value is what the competing too numerous con-

sumers are willing to pay for it to keep alive; and that amount is practically the whole labor of the lowest self-supporting layer of society. The labor of production doesn't enter into the problem except secondarily, for no consumer will give more labor for it than he would expend in producing it himself, omitting the costs of transportation and exchange. Modern machinery has enormously reduced the labor of production, but the actual price has not varied in like proportion, because the demand of increased population keeps exact pace with larger crops, and the price of our daily bread is the same as ever—our daily labor—omitting the other necessities for the sake of brevity. The farmer grows much more food for his time than ever before, and would get rich if he could demand an equally increased amount of goods in exchange for his surplus. But he is as poor as ever, for several reasons. His own needs are more, and if his labor was very valuable there are competitors who would overbid him for his rented farm. This actually occurs, and the rents rise so that he has left only enough to live on. This is why the tendency is for farms to diminish in size to the point just sufficient to feed a small family and give a tiny surplus to sell for other necessities. The land owner is the real beneficiary of the competition of overpopulation. He gets the unearned increment, and lives in town. That fact is so galling that many economists think it will be taken away from him in time."

It is evident then that the actual amount of gold given for a day's common labor depends solely on the local cost of living, and it cannot be less. In Japan the wage is between 15 and 20 cents, for that is ample where the houses are cheap, little clothing, fuel, and furniture needed, and the coolie intelligence so low as to need few relaxations. Mechanics and artists can get 50 to 70 cents, and this partly relieves the wife of the necessity of laboring. In India it is far less, but it purchases what the two dollars do in New York—survival and but little more. That is, the natural wage the world over is just enough to keep a small family alive. If a man gets more, he is more or less exceptional. If less, he is a pauper. The time is long past when an American laborer can live in comfort and save. He is already near the poverty line. The time is near when no unexceptional man can weather a lean year—the condition of Russia now. When will economists wake up to biological facts?

Industries could not exist if there was

not an idle mass to call on to fill vacancies instantly, for if a single department cannot get men, the whole works must close. If every locomotive engineer were occupied and a sudden disaster overcome some of them and interfered with the milk trains of New York City it would kill 50,000 infants in a week. To avert that disaster other trains would be abandoned and interfere with or stop other business, obligations would not be met, and panic would result. That is, civilization depends upon an unemployed mass for emergencies, and if there was enough food to go round there would be no competition compelling the unemployed to jump into the vacancies. If any of the bizarre plans to end unemployment could possibly succeed, it would thus destroy civilization.

"As for the cost of meat, it must be remembered that it is entirely out of the reach of the vast majority of humanity—except, of course, a little fish daily or some pork now and then. For centuries the European peasant could not afford it more than once a week. One of the reasons for the expulsion of Christians from Japan in the 17th century was the fact that they were teaching the peasants to eat the invaluable draft cattle. We have been a beef-raising country and have been deceived by its local cheapness, but our increasing numbers are quickly reducing the per capita amount available. It is already out of reach of many, and as the immigration continues it will be so scarce that few mechanics can afford it more than once a week. Moreover, as our farms increase and crowd the grazing area, it will cost more to raise beef and this will put it out of reach of many more. The enormous present cost is perfectly natural, but it is bound to bring diseases of lack of nutrition and perhaps reduce our stature to that of similar ethnic types of Europe.

"Finally, it is time to think of the future American descended from those elbowed out of overpopulated Europe, because unable to make a living there, but who could do it here where competition did not exist. Millions of them were eliminated this way in the 19th century, and the result has been a progressive rise in the efficiency of the stay-at-homes who are now inconceivably rich, numerous and powerful by reason of their abilities. This kind of elimination has been going on for some thousands of years, so that for a long time all great ideas have originated in north-western Europe. The breeder of race horses would be an idiot to breed from only the mares and stallions who get beaten."

WHAT THE PREHISTORIC MONSTERS REALLY LOOKED LIKE



DOUBTS regarding the realism of the pictures we see from time to time purporting to represent prehistoric monsters do not commend themselves to *Paris Nature*.

Nothing is more certain, it thinks, than the accuracy of recent portraits of such monsters as the diplodocus and the hyopotamus. The ichthyosaurus has been familiar for years, because special pains have been bestowed upon a restoration of the anatomy of that creature since the formulation of the theory of natural selection. Only within the past few years, however, has it been possible to give a definite and detailed portrait of the hyracodon. Thanks to the expert investigations of such authorities as Dr. Henry Woodward, of the department of geology at the British Museum, of C. W. Andrews, F.R.S., and of Dr. Ramsay Traquair, the noted British paleontologist, it has become possible for modern art to cooperate with

modern science in bringing before the mind's eye the great evolutionary stages of the past. The drawings here reproduced are from a new work by the well-known student of paleontology, Dr. Henry R. Knipe, F. L. S., entitled "Evolution in the Past" and represent the synthesized studies of many investigators. Thus it can be affirmed, upon the basis of recent excavations and restorations, that the arsinotherium must have been as large as a good-sized rhinoceros, which it somewhat



THE MOST PRIMITIVE HORSE-LIKE FORM KNOWN

The hyracotherium galloped in droves along the plains of eocene dawn. It may possibly have been utilized by the original human type as a steed in escaping the fiercer mammalia, for neither man nor the hyracotherium could contend on equal terms with contemporary monsters.



THE TERROR OF THE RIVER BANK IN A GEOLOGICAL PAST

The iguanodonts fought with their tails and in the course of the combat rendered life precarious in the vicinity for all living creatures. It is difficult to see how prehistoric man could have made his abode along the main streams while these monsters flourished.

resembled in appearance. It belonged to the eocene period of which our authority says:

"The passage time from the Cretaceous to the succeeding Eocene is shrouded in darkness: and the 'new dawn' follows a long night. It is as if the lights in a playhouse had been abruptly extinguished and, after a lapse, had been restored, disclosing a stage crowded with new characters.

"The transition times were doubtless of long duration, and full of stirring events; but

their archives for the most part have either been destroyed or have yet to be discovered. The results, however, of what then took place are plain enough. There had been a great elimination of old forms of reptile and other life; and mammals had become dominant. Dinosaurs, herbivorous and carnivorous, had one and all vanished from the scene—iguano-



A VISITOR IN THE PREHISTORIC GARDEN

The megatherium was a gigantic ground-sloth, the sweep of whose tail must have been deadlier than a collision with a street car. It emitted an ear-splitting cry, seemingly, and devoured the tender leaves of primeval vegetation.

donts with their spiked thumbs, stegosaurus with their battlemented backs, and the rest of the fraternity. Old Triceratops with his thrice-horned head and Elizabethan frill, seems to have held out as long as any; but fortune failed him at last. In short, the old reptile nobility, unable to march with the times, had been swept away. Nor had ichthyosaurs, plesiosaurs, mosasaurs, and flying lizards fared any better. They had all quitted the stage, never to return.

"Mammal life, now triumphant, was represented by forms far surpassing in variety and importance the primitive creatures known in earlier times. The predominance of mammal over reptile life can hardly have been obtained by brute force; for there is no reason to suppose that primitive mammals were either warriors or flesh-eaters. Various geographical and climatic changes may have helped to shift the sovereignty; but the superior intelligence and higher moral qualities of the mammals

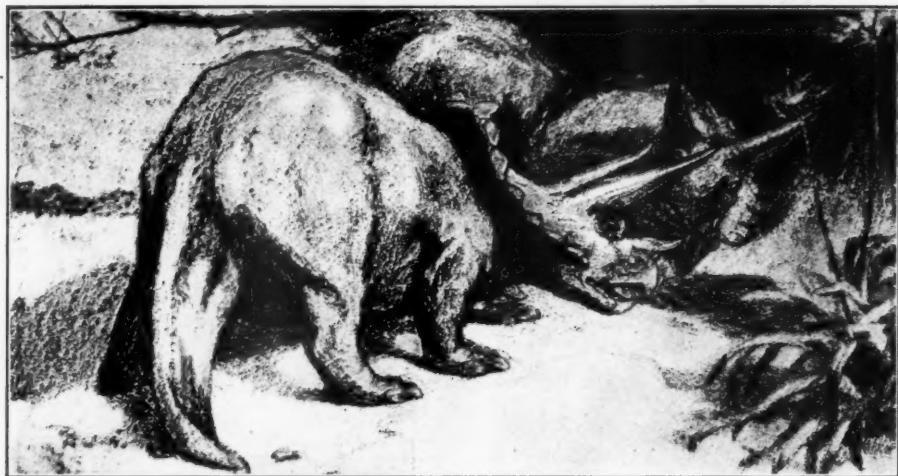


THE ONE FRIEND OF OUR APE-LIKE ANCESTORS

The giraffe-like camel, or altecamelus, manifested the characteristics of a beast of burden even in the remote era of its prime. There seems little doubt that some savage eocene man used the animal for the purpose of migration. It was timid but dependent upon the protection of a more intelligent species in its struggle for existence with the horned monsters about.

were undoubtedly great factors in the dynastic question."

When, therefore, the curtain rises on the first known scene of the "new dawn," there were not only new but highly important characters on the stage—forerunners of hoofed animals, carnivores, and "four-handed" animals. The "orders" were certainly not sharply distinguished from one another, but the evidence of progress is not thereby deprived of its significance. It is clear that evolution had been busily at work. The remains of the knuckle-jointed and the blunt-footed animals have been found in North America. The evidence of the existence of the insectivores comes from Europe. The primitive flesh-eaters and the lemur-like animals left their bones on both continents. It does not follow that any of these animals originated in North America or in Europe. No traces of their immediate ancestors have been found in either continent. It is probable that they were emigrants from other regions. Evolution had probably been at



THE ORIGINAL RINGER OF THE WELKIN

No monster in any era emitted so dire a yell as that of the triceratops, which haunted our continent long before the buffalo stampeded across the plains. He was miraculously lunged, drinking in draughts of air and emitting them in chorus. Otherwise he had no amusements except that of dodging prehistoric man, if prehistoric men there were.

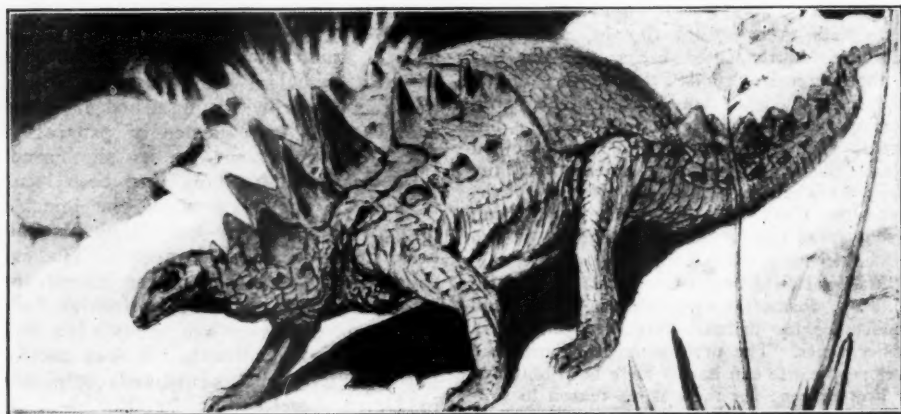
its highest activity in parts of Asia and Africa. If ever the missing links in early mammal life be forthcoming, it will probably be from the unexplored strata of one or the other of those continents.

"As the Period advanced, the 'knuckle-jointed' (Condylarthra) were in evidence in some variety. One of the most remarkable forms is known as Phenadocus—represented both in Europe and in North America.

"Phenadocus affords a good example of

what may be called an omnibus animal—that is, a highly generalized creature containing in its anatomy several features which, in course of time, are not found combined in any one form. It had affinities with deer, pigs, tapirs, horses, and apes, and was tailed like a carnivore.

"Some members of the genus did not exceed small dogs in size; whilst some were as big as tapirs. The fore-limbs had apparently some grasping power; and the toes terminated with sheaths of a mixed hoof and claw description.



GREATEST OF ALL TAIL BEARERS

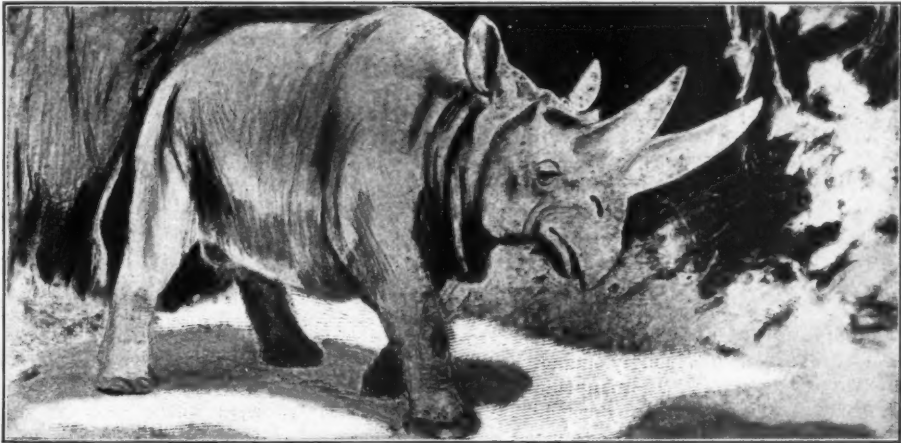
One reason for the arboreal life of so many of our ape-like progenitors was their liability to mutilation by the tails of monsters. The polacanthus was the worst of these. He made his home in Europe, as far north as England, resorting to the streams for food and keeping his immense tail in agitation always, unless he slept.

The teeth were adapted to an omnivorous diet; but they were not of a powerful character. And as the skull indicates but slight mental caliber, it is clear that these animals were not forcibly endowed either in mind or body; and long before the close of the Eocene they and closely allied forms became extinct.

"Their great foes, no doubt, were the flesh-eaters, which greatly increased in the course of the Period and became of more decided carnivorous type. Nature, however, does not leave comparatively defenceless animals without resources; and the phenadoci when seriously threatened must frequently have found salvation in flight.

"They were, no doubt, capable of speedy movements; for they were of slender build, and altho they may have walked in a more or

difference is not to be wondered at. The appendages indispensable to their land-frequenting ancestors must have been too well developed to dwindle rapidly away. Nor had the hind-limb in the next geologic period entirely disappeared. Other mammals that had taken to the water were toothed much as the primitive carnivores, but resembled whales as regards the skull. These creatures were rather long in the neck, but their bodies were assuming a fish-like shape. Their arms were probably being modified into fins. The supersession of lungs by gills was not to be expected for there was no dormant gill apparatus to be roused into action.



ONE OF THE PETS OF EVOLUTION

The arsiniotherium was a beast of burden, if we infer anything from the fossils, to our hairy, hunting, howling forbears in the northern part of what is now Africa. The creature was gentle, timid and vegetarian. He was trained to carry human beings, it is suspected.

less plantigrade manner, the limb-construction shows that in running they no doubt raised themselves well on the toes; and were, therefore, capable of the digitigrade method characteristic of fleet-footed mammals."

Other discoveries recently made in African strata show that some mammals were taking to an aquatic life after the manner of certain reptiles in earlier times. Some of these were sea-cows of primitive type, represented to-day by the dugongs and the manatees. These pioneers seem to have been related to the marsh-dwelling elephants; but they must have long quitted their original fold. In possessing hind-limbs they presented a notable difference from sea-cows now living. This

"These creatures were followed during the Period by similar forms.

"These pioneer, whale-like forms may have been ancestors of the toothed whales, represented to-day by sperm-whales, dolphins, and porpoises. They probably possessed, like the incipient sea-cows, usable hind-limbs. Remains indeed of such appendages, altho not externally visible, are found in living whales.

"Before the close of the Period these adventurous mammals had greatly extended their range, having found their way to North and South American seas. Here some of them attained gigantic proportions.

"Whether persecution by some carnivorous reptiles, a gradually developed taste for the salt-water population, or geographical changes impelled the first adventurers to put out to sea cannot be determined."

PHYSIOLOGY'S NEW LINE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH



MORE striking than any other conclusion emerging from Professor Edward A. Schäfer's address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science is that biology tends to obliterate the line between living matter and not living matter. Out of that conclusion grows the distinguished scientist's statement that life has been created upon our planet again and again. Life did not begin once for all and start upon its course of evolution. Indeed, recent investigations, to follow the reasoning of the man of science from Edinburgh University, suggest the probability that the dividing line between animate and inanimate matter is less sharp than it has hitherto been regarded. It is only some cells which lose their vitality at the moment of so-called death. Many cells of the body retain their individual life under suitable conditions long after the rest of the body is "dead." The muscle cells of the blood vessels give indications of life several days after an animal has been killed. The muscle cells of the heart in mammals have been revived and caused to beat regularly and strongly many hours after apparent death. In man this result has been obtained as many as eighteen hours after life had been pronounced extinct; in other animals, after days had elapsed. Indications of life can be elicited from various tissues many hours and even days after general death. The white corpuscles of the blood can be active when kept in a suitable nutrient fluid weeks after removal from the blood vessels. The white corpuscles of the frog, if kept in a suitable place, show at the end of a year all the ordinary manifestations of life.

"As a mere word, 'life' is interesting in the fact that it is one of those abstract terms which has no direct antithesis; altho probably most persons would regard 'death' in that light. A little consideration will show that this is not the case. 'Death' implies the pre-existence of 'life'; there are physiological grounds for regarding death as a phenomenon of life—it is the completion, the last act of life. We cannot speak of a non-living object as possessing death in the sense that we speak of a living object as possessing life. The ad-

jective 'dead' is, it is true, applied in a popular sense antithetically to objects which have never possessed life; as in the proverbial expression 'as dead as a door-nail.' But, in the strict sense, such application is not justifiable, since the use of the terms dead and living implies either in the past or in the present the possession of the recognized properties of living matter.

"On the other hand, the expressions living and lifeless, animate and inanimate, furnish terms which are undoubtedly antithetical. Strictly and literally, the words animate and inanimate express the presence or absence of 'soul'; and not infrequently we find the terms 'life' and 'soul' erroneously employed as if identical. But it is hardly necessary for me to state that the remarks I have to make regarding 'life' must not be taken to apply to the conception to which the word 'soul' is attached. The fact that the formation of such a conception is only possible in connection with life, and that the growth and elaboration of the conception has only been possible as the result of the most complex processes of life in the most complex of living organisms, has doubtless led to a belief in the identity of life with soul. But, unless the use of the expression 'soul' is extended to a degree which would deprive it of all special significance, the distinction between these terms must be strictly maintained. For the problems of life are essentially problems of matter; we cannot conceive of life in the scientific sense as existing apart from matter. The phenomena of life are investigated, and can only be investigated, by the same methods as all other phenomena of matter, and the general results of such investigations tend to show that living beings are governed by laws identical with those which govern inanimate matter. The more we study the manifestations of life the more we become convinced of the truth of this statement and the less we are disposed to call in the aid of a special and unknown form of energy to explain those manifestations."

The similarity of movements in living and not living matter are next considered by Professor Schäfer. The most obvious manifestation of life, he says, is "spontaneous" movement. We place a drop of pond-water under the microscope and see numberless particles rapidly moving within it. We affirm that the drop swarms with life. We notice a small mass of clear slime changing its shape, throwing out projections of its structureless substance, creep-



THE BRITISH SCIENTIST WHO REJECTS THE DREAM OF EARTHLY IMMORTALITY

We can be immortal only through our descendants, declares Doctor Edward A. Schäfer, the illustrious President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. We can not, that is to say, escape old age. There is no perpetual youth.

ing from one part of the field of the microscope to the other. We recognize that the slime is living. We give it a name—the amoeba. We regard such movements as indicative of the possession of life. Nothing seems more justifiable than such an inference.

But physicists show us movements of a precisely similar character in substances which no one by any stretch of imagination can regard as living—movements of oil drops, of organic and inorganic mixtures, even of mercury globules, which are indistinguishable in their character from those of the living organisms referred to—movements which can be described only by the same term amoeboid. Yet they are obviously produced as the result of purely physical and chemical reactions, causing changes in surface tension of the fluids under examination. It is certain that such movements are not specifically vital and that their presence does not denote life necessarily.

"It is becoming every day more apparent that the chemistry and physics of the living organism are essentially the chemistry and physics of nitrogenous colloids. Living substance or protoplasm always, in fact, takes the form of a colloidal solution. In this solution the colloids are associated with crystalloids (electrolytes) which are either free in the solution or attached to the molecules of the colloids. Surrounding and enclosing the living substance thus constituted of both colloid and crystalloid material is a film, probably also formed of colloid, but which may have a lipid substratum associated with it. This film serves the purpose of an osmotic membrane, permitting of exchanges by diffusion between the colloidal solution constituting the protoplasm and the circumambient medium in which it lives. Other similar films or membranes occur in the interior of protoplasm. These films have in many cases specific characters, both physical and chemical, thus favoring the diffusion of special kinds of material into and out of the protoplasm and from one part of the protoplasm to another. It is the changes produced under these physical conditions, associated with those caused by active chemical agents formed within protoplasm and known as *enzymes*, that effect assimilation and disassimilation. Quite similar changes can be produced outside the body by the employment of methods of a purely physical and chemical nature. It is true that we are not yet familiar with all the intermediate stages of transformation of the materials which are taken in by a living body into the materials

which are given out from it. But since the initial processes and the final results are the same as they would be on the assumption that the changes are brought about in conformity with the known laws of chemistry and physics, we may fairly conclude that all changes in living substance are brought about by ordinary chemical and physical forces.

"Should it be contended that growth and reproduction are properties possessed only by living bodies and constitute a test by which we may differentiate between life and non-life, between the animate and inanimate creation, it must be replied that no contention can be more fallacious. Inorganic crystals grow and multiply and reproduce their like, given a supply of the requisite pabulum. In most cases for each kind of crystal there is, as with living organisms, a limit of growth which is not exceeded, and further increase of the crystalline matter results not in further increase in size but in multiplication of similar crystals. Leduc has shown that the growth and division of artificial colloids of an inorganic nature, when placed in an appropriate medium, present singular resemblances to the phenomena of the growth and division of living organisms.

"Even so complex a process as the division of a cell-nucleus as a preliminary to the multiplication of the cell by division—a phenomenon which would *prima facie* have seemed and has been commonly regarded as a distinctive manifestation of the life of the cell—can be imitated with solutions of a simple inorganic salt, such as chloride of sodium, containing a suspension of carbon particles; which arrange and rearrange themselves under the influence of the movements of the electrolytes in a manner indistinguishable from that adopted by the particles of chromatin in a dividing nucleus."

Vitalism, then, as a working hypothesis has not only had its foundations undermined, but most of the superstructure has toppled over. If any difficulties of explanation persist, we are justified in assuming that the cause is to be found in our imperfect knowledge of the constitution and working of living material. At the best, vitalism explains nothing. The term "vital force" is an expression of ignorance which can bring us no farther along the path of knowledge. Nor is the problem in any way advanced by substituting for the term "vitalism" such a word as "neo-vitalism" and for "vital energy" the words "biotic energy."

After all, the elements composing living substance are few in number. Those which

are constantly present are carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen. With these, both in nuclear matter and also, but to a less degree, in the more diffuse living material which we know as protoplasm, phosphorus is always associated. "Without phosphorus, no thought" is an accepted German scientific aphorism. "Without phosphorus, no life," is equally true:

"Moreover, a large proportion, rarely less than 70 per cent., of water appears essential for any manifestation of life, although not in all cases necessary for its continuance, since organisms are known which will bear the loss of the greater part, if not the whole, of the water they contain without permanent impairment of their vitality. The presence of certain inorganic salts is no less essential, chief amongst them being chloride of sodium and salts of calcium, magnesium, potassium, and iron. The combination of these elements into a colloidal compound represents the chemical basis of life; and when the chemist succeeds in building up this compound it will without doubt be found to exhibit the phenomena which we are in the habit of associating with the term 'life.'

"The above considerations seem to point to the conclusion that the possibility of the production of life, of living material, is not so

remote as has been generally assumed. . . . If the formation of life, of living substance, is possible at the present day, and for my own part I see no reason to doubt it, a boiled infusion of organic matter, and still less of inorganic matter, is the last place in which to look for it. Our mistrust of such evidence as has yet been brought forward need not, however, preclude us from admitting the possibility of the formation of living from non-living substance.

"Setting aside, as devoid of scientific foundation, the idea of immediate supernatural intervention in the first production of life, we are not only justified in believing, but compelled to believe, that living matter must have owed its origin to causes similar in character to those which have been instrumental in producing all other forms of matter in the universe; in other words, to a process of gradual evolution."

Various eminent scientific men have supposed that life has not actually originated upon our globe, but has been brought to it from another planet or from another stellar system. To this meteorite theory the apparently fatal objection was raised that it would take some sixty million years for a meteorite to travel from the nearest stellar system to our earth.

WILL THE UNIVERSE RUN DOWN LIKE A CLOCK?

IF WE transform electrical energy to mechanical energy and backward, we do not get back the total amount of energy. Some of it is converted into heat. Of this heat energy at least a part can never be re-transformed into any other form of energy—that is, it has become unavailable. We are dealing with the second law of thermodynamics. It may be expressed in this form: "In any cyclic process, the sum total of unavailable heat energy increases." Or, to follow still the article by Doctor Charles P. Steinmetz, chief consulting engineer of the General Electric Company, which we quote from *The General Electric Review*, the law referred to may be expressed: "Without expenditure of some other form of energy, heat flows only from higher to lower temperature"; that is, from a higher heat level to a lower heat level. In this form the law is easiest to grasp; just as water, without expenditure of out-

side energy, flows only from higher to lower level.

The result of the second law of thermodynamics is that the temperature crests in the universe are leveled off, the temperature valleys filled up, the amount of unavailable heat energy (that below the bottom of the temperature valleys) is increased; in other words the temperature of the universe tends toward a uniformity, at which all the heat energy has become unavailable. The temperature differences in the universe are thus maintained only through the expenditure of other forms of energy. Other energy is thus continuously poured into the gulf of heat energy in producing available heat energy through temperature differences. These again are continuously leveled off and the heat energy is made unavailable by the functioning of the second law of thermodynamics; but no return path exists from the unavailable heat energy to other forms of energy.

"The outcome of this unidirectional trans-

formation law must be that finally all the other forms of energy will have been converted into heat energy, and all the heat energy have assumed a uniform temperature level, i. e., become unavailable. This means that all the energy of the universe must finally be converted to unavailable heat energy, and if the second law of thermodynamics holds universally, no return exists from this state; hence, the universe must finally run down, just like a clock. All energy transformation will stop, i. e., all motion will cease and the universe will be dead. The energy will still be there—the law of conservation of energy will not have been offended—but as unavailable heat the energy will be dead. It is true that if we define energy as that entity which can do work, it is questionable whether the unavailable heat energy of the dead universe, which can never do any work, can still correctly be called energy.

"The second law of thermodynamics is well founded on our experience. The reasoning from this law as to the death of the universe is logical. At the same time, the conclusion that the universe must run down is not reasonable. If the universe is eternal, has existed since infinite time, then it should have run down an infinite time ago. But if it is not eternal, but had a beginning, what was before? How could energy begin without offending the first law, that of the conservation of energy? Thus, in the final reasoning, we arrive at a contradiction.

"The explanation may be either that we have attempted to reason beyond the limits of the capacity of the human mind, which, being finite, always fails in the attempt to reason into the infinite, or it may be that the second law of thermodynamics is not of universal application, is not a general law of nature, but is of limited application only."

Now Doctor Steinmetz seeks to show that the latter is the case. A single exception obviously would be sufficient to show that the second law of thermodynamics is not a universal law, and that the conclusion regarding the death of the world, based on this law, are thus not justified.

Causing heat to flow from a lower to a higher temperature means separating the faster from the slower molecules. Experience, expressed by the second law of thermodynamics, says that this can be done only by the expenditure of outside energy. However, such a separation of the fast from the slow molecules without expenditure of outside energy would in no way contradict the law of conservation of energy, as Maxwell has shown. Assume that we have a volume of gas at constant temperature and

have a partition to divide the gas volume in two parts.

"This partition may be perforated by numerous minute doors, which we assume to have no weight and to move without friction, so that no energy is required to open and close them. Assume now that at every such door we place a demon, who opens the door whenever a fast molecule comes from the right, or a slow molecule from the left, and lets this molecule through; but does not open the door for a slow molecule from the right, or a fast molecule from the left. The result would then be, that gradually the fast molecules would accumulate in the left, and the slow molecules in the right section of the space; that is, without the expenditure of outside energy, but through the intelligence of the demons, heat energy would flow from the lower temperature on the right to the higher temperature on the left side of the partition, against the second law of thermodynamics.

"Now these demons exist in nature. Every cosmic body is such a demon, and separates the fast from the slow molecules, keeping the latter and sending the former out into space, and thereby causing heat energy to flow into space at a temperature far above its own temperature. Consider for instance our earth. In the uppermost regions of the atmosphere, assume a molecule which happens to be moving in an upward direction, and does not happen to approach another molecule so closely that its direction of motion is changed. Such a molecule will move upward, until its motion is stopped by the force of gravity, by the attraction of the earth, when it falls back again. If, however, the upward velocity of the molecule is sufficiently high—above a certain critical value—then this molecule escapes from the attraction of the earth into space, and never comes back."

Even in our own atmosphere, and without going beyond it into cosmic space, the law of gravitation is doing the work of Maxwell's demons in separating the faster and the slower molecules, and collecting the former in the higher regions of the atmosphere. Thus, the second law of thermodynamics does not apply to the atmosphere of the earth.

We are led to the conclusion that the second law of thermodynamics is not a universal law of nature, but applies only within the limited range of thermodynamic engines from which it has been derived. It does not apply to the universe as a whole; and the conclusions derived from it, that the universe must finally come to a standstill, are not justified.

Religion and Ethics

ARE WE A LAWLESS PEOPLE?



ONE of the commonest charges made against the American temperament is that it is impulsive and lawless. President Taft, addressing the Young Republican Club of New York a few months ago, said: "I believe it is true that we do not hold the law as sacred as we should." Senator Borah, of Idaho, who preceded the President on the occasion, used these words: "We are even now, in our youth, the most lawless of any of the great civilized nations." Prof. Franklin H. Giddings stated in a recent address that "in the last fifteen or twenty years profound deterioration in private and public conduct" had taken place. A Chicago educator is quoted as complaining, in an indignant letter to the press, that "there is so much playing fast and loose with law in this country, so much corruption and disorder, so much legislative partiality, so much positive anarchy on every hand. Everybody in authority, from the individual policeman to the Supreme Court, takes it into his own hands to decide whether a law is to be enforced or not, and if so, how much. We are not a nation: we are a rabble."

How much truth is there in these and similar indictments? Mr. Victor S. Yarros, who sets out, in *The American Journal of Sociology*, to answer the question, concedes that "laws are not enforced in the United States as successfully, as easily, as thoroly, as in any advanced European country, because 'likemindedness' is largely absent." He takes as an illustration our Sunday laws:

"A State legislature composed almost entirely of Americans of, say, British descent, passes a statute providing for observance of Sunday after the Puritan manner. The community approves and supports the statute; it is enforced without disheartening difficulties. Decades elapse . . . heavy immigration from Teutonic, Latin, and Slavic countries changes

the character of the citizenship; tens of thousands of 'naturalized' Americans, and their sons and daughters, have a totally different conception of Sunday observance. They are respectable and virtuous citizens, but they systematically ignore or break a law which 'does not appeal to them.' What happens? Local officials, in spite of an oath to enforce all laws, suspend the Sunday law; the press is silent or even sympathetic; when prosecutions are attempted, juries disagree or acquit the offenders . . . elections, votes, platforms, sanction the disregard of the law. The proper thing for the legislature to do is to take cognizance of the actual conditions and in the interest of law itself grant 'local option' to cities in the matter of Sunday observance. But this is not done. . . . The Sunday law remains on the statute-book, but in the large cities it is a dead letter. Respect for law is weakened in consequence."

In every large American city, Mr. Yarros continues, there are tens of thousands of foreigners who live "underneath," rather than in, America. They violate ordinances without even knowing of their existence. "What are health ordinances to the foreign colonies, to the recent arrivals, to the tenement-house population? In whole sections the ordinances are habitually violated, consciously and unconsciously." In the case of the negro population, the breakdown of law and justice is even more apparent. "We lynch and burn men suspected of crime. We have witnessed grave miscarriages of justice in the courts owing to the antipathy of juries toward the negro; we acquiesce in wholesale disfranchisement of black citizens under unfair and discriminatory State laws."

The structure and forms of our government, Mr. Yarros suggests, are partly responsible for our "lawlessness":

"Federalism is distinctly an experiment. A union of 'sovereign' States has great and splendid advantages. . . . But there is a less attractive side to the picture. In the field of morals State rights and State freedom yield

evils as well as benefits. What does 'law' mean to the divorce colony of Reno? What does it mean to men and women who marry in one State, obtain a divorce in another, and form alliances in a third? . . . Perjury, collusion, fraud and hollow pretense are alarmingly prevalent in the sphere of divorce litigation."

Mr. Yarros goes on to cite our "chaotic corporation laws," which "put a premium on deception and fraud":

"What one State will not do for corporations another will; there is apparently nothing some States will not authorize corporations to do for the sake of fees and annual taxes. What is true of corporation law is true of railroad legislation, of anti-monopoly legislation, of pure-food legislation. . . . Need we wonder that 'respect for law' is weaker with us than with nations that have no conflicts of jurisdiction, no fantastic legal fictions?"

Concluding his statement, Mr. Yarros remarks that "in any court of reason and philosophical insight" a demurrer to the indictment of the American nation on the score of "lawlessness" must be fully sustained. The Indian problem, the slavery and the negro problem in its various phases, and the heavy immigration combine to make law-enforcement exceptionally difficult in the United States; and the country has before it a stupendous task, as well as a supreme duty, in promoting solidarity, like-mindedness, and unity among its citizens.

Mr. Yarros's arguments appeal to A. Maurice Low, Washington correspondent of the *British National Review*, as a significant demonstration of the weakness of democracy and of the American form of government. To the *New York Evening Post*, however, they offer material for explanation, as well as for indictment. *The Post* takes up the matter of Sunday observance in almost the language that Mr. Yarros himself uses. It proceeds to comment:

"The officials who are sworn to enforce the law allow it to be broken with impunity. They may even win their election upon a platform of non-enforcement. May we say, therefore, that a community that was once law-abiding has become scornful of law? Hardly. It may be scornful of a particular law that goes dead against the hereditary ideas of the mass of its inhabitants, but this is a very different matter from being possessed of a lawless spirit. The simple fact is that, while the

law has remained exactly as it was when it was framed, those who live under it have changed. Now, is man made for the law, or are laws made for man? Nor will anyone who is familiar with the composition of our legislatures ask why, in such cases, the law is not changed to suit the changed attitude of the people. There are enough representatives of the older sentiment, from the rural districts especially, to block what appears to their constituents to be no less than an overturning of one of the bases of society, and so that community continues to present the spectacle of general law-breaking."

The Post admits that a condition of affairs which allows a divorced man or woman, forbidden to re-marry by the courts of one State, to evade the order by taking advantage of the laws of another State, has become an open scandal; but even here it finds palliating circumstances:

"We meet a situation that is not at all to be stigmatized as 'American.' For what is it, in its legal aspect, but a parallel to the Old-World procedure, now reduced to a minimum, of forming irregular marriage alliances because of such technical impediments to lawful union as disparity of religion between the parties, or merely the cost of the formal ceremony? The recognition of these cases as valid by subsequent legislation is proof enough that they have not been the consequences of a law-breaking spirit. Not the people but the statute-book was to blame. And if our shameless divorce-and-marriage hunters are morally in a very different category from these Europeans, that disgraceful fact does not affect the legal parallel. They pursue their outrageous course of defying one set of courts by conforming to another, not in spite of the law, but with its smiling approval."

And yet, after taking into account all extenuating circumstances, *The Post* acknowledges that America can hardly clear herself wholly of Mr. Yarros's accusations. Their explanation, it says, may lie deep in our psychology, but one thing is clear:

"We prize liberty above everything else, even equality. Those of us who know Emerson only by his epigram that America is another name for opportunity are his enthusiastic disciples in demonstrating its truth. Did not our fathers create this nation? Is not our Constitution, sacred as it may be, of our own making? And shall we not do what we choose with our own? We have no past, we are scarcely conscious of a present, we really live in the future, and we cannot suffer anything to halt us in our march thither. If this be lawlessness, it is at least comprehensible."

BREAKING THE SPELL OF LOGIC



IN THE past history of the world it has always been a virtue to be logical. Armed with logic, a man might vanquish all opponents in a discussion. It has always been considered a sharp, relentless instrument. But to-day, it seems, we are changing all that. "After passing through a period in which the intellect was in revolt against the heart," said the French philosopher Fouillée, who died recently, "we are entering into one in which the heart is in revolt against the intellect." This is perhaps an extreme statement of the situation. For Dr. F. C. S. Schiller, of Oxford, who is leading the attacks on formal logic, is not bent on the destruction of the intellect, but upon humanizing it.

His recently published book on "Formal Logic" (Macmillan) is characterized by Dr. John Dewey of Columbia University as a "significant contribution to one of the most fundamental of our social issues." Dr. Schiller considers formal logic as a social as well as scientific and philosophical problem. His aim is for the most part frankly destructive. He would sweep away the formal logic of the ages with a view of humanizing truth. Formal logic, and the habits of thought it creates, blights every phase of life. It terrorizes and rules through fear; it impedes science; it has alienated the best human thought from religion; it is the cause of serious outrages upon the freedom of human thought and action and the dictates of human reason for ages, outrages which have usually been committed in the name of religion, but "at the behest of formal logic." Its faults are dogmatism, intolerance, contentiousness, timidity of thought and a cowardly avoidance of risks. The dogmatic temper draws encouragement from it. The logician's motto, says Schiller, is *La vérité c'est moi* ("I am the truth").

As a matter of fact, however, Schiller claims, the intellect has never been divorced from concrete conditions or human emotions, as it has always pretended to be. Hallucinations, whims, illusions, individual preferences, private judgments, and idiosyncrasies have a large part in its make-up. Logical assertions grow up in a jungle of desires, emotions, questions, wishes, hopes

and fears. Our attitude toward logic, Dr. Schiller points out in an article explaining his book, in *The Independent*, is much the same as that of the Middle Ages toward mathematicians or alchemists.

"The multiplication table seemed fraught with infinite significance for human welfare. A simple geometrical diagram could keep the devil from the door, who in those days was far more feared than the wolf. The conveying of ideas by writing was a mystery, and the rude 'runes' of the Teutonic script soon grew into the 'baleful signs' of a system of magic. Grammar was an occult art, which enveloped in its 'glamor' all the illiterate, and whoever could spell might reasonably be suspected of fabricating 'spells'! The status of a learned man, consequently, was very high; he might be feared and hated, and upon occasion lynched as a sorcerer, but at any rate no one dared to speak disrespectfully of his arts and craft."

We have outgrown the magic of mathematics, the Oxford don continues, and we have escaped the magic of words, and even the syllogism leads a secluded life in academic groves. "The effect on the learned has been disastrous." If professors wish to be admired "they have to manufacture their own mysteries and to enfold themselves in a thick fog of technical terminology; and even then the world pays little attention to them, unless they can manage to solve something which has real importance for practical life. And as the professors of the literary arts dare not do this, they would have a bad time, and could hardly make a living, if their subjects did not providentially happen to be endowed."

"Logic alone of all these arts still retains its medieval prestige almost unimpaired. It is still surrounded by a halo. Its mysteries have never been profaned. The vulgar gaze has never been allowed to see what is in it. So it is still credited with the power to do harm. It is 'cold,' 'cruel,' 'ruthless,' a 'relentless' foe that 'breaks' whoever dares to question it and 'betrays' those who put their trust in it. The *London Spectator* still periodically issues solemn warnings to those who argue 'logically' when their premises are false. For whereas 'bad logic might get a right conclusion out of unsound premises, it is absolutely impossible that good logic should do anything but lead us wrong if the premises are faulty.' So,

tho even the worst text-book would disclaim this doctrine, even good logic is, like magic, dangerous, or at best useless. For apparently, unless we know already that our premises are true, logic is no help; while if we do, it seems a superfluity, because we must *already know* the truth of our conclusion. Nevertheless, the *Spectator* forms an impenetrable screen for logical orthodoxy, and is as resolute as the *Times* that no criticism of the logical tradition shall reach the public ear."

In the University of Oxford alone, according to Dr. Schiller's revelations, about £50,000 are spent yearly on logic. Three philosophy professors, twenty-eight *literae humaniores* tutors, and about 460 classical scholars receive its benefits. In America we might call this a "logic trust." He explains the situation in these terms:

"Quite naturally, spontaneously and honestly, therefore, rises the cry, 'Back to Aristotle!' It means exactly what 'Back to St. Thomas Aquinas!' means in a scholastic philosopher, and, as regards logic, the difference between Aristotle and Aquinas is not important. Between them they have bound the Titan, Thought, and keep the human race in bondage to a meaningless tradition. The revolt of Science against Authority, of Humanity against Pedantry, of Action against Verbiage, of Life against Fossilism, can never be successful until the spell of the logical tradition is completely broken, and a logic is constructed that consents to remain on speaking terms with human thinking. Broken this spell must be if there is to be intellectual progress, and the indications are multiplying that broken it will be before long."

Among the cardinal points on which the whole structure of Formal Logic rests are the syllogism and the notion of valid inference, and scientific "proof" and formally valid "induction." "Valid inference," says Schiller, meant a form of words so *fool-proof* that it could not be misapplied. "From all swans are white and this bird is a swan it was to follow inevitably that this bird is white, and the course of Nature would eternally conform to the prophetic demonstrations of logic."

"The logician has been in the habit of starting from ready-made syllogisms and of putting aside the question how these curious structures came into existence. But had he permitted himself to raise this question, he would have seen that no magical bond of 'logical connection' could have super-psychologically conjured them up out of the void.

The premises of every reasoning have somehow to be selected and combined, and whoever achieves this thereby renders himself responsible for the syllogism, and would not and could not have done so had he not judged it relevant to some purpose he was realizing. There is no reasoning about white swans or blue bottles, or even about the eternal truths of mathematics, unless and until some doubt or question has arisen about these things. This is why we do not in real life go about reciting the multiplication table or any other truth we have reason to think undeniable. . . .

"Is it not strange, then, that this play of illusion should continue to impose on the human spirit? Ought not logic at last to be taught to know its place, and to become, like grammar and geometry, a servant to the human race to which it owes its being, an instrument for calculating the course of events, and a means to the ends of human life? Such a logic is not as yet in being, but to construct it would be an inestimable service to human knowledge and to human power."

Professor Dewey of Columbia, and one of the most distinguished leaders of the pragmatic movement, has contributed a sympathetic review of Schiller's work to *The Independent*, and gives a hint of the "new logic" for which Schiller has cleared the ground in these terms:

"While traditional logic has much to say about truth, the truth it talks about is mere formal consistency, since it declines to consider the material application of its premises. Relevance—a fundamental conception of concrete thought—is excluded because it goes with selection, with selection of the *part* that is useful, while formal logic professes an all-inclusive ideal. Selection, moreover, is a voluntary and hence arbitrary act, and so is shut out from a doctrine that acknowledges only what is purely theoretical. Finally, formal logic, with its creed of absolute certitude, abhors the very mention of adventure and risk, the life blood of actual human thinking, which is aroused by doubts and questions, and proceeds by guesses, hypotheses and experiments, to a decision which is always somewhat arbitrary and subject to the risk of later revision."

But the pragmatists are not alone in their attack upon logic. H. G. Wells and Henri Bergson, according to Philip E. B. Jourdain, in *The Hibbert Journal*, both blast at the philosophical validity of general terms. "Logic," says Wells, "had taken a common innate error of mind and had emphasized it in order to develop a system of reasoning that should be exact in its processes."

ROMANCE AS AN AID TO MORALITY



IF WE wish to stem the tide of immorality among the young, we must provide associations in which are beauty and adventure. Such is the keynote of a recent article by Dr. Luther H. Gulick in *Vigilance*. Dr. Gulick declares that the Boy Scouts and the Camp Fire Girls have taken a step in the right direction. They are helping to harness the idealism of youth.

Practically all students of delinquency, illegitimacy and kindred subjects, Dr. Gulick affirms, agree that the major force leading girls away from wholesome living is their love of romance, adventure, experiment and beauty. In the main, it is the perversion of good instincts which leads people astray. Some of the successful settlement workers in Philadelphia have materially reduced illegitimacy and infant mortality in their neighborhood by providing wholesome, interesting and more or less romantic activities for the boys and girls, and thus affording to the sex instinct a natural and healthy outlet. Dr. Gulick continues:

"For most people much of life is dull and gray. By the invention of the machine and the specialized work of factories and stores, life has been made a deadly routine. Much of domestic work as it now exists consists of drudgery. Life should not exist for work. Work exists for life in both sexes. The search for human experiment, the love of the beautiful and romantic is the very power of life itself. The power which is driving people out to do and accomplish and experience, to find the 'Divine adventure.'"

In reading the great study of the Chicago Vice Commission, Dr. Gulick has found himself sickened by a sense of the evil and devastation wrought by the wrong use of this quest of adventure, the harmful and vicious use of one of the two fundamental human motives. "The greatest tragedy involved," he says, "is not so much the ruined lives, body and soul, which are a part of the harvest, but the fact that this power, the essence of life itself, having greater power to stimulate human aspiration than anything else in the world, has been wasted, lost, not only thrown aside, but used for evil purposes." This is the great tragedy, Dr. Gulick holds, because it is the tragedy

to life as contrasted with the tragedy to individuals. "It is the great water of life itself; the power of living has been wasted, has been lost."

The prevention of evil, in Dr. Gulick's eyes, is not the main thing. The most important thing is to find ways in which the precious water of life may be directed into wholesale channels to make living more vivid, good and beautiful. If in Chicago energy had been given to social engineering to discover how this great stream might be utilized in wholesome ways, instead of to surveying the devastation produced when the dams in front of the stream gave way, the results might have been more helpful.

Young men and women are going to come together in the future as in the past, and "any plan of building dams before the stream of attraction between men and women as a preventive," Dr. Gulick contends, "is a plan built upon ignorance of human history and ignorance of the nature of human life." The most effective scheme is not to erect dams, but to survey another course for the stream, bringing about such measures as will divert the stream into newer and better channels. Dr. Gulick concludes:

"We must provide associations in which there is beauty and adventure. This is what the Boy Scouts are doing for the boy. The very putting on of the uniform, the name of the organization and a large fraction of the activities are of this imaginative, appealing type. The Camp Fire Girls, similarly, endeavor to reveal the vivid, interesting character and the beauty of every-day activities. To help the individual and the social group to grasp this idea of the essential romance and beauty of every-day things they use symbolism, music and ritual, they use honors and decorations. It is not that we are trying to gild that which in its nature is essentially leaden. Life itself is more romantic and wonderful than are the devious and pathological departures from life. Big adventure is to be sought, not by climbing the fences and wandering into forbidden pastures, but in the path of every-day. The road of every-day leads into the widest and richest pastures, and the keenest enjoyments, but many people, particularly the young, do not know this and many older ones, too, have climbed the fence so often they have failed to reach the richest pastures in life."

THE SOUL'S NEW REFUGE IN MUSIC



HAT "music, in our day, has become for many thousands of people a refuge against the onslaughts and delusions of materialism," is the contention of Francis Grierson, the English seer and romanticist. There never was a time, he says, when so many leading thinkers, artists and writers were practical musicians. Music, he adds, is the one cosmopolitan, universal art whose power is recognized in every land. It is now much more international than literature. And "the reason is simple enough—opinions in books clash with other opinions, and one country may fail to become interested in the sentiments and doings of another country; but music ignores opinions and deals directly with feeling and emotion. It is for the senses, while books are mainly for the intellect, and the intellect is always at war with the intellectual."

According to Walter Pater, "all art aspires toward music." Mr. Grierson declares that if Pater had said music will soon take precedence of all the other arts, he would have been equally right. He proceeds (in *The Oxford and Cambridge Review*):

"Sentiment and emotion must have an outlet. Modes of expression shift from one art to another. And if it is true that realism has taken the place of romance in the novel, if it is true that the cynical has banished the ideal from literature, if the commonplace has taken the place of beauty in art, music restores all that the other arts have lost. It is the only art untrammelled by sects, opinions, parties and geographical limits, with an adequate expression for all the varying moods of humanity and the most subtle intimations of a world lying beyond that of reason and will."

Individualism and contradiction, Mr. Grierson continues, have driven the soul to seek a refuge in the over-world of harmonic vibrations.

"In England, Puritanism put a ban on music, and the people were driven to poetry for a psychic appeal to the higher states of consciousness. Milton was a musician who expressed his emotions in verse and was the first to fill the void; but not till the death of

Tennyson did poetry in England begin to give way to musical inspiration.

"Shelley was a lyrical metaphysician, Browning tried to wed philosophy to rhyme, Wordsworth did his utmost to bring the divinity in Nature to the comprehension of the people, but all the English poets of the past hundred years were agitated by a spirit of transition. They represented not so much a state of the soul as a spirit of agitation and discontent. They were always reaching out for something just above attainment. Swinburne came the nearest to wedding words to music, and his poetry might have been as psychic as it was musical had he not, in the beginning, steeped his mind in the transient commonplaces of political and transitory passions. He revelled in combinations of rhyme as Richard Wagner often revelled in combinations of chords behind which there was no meaning. Swinburne reached the borderland where words cease and music begins, and it is a significant fact that just as he finished his career music established her dominion not only in England, but in all the English-speaking countries."

It required, Mr. Grierson affirms, four centuries of English poetry to prepare the Anglo-Saxon ear for a return of the art that dominated all the arts of the Greeks, and nearly three thousand years for the Orphean vibration to encircle the western worlds. He writes further:

"With the Greeks music was the basis of all great thought and all artistic inspiration. With them certain modes of music had an esoteric meaning, a positive bearing on creative thought, a power to awaken dormant faculties and engender ideas. With the materialistic Romans, under the Caesars, music lost its psychic power, but with the advent of Palestrina it became a means of religious exultation. Palestrina made it a method of praise instead of a channel of inspiration as with the Greeks. Later, the Italian opera became a vehicle for the display of dramatic passion and trivial humor, a form of amusement for the passing hour, with little suggestion of the mystical or the esoteric. With the symphony began that combination of melody, form and rhythm which was to lead the way to a return of the tonal symbols and esoteric meanings of the ancients.

"And now once more in the history of civilization the signs point to a union of music, literature and philosophy, with music as the key to all. If such a union is consummated it will metamorphose the world of art, liter-

ature and psychology. One thing may be taken for granted—music, in our day, has become for many thousands of people a refuge against the onslaughts and delusions of materialism, and just in proportion as opinions become more positive music will become more imperative. Society having become chaotic, people will be more and more attracted to the harmony created by rhythmic sounds. But more than all else, music is becoming a psychic necessity."

Professor Samuel P. Orth, of Cornell University, supplements this argument in a letter to the *New York Times*, and applies it to American conditions. He says:

"Our recent distinguished visitors—scientists, physicians, engineers, chemists—have been making some very interesting comments upon our national life. And more illuminating still have been the observations of the poet, Pierre Loti. All of these comments have one general theme: we are materialists.

"Now we are so accustomed to this indictment that it fails to excite us. And we know it is true. But the wave of materialism has not confined itself to our country. Europe is swamped with it also. In every country where industrialism is growing, art, religion, and poetry, the natural channels for the expression of that gentler emotionalism which is the

only solvent of the grosser evils of life, have become stale and formal.

"It is interesting to inquire how far this fact goes to explain the intense ferment of unrest, Socialism, pessimism, intellectual nihilism, and cynicism that is springing up all around us, a reaction against the unnatural suppression of the emotional and esthetic. . . .

"Francis Grierson maintains that the people are themselves seeking a refuge, that has elsewhere been denied them, in the significant and world-wide revival of the musical art. . . . In other words, the people are beginning to revolt against the annihilation of the esthetic emotions.

"Of course, every one knows that the emotions cannot be eliminated. That is the colossal mistake of modern life, with its machine-made nonchalance and jaded nerves. It's with the feelings we have to deal, and every great turbulence of history was born of the emotions.

"Whatever may be the immediate application of Mr. Grierson's conclusions to American life, we are under debt to him for his chaste and penetrating analysis that goes deep under the surface and brings to light the supreme motives of life, and warns us that relief from the delusion of materialism and the false solace of riches cannot come through any mere formal arrangement of society, but must spring from the deeper emotionalism of the soul."

WILLIAM JAMES'S SEARCH FOR THE HIGHEST GOOD



HAT is it that gives life real significance? What is the *summum bonum*? These are the questions that Prof. William James sets out to answer in two lectures* reprinted since his death. He intimates that they are the most important questions in the world, and that very few of us know how to answer them adequately.

Somewhere Robert Louis Stevenson tells a quaint story of a tin bull's-eye lantern that, in William James's eyes, may serve as a kind of symbol of the esoteric and the ideal. The story is connected with Stevenson's school days. At a certain time of the year, it seems, he and his friends used to buy lanterns, which smelled noisomely of blistered tin and which they hid under their top-coats. The idea may have been suggested by the habit of policemen, of fishermen, or burglars, but in the main it was

just a boyish fantasy. When one boy would meet another he would ask: "Have you got your lantern?" The answer would be a gratified "Yes!" "The essence of this bliss was to walk by yourself in the black night, the slide shut, the top-coat buttoned, not a ray escaping, whether to conduct your footsteps or to make your glory public,—a mere pillar of darkness in the dark; and all the while, deep down in the privacy of your fool's heart, to know you had a bull's-eye at your belt, and to exult and sing over the knowledge."

This anecdote, for Stevenson, illustrates the thought that a "man's true life, for which he consents to live, may lie altogether in the field of fancy," and Professor James is inclined to agree with him. He says:

"Wherever a process of life communicates an eagerness to him who lives it, there the life becomes genuinely significant. Some times the eagerness is more knit up with the motor activities, sometimes with the percep-

* ON SOME OF LIFE'S IDEALS. By William James. Henry Holt & Company.

tions, sometimes with the imagination, sometimes with reflective thought. But, wherever it is found, there is the zest, the tingle, the excitement of reality; and there is 'importance' in the only real and positive sense in which importance ever anywhere can be."

Stevenson himself had much of that eagerness which makes life significant; and so did Wordsworth and Shelley. Richard Jefferies was another of the inspired. Professor James speaks of Walt Whitman, who "felt the human crowd as rapturously as Wordsworth felt the mountains," and whose "verses are but ejaculations." You may criticize Whitman as an indolent tramp or loafer, "and yet, from the deepest point of view," Professor James comments, "who knows the more of truth, and who knows less—Whitman on an omnibus-top, full of the inner joy with which the spectacle inspires him, or you, full of the disdain which the futility of his occupation excites?" Tolstoy, again and again in his novels, bears witness to that psychic glow which at rare intervals in our lives opens limitless horizons. "Crossing a bare common," says Emerson, "in snow puddles, at twilight, under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. I am glad to the brink of fear." Life is always worth living, Professor James affirms, if one have such responsive sensibilities.

Happiness, in Professor James's thought, is as elusive as a bird singing in the forest. It does not come on demand and it does not come in obvious ways. He tells of a week he once spent at the famous Assembly Grounds on the borders of Chautauque Lake:

"The moment one treads that sacred enclosure, one feels one's self in an atmosphere of success. Sobriety and industry, intelligence and goodness, orderliness and ideality, prosperity and cheerfulness, pervade the air. It is a serious and studious picnic on a gigantic scale. Here you have a town of many thousands of inhabitants, beautifully laid out in the forest and drained, and equipped with means for satisfying all the necessary lower and most of the superfluous higher wants of man. You have a first-class college in full blast. You have magnificent music—a chorus of seven hundred voices, with possibly the most perfect open-air auditorium in the world. You have every sort of athletic exercise from sailing, rowing, swimming, bicycling, to the ball-field and the more artificial doings which

the gymnasium affords. You have kindergartens and model secondary schools. You have general religious services and special club-houses for the several sects. You have perpetually running soda-water fountains, and daily popular lectures by distinguished men. You have the best of company, and yet no effort. You have no zymotic diseases, no poverty, no drunkenness, no crime, no police. You have culture, you have kindness, you have cheapness, you have equality, you have the best fruits of what mankind has fought and bled and striven for under the name of civilization for centuries. You have, in short, a foretaste of what human society might be, were it all in the light, with no suffering and no dark corners.

"I went in curiosity for a day. I stayed for a week, held spell-bound by the charm and ease of everything, by the middle-class paradise, without a sin, without a victim, without a blot, without a tear."

And yet what was Professor James's astonishment, on emerging into the dark and wicked world again, to catch himself quite unexpectedly and involuntarily saying: "Ouf. What a relief! Now for something primordial and savage, even though it were as bad as an Armenian massacre, to set the balance straight again. This order is too tame, this culture too second rate, this goodness too uninspiring. This human drama without a villain or a pang; this community so refined that ice-cream soda is the utmost offering it can make to the brute animal in man; this city simmering in the tepid lakeside sun; this atrocious harmlessness of all things—I cannot abide them."

"Such was the sudden right-about-face performed for me by my lawless fancy! There had been spread before me the realization—on a small, sample scale of course—of all the ideals for which our civilization has been striving: security, intelligence, humanity, and order; and here was the instinctive hostile reaction, not of the natural man, but of a so-called cultivated man upon such a Utopia. There seemed thus to be a self-contradiction and paradox somewhere, which I, as a professor drawing a full salary, was in duty bound to unravel and explain, if I could.

"So I meditated. And, first of all, I asked myself what the thing was that was so lacking in this Sabbatical city, and the lack of which kept one forever falling short of the higher sort of contentment. And I soon recognized that it was the element that gives to the wicked outer world all its moral style, expressiveness, and picturesqueness—the element of precipitousness, so to call it, of

strength and strenuousness, intensity and danger. What excites and interests the looker-on at life, what the romances and the statues celebrate and the grim civic monuments remind us of, is the everlasting battle of the powers of light with those of darkness; with heroism, reduced to its bare chance, yet ever and anon snatching victory from the jaws of death. But in this unspeakable Chautauqua there was no potentiality of death in sight anywhere, and no point of the compass visible from which danger might possibly appear. The ideal was so completely victorious already that no sign of any previous battle remained, the place just resting on its oars."

These thoughts filled Professor James with dismay. It looked to him as tho the romantic idealists with their pessimism about our civilization were quite right. An irremediable flatness seemed to be coming over the world. Bourgeoisie and mediocrity, church sociables and teachers' conventions, were taking the place of the old heights and depths and romantic chiaroscuro. But as the train that was carrying him toward Buffalo neared its destination he saw a workman doing something on the dizzy edge of a sky-scaling iron construction; and now, he says, he perceived "by a flash of insight" that he had been steeping himself in pure ancestral blindness, and looking at life with the eyes of a remote spectator.

"Wishing for heroism and the spectacle of human nature on the rack, I had never noticed the great fields of heroism lying round about me, I had failed to see it present and alive. I could only think of it as dead and embalmed, labelled and costumed, as it is in the pages of romance. And yet there it was before me in the daily lives of the laboring classes. Not in clanging fights and desperate marches only is heroism to be looked for, but on every railway bridge and fire-proof building that is going up to-day. On freight-trains, on the decks of vessels, in cattle-yards and mines, on lumber-rafts, among the firemen and the policemen, the demand for courage is incessant; and the supply never fails. There, every day of the year somewhere, is human nature *in extremis* for you. And wherever a scythe, an axe, a pick, or a shovel is wielded, you have it sweating and aching and with its powers of patient endurance racked to the utmost under the length of hours of the strain.

"As I awoke to all this unidealized heroic life around me, the scales seemed to fall from my eyes; and a wave of sympathy greater than anything I had ever before felt with the common life of common men began to fill my soul.

It began to seem as if virtue with horny hands and dirty skin were the only virtue genuine and vital enough to take account of. Every other virtue poses; none is absolutely unconscious and simple, and unexpectant of decoration or recognition, like this. These are our soldiers, thought I, these our sustainers, these the very parents of our life."

In this mood, Professor James found himself longing for an American Tolstoy who should bring home to the American consciousness the simple integrities of working-class life. Was not *this*, he asked, the highest good, and were we not too blind to see it? Yet he knew, on second thought, that the laborers were made of the same human stuff as the people at Chautauqua, and that neither side had a monopoly of the virtues. What both lacked, what all of us lack, is the inner joy, courage and endurance which come from the inspiration of a complete and valid ideal.

"But what, exactly, do we mean by an ideal? Can we give no definite account of such a word?

"To a certain extent we can. An ideal, for instance, must be something intellectually conceived, something of which we are not unconscious, if we have it; and it must carry with it that sort of outlook, uplift, and brightness that go with all intellectual facts. Secondly, there must be *novelty* in an ideal,—novelty at least for him whom the ideal grasps. Sudden routine is incompatible with ideality, altho what is sudden routine for one person may be ideal novelty for another."

The most significant thing in life, Professor James concludes, is its character of *progress*, or that strange union of reality with ideal novelty which it continues from one moment to another to present. "To recognize ideal novelty," he says, "is the task of what we call intelligence." He adds:

"Culture and refinement all alone are not enough. Ideal aspirations are not enough, when uncombined with pluck and will. But neither are pluck and will, dogged endurance and insensibility to danger enough, when taken all alone. There must be some sort of fusion, some chemical combination among these principles, for a life objectively and thoroughly significant to result.

"Of course, this is a somewhat vague conclusion. But in a question of significance of worth, like this, conclusions can never be precise. The answer of appreciation, of senti-

ment, is always a more or a less, a balance struck by sympathy, insight, and good-will. But it is an answer, all the same, a real conclusion. And, in the course of getting it, it seems to me that our eyes have been opened to many important things. Some of you are, perhaps, more livingly aware than you were an hour ago of the depths of worth that lie around you, hid in alien lives. And, when you ask how much sympathy you ought to bestow, altho the amount is, truly enough, a matter of ideal on your own part, yet in this notion of the combination of ideals with ac-

tive virtues you have a rough standard for shaping your decision. In any case, your imagination is extended. You divine in the world about you matter for a little more humility on your part, and tolerance, reverence, and love for others; and you gain a certain inner joyfulness at the increased importance of our common life. Such joyfulness is a religious inspiration and an element of spiritual health, and worth more than large amounts of that sort of technical and accurate information which we professors are supposed to be able to impart."

THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF THE COUNTRY CHURCH



THE latest United States religious census reports the statistics of one hundred and eighty-six separate and distinct denominations, besides more than a thousand individualistic and independent churches that could not find a place within any of the regular sects. Organized religion in America is a vast, concrete and practical fact attested by fifteen hundred millions of dollars invested in property with overhead fixed charges of about two hundred millions a year. But these figures, observes Joseph H. Odell in a widely discussed article in *Munsey's Magazine*, are somewhat deceptive. Christianity is not as strong as it seems to be.

Especially, continues Mr. Odell, is the country church in America in need of new support and vitality at the present time. The very largeness of its plant is one of its chief difficulties. "From a poetical standpoint," Mr. Odell reminds us, "it is advantageous to have the white spire of a church in every landscape; from a practical point of view, it is a financial and spiritual crime. Ten churches may dismally fail where one would be conspicuously successful. When you overmultiply prophets they become parasites."

Mr. Odell takes a typical case—that of Lake Township, in Wayne County, Pennsylvania. Lake Township has a population of twelve hundred, the people being representative American citizens. They have three post-offices, seven schoolhouses, one bank and one saloon. The church figures are as follows:

- 10 church buildings.
- 14 congregations (two of them meeting in schoolhouses).
- 10 denominations.
- \$30,000 invested in church property.
- \$4,180 raised by churches per year.
- \$500 sent into the township by denominational home mission boards.
- 405 church members—36.75 per cent. of the population.
- 29 average membership of churches.
- \$10.07 average annual contribution per member.
- 40 average attendance at Sunday worship of each church.
- 10 ministers engaged in preaching.
- \$750 maximum salary paid to minister.
- 1 minister with regular college and theological training.
- 7 ministers with little more than high-school training.

One's first impression from these figures might be that Lake Township is the most intensely religious spot on the American continent. As a matter of fact, more than sixty-three per cent. of its people are not members of any church organization. In a community that provides a congregation for every eighty-eight inhabitants, nearly two-thirds of the total population are outside of the pale. Mr. Odell criticises the ministers as ill-equipped for their task; he notes that the small congregations are necessarily involved in a desperate struggle for self-preservation; but the outstanding cause for failure, he says, is the fact that these churches are not meeting the obvious needs of the community.

"In one part of this particular township there is a book-club, organized three or four

years ago. There is one small school library. A patrol of Boy Scouts is being organized in one of the churches. If there were one or two centrally placed churches, with reading-rooms and recreation grounds, with agricultural institutes and exhibits at stated intervals, with literary and social entertainments of a high type, with ministers trained to understand and fill the varied needs of the people, there is little doubt that the story would be entirely different. Ten men and ten churches can fail where one would succeed."

Three typical counties in Indiana are cited as furnishing a similar example of deplorable division and consequent inefficiency. Davies County, with a population of 27,747, has a church membership of 32.5 per cent. Marshall County, with 24,175 inhabitants, can only show 27.4 per cent. affiliated with the church. Boone County, with 24,673 people, has a 41.6 per cent. church membership. There are 231 churches in the three counties, and they have succeeded in interesting one-third of the population. There are 115 resident ministers with an average salary of about \$50 a month, or the wage of an unskilled laborer. "In point of fact," comments Mr. Odell, "that is all they are, in many cases. Of the ministers laboring in these three counties, 72 per cent. do not possess a college and seminary education; 57 per cent. do not have college training of any kind; and 37 per cent. never went beyond the common school." The conclusions reached by Mr. Odell from a study of these three rural counties in Indiana are exactly the same as in Lake Township in Pennsylvania. "We find," he says, "that there are too many small churches; the ministry is ill-equipped for its work; and there is almost complete neglect of opportunity in grasping the peculiar needs of rural communities." The last point is illustrated by an analysis of the manner in which each dollar is spent by the churches.

Minister's salary.....	53 cents
Buildings and repairs.....	20 cents
Benevolences	16 cents
Sunday school.....	10 4-5 cents
Social life.....	One-fifth of one cent

The effect of this policy, Mr. Odell proceeds, is visible at once in the composition of the churches. "Out of the ninety-one churches in Marshall County, twenty-five report that they have no young men under

twenty-one years of age, and Boone County has twenty-one churches without young men. With literature brought by the rural free delivery, and lodges at the various crossroads, young men are not likely to flock to institutions which deny their social instincts, and offer nothing but sectarian and doctrinal pabulum."

A recent survey of forty-four country communities in Illinois shows that of two hundred and twenty-five churches, Protestant and Catholic, forty-five are at a standstill, fifty-six are losing ground, and forty-seven are practically dead and abandoned. Thirty-one per cent. of the population are church members, but only about nineteen per cent. attend church regularly. "The saddest features about these Illinois rural districts," declares Mr. Odell, "is the utter absence of any facilities for recreation and amusement. Life is a cheerless grind, the only relief being neighborhood gossip at the post-office or the nearest grain elevator."

Missouri shows up even worse. In three representative rural countries—Knox, Adair and Sullivan—only twenty-nine per cent. of a total population of 53,701 are church members. There are five Roman Catholic and 159 semi-animated Protestant churches. It requires \$50,500 to keep the latter going. No man's club or organization exists among the Protestant churches. Nothing is being attempted in the way of social welfare or entertainment.

The immediate need of the hour, Mr. Odell remarks, is not a revival of religion, but a renaissance of common sense; less homiletics and more economics. He proposes, in the first place, that boards of home missions, sustentation or church extension of the various denominations withhold money from any church in an over-churched region. "If a number of rigid sectarians in any given neighborhood have not sufficient charity to worship with their fellow Christians, they should at least be compelled to pay for the luxury of their differentiating dogmas." In the next place, he suggests that the leading men, both clerical and lay, of all denominations of kindred faith should begin at once a propaganda designed to reach the rural districts. "The points of agreement in doctrine and polity should be emphasized, and grounds of union pointed out. Where organic union is impossible or inexpedient, a form of fed-

eration should be advocated, by which churches of any given locality could be grouped for worship and social service." In the third place, an economic conscience must be developed in the matter of church finance. Mr. Odell writes:

"Four churches, existing in a kind of suspended animation on a revenue of five hundred dollars a year each, would be a vigorous and aggressive institution if united and possessed of an income of two thousand dollars. The proceeds of a sale of the three abandoned churches would equip a building really adequate to the needs of the neighborhood. Wherever the country church has become vitally related to the life of the community, it has been successful. The ideal is not impossible of attainment, if the farmers will use the same common sense that they ordinarily give to the establishment of the communal grain elevator, cheese factory, or day school, and if they are not encouraged in sectarian crankiness by denominational leaders and literature."

The country minister, Mr. Odell concludes, must be better trained for his task, and must learn to extend his sympathies. He ought to "know something of the regeneration of the soil, as well as of the soul." But the essential thing is that the local churches should coalesce in such a

way that they can establish and maintain a plant that will furnish a worthy expression of their life.

"The village or open-country churches, today, are chiefly the one-room type—an oblong, barnlike structure, furnished with hard, straight-backed pews. With a proper amalgamation, that may become one of a cluster of buildings, or a part of a multiform plant. There should be a reading-room and a library; a play-room, perhaps a bowling-alley and a pool-table; a place for exhibitions and lectures bearing upon agriculture or social enjoyment. The curse of the country is its social sterility, and nothing but the church can safely remove that curse.

"The recreation of the young people should be encouraged and supervised by the church, with suitable grounds—baseball diamonds and tennis-courts—and with regular field-days and tournaments and fairs, where such are not already conducted by county or State associations. But none of these ideals can be reached by the present little segregations, each occupied in its vain struggle for existence.

"The only way in which the country churches can regain and maintain their hold upon the people, and minister to the total life of the community, is to find a basis of union and sink their infinitesimal differences of doctrine and polity. Then they will really serve their age as their Master served his."

IS CHRIST MISREPRESENTED IN RECENT LITERATURE?



FRENCH critic, Jean Dornis, has lately made the assertion that the rediscovery of the figure of Christ illumines all of contemporary poetry. Dr. William Eugene Mosher, of Oberlin University, now declares, with equal conviction, in a book entitled "The Promise Of The Christ-Age In Recent Literature" (Putnam) that "just as within the Christian Church, in Biblical research and theological discussion, the personality of Jesus Christ is gradually displacing and overshadowing all others, so in the secular world of letters, the simple figure of the Nazarene has recently exerted and is still exerting an influence hitherto unparalleled." But the questions arise and are being discussed: Are these new representations of Christ accurate? From a Christian point of view, are they desirable?

Dr. Mosher cites ten novels and dramas in support of his thesis, most of them appearing within the last seven years, written by world-famous authors, and meeting with international success. Hauptmann's "Fool In Christ," Selma Lagerlöf's "Anti-Christ" (a "reconciliation" of Socialism and Christianity), Rostand's "Samaritan Woman," Andreyev's "Judas," Sudermann's "John," Charles Rann Kennedy's popular "Servant in the House," Fogazzaro's "Saint," Pontoppidan's "Promised Land" and "The Holy Land" of Gustav Frenssen, together with many other well-known minor works enumerated—all portray, directly or indirectly, portions of the life of Jesus or the lives of men inspired by his spirit. Christ, or the Christ regenerate, Dr. Mosher therefore maintains, is the dominant theme in contemporary literature. He ventures to prophesy a pronounced religious trend in the

cultural development of the immediate future"; even, it may be, that union of art and religion anticipated by Matthew Arnold, "when religious dogma itself will be transformed into poetry."

The almost simultaneous appearance of many of the works above referred to cannot be the result, Dr. Mosher contends, of mere coincidence. The movement is too deep and too widespread for that. In fact, it is not to be paralleled in the modern history of *belles-lettres*. What it may ultimately bring forth, to be more specific, is that "Christ-novel" or "Christ-drama," which, in Dr. Mosher's opinion, "will be for modern Christianity comparable to what the New Testament was for early Christianity, in that it restates with compelling power and in terms of modern consciousness and experience the drama-epic of the life of Jesus Christ, the spiritually-risen Christ."

Our writers are only beginning to realize, according to Dr. Mosher, what a treasure-trove the Bible is of dramatic and lyrical expression. Prominent authors of the last century were shy in their approach to the personality of Christ as a theme for literature. To them, he was sacrosanct. But writers should not permit any power, temporal or ecclesiastical, Dr. Mosher thinks, to determine for them what experience or visions of the spirit are sacrosanct, any more than in the days of the Old Testament prophets, or of Jesus himself. Are our poets to be restrained from becoming prophets? he asks. "What mandate shall restrict the poets of to-day from making their art a source of life-giving and life-renewing power that has its origin in the very depths of their own soul-life? That is to say, that their art shall root in their own religious faith and conviction. Is this not an essential of all great art?" Dr. Mosher concludes:

"The literary investigator discusses the writers of the last century with respect to their attitude toward Christianity or the church. The latter did not deal with the actual character of Christ, nor with those who immediately remind the reader of the character of Christ, as such. It is just this, however, that is so strikingly characteristic of the *belles-lettres* of the past decade and a half.

"Literature is thus keeping pace with religion. For, as was emphasized above, the theological aspects of the Christian religion are losing their traditional significance, whereas the personality of Christ acquires a pro-

portionately greater prominence. In conformity with this tendency, it may then be predicted that the anticipated poet will follow less in the footsteps of Dante and Milton than in those of St. Francis of Assisi and Thomas à Kempis. He will recognize with his contemporaries that the fact of the Christian religion to-day is the fact of the impression made by the personality of Christ. The Christian religion is becoming—as Lessing wished it, over a century ago—the religion of Christ."

Joyce Kilmer, in the *New York Times*, considers the author's optimism entirely unfounded. "The use of the Christ figure by the modern money-changers of the temple of literature," is the significant sub-title of his article. He calls attention to a story told in a recent number of *The Church Times* which, in his opinion, fairly illumines the subject. In India, the writer says, he met an American who was traveling from village to village giving cinematograph representations of the lives of Siva and Krishna. This showman had studied the psychology of the natives, and he had found that wherever faith was but a convention or a memory, the Hindus flocked to see his pictures; but where they still remained firm believers in their gods, the spectacle was ignored or violently resented. He was successful only among the sophisticated and the agnostic. The parallel is obvious. "There are to-day," says Mr. Kilmer, "many writers who find in the Bible simply so much good copy, and who accordingly proceed to avail themselves of such Scriptural characters and incidents as seem to them picturesque. They do this as deliberately and coldly as tho Christianity, as a living creed, was absolutely unknown to the world. . . . But that these are indicative of a religious awakening, or that the effect of any of them may be to the advancement of Christianity, is an idea astonishing in its fantasy. Some of them remind the reader of the savage caricatures of Christ scratched on the Roman walls by early enemies of the faith, others are like clumsy, modern imitations of Gaelic myths. To enjoy most of them it is necessary first of all to forget Christianity."

The true Christward trend in recent literature, Mr. Kilmer concludes, is to be found not in the spectacular performances cited by Dr. Mosher, but "in the host of men and women all over the world to whom religion is a simple and real thing, animating their writings because it animates their lives."

Music and Drama

"FANNY'S FIRST PLAY"—SHAW'S TRIBUTE TO SHAW



WITH "Fanny's First Play," produced by Granville Barker's admirable company of English players, at the Comedy Theater in New York, Shaw hits the bull's-eye again. No Shavian exposition since "Man and Superman," which, by the way, is now being revived by Robert Loraine, has aroused so much discussion as Shaw's tribute to his own genius in Fanny's first and his last—that is to say his latest—play. G. B. S., however, takes the wind out of the sails of his critics. "There is little to say about Shaw's play," sobs the *New York Tribune*, "because Shaw himself said so much. Whatever view you take of the thing, one of his critic-characters will have expressed it before you." Fanny's play, which is represented as having been written by a young Cambridge graduate, is preceded by an "induction" and followed by an ingenious epilog, in which the critics air their views of the play itself, of G. B. S., and of the drama in general. The form of the piece, declares *The Sun*, is one that has rarely been used since Sheridan wrote "The Critic," and in a way "Fanny's First Play" may be regarded as Shaw's adaptation of that work to contemporaneous needs. "But," the writer goes on to say (in atrocious English), "Sheridan never wrote his play with the idea of allowing his own vanity to revel in the debaucheries of impudent egotism, which the epilog of this three-act play contains. And it is the most brilliant episode of the play, a bravura passage indeed of such sustained and scintillating genius that no other man writing in the English language to-day than the reputed author of 'Fanny's First Play' could have produced anything so fine."

The dramatic editor of the *Evening Post* admits that there is enough wit, satire, and observant humor in the play to furnish half a dozen comedies. These precious quali-

ties, we are told, are, however, employed with such cynical indifference to common sense, to the truth of nature, and to those conventions, feelings and observances which are the respectable bulwarks of modern civilization, that they avail nothing or become entirely pernicious. We are somewhat in sympathy with this point of view. Nevertheless we cannot but agree with the statement of the *New York Times* that critics and public alike owe Mr. Shaw a debt of gratitude for "one of the most delightfully scintillant contributions that the English stage now holds." One thing, however, as "the smart Alec" of metropolitan criticism, Alan Dale, points out in the *New York American*, may be regarded as ominous: Shaw is no longer discussed, except by himself. "Possibly Shaw, realizing that other people discuss him no more, has found it advantageous to discuss himself. He does it admirably, but—" there is a "but" in every criticism of the play—"it seems like a last gigantic effort at self-advertisement."

"Fanny's First Play," contrary to expectations, is still playing after a year and a half in London. Its vogue in the British capital may have been due in part to its satirical depiction of the critics in such form as to make identification no difficult matter. Thus Mr. Trotter is unquestionably Shaw's friend, Mr. Walkley. The *New York* newspapers predict a successful run for the play in this country. We are indebted for our excerpts to the *New York Sun* and the *Boston Transcript*.

The "induction" introduces us to Count O'Dowda, a relic of the pre-Victorian era, who lives in Venice, wears an esthetic eighteenth-century costume, revels in the poetry of Byron and adores the music of Mozart and Pergolesi. Of modern England he knows little; of Cambridge, to which he sends his daughter Fanny, nothing at all. When she tells him that she has

written a play and asks him to give it a special production in a theater in the presence of professional critics, he readily consents, thinking that she has composed a romantic masterpiece. His scene with the Impresario and his preliminary conversation with the critics, Trotter, the academic, Flawner Bannal, Vaughan, and Gunn, "one of the latest sort—the chaps that go in for the newest things and swear they're old-fashioned," is decidedly funny. The final passage in the "induction" brings a delicious scene between Fanny and Trotter, in which the girl confesses that she fears that the play—her authorship is not known to the critics—will shock her father. "No moral consideration would make a breach between us," she adds, "but he never gives way on a point of art."

Between these two features is the play itself. The story of the play concerns a middle-class, middle-aged pair, the Robin Gilbeys and their son Bobby; another equally middle-aged and middle-class pair, the Joseph Knoxes and their daughter Margaret; Dora Delaney, a young lady of easy virtue; Juggins, the butler, who turns out to be the brother of a duke, and Lieutenant Duvallet, of the French Navy. Knox and Gilbey are partners in trade. Bobby and Margaret are practically engaged, but are not in love with each other. Bobby and Dora go out on a lark and land in jail. Bobby's mysterious disappearance naturally disquiets his parents, but when Dora, who is released before him, comes and relates his story they are completely upset. Dora's diversions from the main theme and her cockney speech provide amusement for the audience, but Bobby's fond parents are agonized.

DORA. You have been anxious about him. Of course. How thoughtless of me not to begin by telling you he's quite safe. Indeed, he's in the safest place in the world, as one may say, safe under lock and key.

GILBEY. Oh, my. Do you mean that when he was in the police court he was in the dock? Oh, Marie. Oh, great Lord. What has he done? What has he got for it? Will you tell me, or will you see me go mad on my own carpet?

DORA. Yes, old dear.

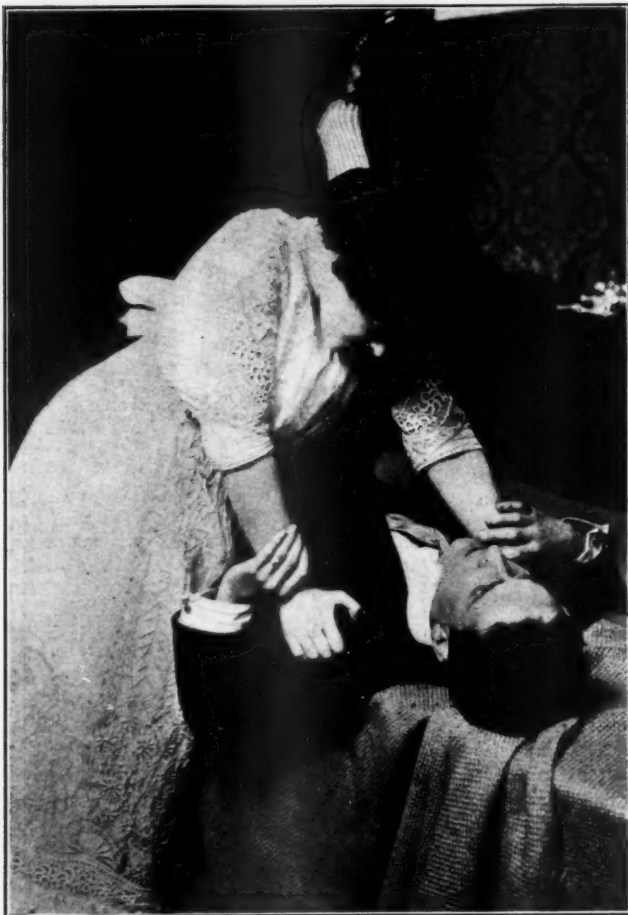
MRS. GILBEY. Well.

DORA. I'll tell you, but don't you worry; he's all right. I came out myself this morning; there was such a crowd, and a band. They thought I was a suffragette; only fancy. You



THIS LITTLE GIRL WANTS TO BE A LADY

Tho a "Daughter of Joy" in the French sense, Dora wants to be respectable and learn manners. She marries into a middle-class family, and expects the ducal butler to instruct her in social graces.



THE SUPERWOMAN

Shaw's heroine in "Fanny's First Play" revealing her physical superiority over the male.

see it was like this: Holy Joe got talking about how he'd been a champion sprinter at college.

MRS. GILBEY. A what?

DORA. A sprinter. He said he was the fastest hundred-yards runner in England. We were all in the old cow-shed that night.

MRS. GILBEY. What old cow-shed?

GILBEY. Oh, get on. Get on.

DORA. Oh, of course, you wouldn't know. How silly of me. It's a rather go-ahead sort of music hall in Stepney. We call it the old cow-shed.

MRS. GILBEY. Does Mr. Grenfell take Bobby to music halls?

DORA. No. Bobby takes him. But Holy Joe likes it; fairly laps it up like a kitten, poor old dear. Well, Bobby says to me: "Darling—

MRS. GILBEY. Why does he call you darling?

DORA. Oh, everybody calls me darling; it's a sort of name I've got. Darling Dora, you know. Well, he says, "Darling, if you can get Holy Joe to sprint a hundred yards I'll stand you that squiffer with the gold keys.

MRS. GILBEY. Does Bobby call his tutor Holy Joe to his face?

DORA. Well, what would he call him? After all, Holy Joe is Holy Joe, and boys will be boys.

MRS. GILBEY. What's a squiffer.

DORA. Oh, of course, excuse my vulgarity; a concertina. There's one in a shop in Green Street, ivory inlaid, with gold keys and russia leather bellows, and Bobby knew I hankered after it; but he couldn't afford it, poor lad, altho I knew he just longed to give it to me.

GILBEY. Maria, if you keep interrupting with silly questions I shall go out of my senses. Here's the boy in jail and me disgraced forever, and all you care to know is what a squiffer is.

DORA. Well, remember it has gold keys. The man wouldn't take a penny less than 15 for it. It was a presentation one.

GILBEY. Where's my son? What's happened to my son? Will you tell me

that and stop cackling about your squiffer?

DORA. Oh, ain't we impatient. Well, it does you credit, old dear. And you needn't fuss, there's no disgrace. Bobby behaved like a perfect gentleman. Besides, it was all my fault. I'll own it; I took too much champagne. I was not what you might call drunk, but I was bright and a little beyond myself and—I'll confess it—I wanted to show off before Bobby because he was a bit taken by a woman on the stage and she was pretending to be game for anything. You see you've brought Bobby up too strict and when he gets loose there's no holding him. He does enjoy life more than any lad I ever met.

GILBEY. Never you mind how he's been brought up, that's my business. Tell me how he's been brought down; that's yours.

MRS. GILBEY. Oh, don't be rude to the lady, Rob.

DORA. I'm coming to it, old dear; don't you be so headstrong. Well, it was a beautiful moonlight night and we couldn't get a cab on the nod, so we started to walk, very jolly, you know, arm in arm and dancing along, singing and all that. When we came into Jamaica square there was a young copper on point duty at the corner. I says to Bob: "Dearie boy, is it a bargain about the squiffer if I make Joe sprint for you?" "Anything you like, darling," says he, "I love you." I put on my best company manners and stepped up to the copper. "If you please, sir," says I, "can you direct me to the Carrickmines square?" I was so genteel and talked so sweet that he fell to it like a bird. "I never heard of any such square in these parts," he says. "Then," says I, "what a very silly little officer you must be." And I gave his helmet a chuck behind that knocked it over his eyes and did a bunk.

MRS. GILBEY. Did a what?

DORA. A bunk. Holy Joe did one, too, all right! He sprinted faster than he ever did in college, I bet, the old dear. He got clean off, too. Just as he was overtaking me halfway down the square we heard the whistle and at the sound of it he drew away like a streak of lightning and that was the last I saw of him. I was copped in the Dock road myself. Rotten luck, wasn't it? I tried the innocent and genteel and all the rest, but Bobby's hat done me in.

GILBEY. And what happened to the boy?

DORA. Only fancy! He stopped to laugh at the copper! He thought the copper would see the joke, poor lamb. He was arguing about it when the two that took me came along to find out what the whistle was for, and brought me with them. Of course, I swore I'd never seen him before in my life; but there he was in my hat and I in his. The cops were very spiteful and laid it on for all they were worth; drunk and disorderly and assaulting the police and all that. I got four-



THE DUKE AND THE FRENCHMAN

The butler in "Fanny's First Play" is a Duke. The Frenchman, who rescued the heroine after having been in jail with her, is a French naval officer. Both are advanced thinkers along Shavian lines.

teen days without the option, because you see—well, the fact is, I'd done it before, and been warned. Bobby was a first offender and had the option; but the dear boy had no money left and wouldn't give you away by telling his name; and, anyhow, he couldn't have brought himself to buy himself off and leave me there; so he's doing his time. Well, it was two forty shillingses; and I've only twenty-eight shillings in the world. If I pawn my clothes I shan't be able to earn any more. So I can't pay the fine and get him out; but if you'll stand £3, I'll stand one; and that'll do it. If you'd like to be very kind and nice you could pay the lot; but I can't deny that it was my fault; so I won't press you.

A similar tragic scene takes place in the

Knox household. For Margaret, too, mysteriously disappeared a fortnight ago. She, too, turns out to be a jailbird. She returns home accompanied, much to the disgust of her father, by Monsieur Duvallet. Alone with her mother, she reiterates her adventures. Leaving a prayer meeting, she had been allured by a theater.

MARGARET. I'm not hardened, mother. But I can't talk nonsense about it. You see it's all real to me. I've suffered it. I've been shoved and bullied. I've had my arms twisted. I've been made to scream with pain in other ways. I've been flung into a filthy cell with a lot of other poor wretches as if I were a sack of coals being emptied into a cellar. And the only difference between me and the others was that I hit back. Yes, I did. And I did worse. I wasn't ladylike. I cursed. I called names. I heard words that I didn't even know that I knew coming out of my mouth just as if somebody else had spoken them. The policeman repeated them in court. The Magistrate said he could hardly believe it. The policeman held out his hand with his two teeth in it that I knocked out. I said it was all right, that I had heard myself using those words quite distinctly and that I had taken the good-conduct prize for three years running at school. The poor old gentleman put me back for the missionary to find out who I was and to ascertain the state of my mind. I wouldn't tell, of course, for your sakes at home here and I wouldn't say I was sorry or apologize to the policeman or compensate him or anything of the sort. I wasn't sorry. The one thing that gave me any satisfaction was getting in that smack on the mouth and I said so. So the missionary reported that I seemed hardened and that no doubt I would tell who I was after a day in prison. Then I was sentenced. So now you see I'm not a bit the sort of girl you thought me. I'm not a bit the sort of girl I thought myself. And I don't know what sort of person you really are or what sort of person father really is. I wonder what he would say or do if he had an angry brute of a policeman twisting his arm with one hand and rushing him along by the nape of his neck with the other. He couldn't whirl his leg like a windmill and knock a policeman down by a glorious kick on the helmet. Oh, if they fought as we two fought we'd have beaten them.

MRS. KNOX. But how did it all begin?

MARGARET. Oh, I don't know. It was boat-race night, they said.

MRS. KNOX. Boat-race night! But what had you to do with the boat-race? You went to the great Salvation festival at the Albert Hall with your aunt. She put you in the bus

that passes the door. What made you get out of the bus?

MARGARET. I don't know. The meeting got on my nerves somehow. It was the singing, I suppose; you know I love singing a good swinging hymn, and I felt it was ridiculous to go home in the bus after we had been singing so wonderfully about climbing up the golden stairs to heaven. I wanted more music—more happiness—more life. I wanted some comrade who felt as I did. I felt exalted; it seemed mean to be afraid of anything; after all, what could any one do to me against my will? I suppose I was a little mad; at all events I got out of the bus at Piccadilly Circus, because there was a lot of light and excitement there. I walked to Leicester Square and went into a great theater.

In the theater Margaret "picked up" Duvallet. She followed him into a dance-hall. They were entangled in a row raised by Cambridge students. Margaret knocked out a policeman's teeth. Both she and Duvallet were arrested, and sentenced to jail. Mrs. Knox is naturally dumbfounded by the revelations. Yet she regains her composure.

"I am not blaming you, Margaret," she remarks. "I only want to know how could you bring yourself to do it?"—Margaret replies: "I do not understand it myself. The prayer-meeting set me free somehow. I should never have done it if it were not for the prayer-meeting."

The conversation between mother and daughter is interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Knox who begs his daughter on his aged knees not to bring his hairs with sorrow to the grave. "There is only one thing I care about in this world," he says, "—to keep this dark. I am your father. I ask you here on my knees—in the dust—so to speak—not to let it out."

"I will tell everybody," Margaret answers. Knox collapses. Mrs. Knox vainly tries to pray. Margaret alone stands unmoved.

In the third act Bobby and Margaret meet. They confess where they have been, and are mutually shocked. Falling out in argument, Margaret, like a true Shaw heroine, throws Bobby on the table and shakes him. She gets the best of the encounter. The quarrel is interrupted by the entrance of Dora and Duvallet. Dora and Margaret had already met in jail. The young people proceed to Juggins' pantry, where they have a tea-party of their own, while their elders, unaware of their pres-

ence below, discuss the spiritual bearing of their affliction that has come to both families. "She went where the spirit guided her," Mrs. Knox remarks mystically in defence of her daughter.

These reflections are terminated by an uproar from the pantry. Juggins explains that "he is entertaining for Mr. Bobby." Mr. Gilbey is scandalized. Redoubled laughter peals up from below. Dora, Bobby, Duvallet and Margaret hasten upstairs to meet their elders. Mr. Knox regarding his daughter as hopelessly compromised, inquires as to whether Lieut. Duvallet has "honorable intentions." He is horrified, indeed, when Duvallet explains that he is already married and has several daughters. Mrs. Knox asks him whether he would let them go about with a stranger without wanting to know whether he intended to "behave honorably."

DUVALLET. Ah, madam, my daughters are French girls. That is very different. It would not be correct for a French girl to go about alone and speak to men as English and American girls do. That is why I so immensely admire the English people. You are so free—so unprejudiced—your women are so brave and frank—their minds are—how do you say?—wholesome. I intend to have my daughters educated in England. Nowhere else in the world but in England could I have met at a Variety Theater a charming young lady of perfect respectability, and enjoyed a dance with her at a public dancing saloon. And where else are women trained to box and knock out the teeth of policemen as a protest against injustice and violence? (*Rising, with immense élan.*) Your daughter, madam, is superb. Your country is a model to the rest of Europe. If you were a Frenchman, stifled with prudery, hypocrisy and the tyranny of the family and the home, you would understand how an enlightened Frenchman admires and envies your freedom, your broad-mindedness, and the fact that home-life can hardly



A MEPHISTOPHELIAN SHAW

This is how "Fanny's First Play," in which Bernard Shaw holds British respectability up to ridicule, impresses the New York *Tribune's* brilliant cartoonist.

be said to exist in England. You have made an end of the despotism of the parent; the family council is unknown to you; everywhere in these islands one can enjoy the exhilarating, the soul-liberating spectacle of men quarreling with their brothers, defying their fathers, refusing to speak to their mothers. In France we are not men; we are only sons—grown-up children. Here one is a human being—an end in himself. Oh, Mrs. Knox, if only your military genius were equal to your moral genius—if that conquest of Europe by France which inaugurated the new age after the Revolution had only been an English conquest, how much more enlightened the world would have been now! We, alas, can only fight. France is unconquerable. We impose our narrow ideas, our prejudices, our obsolete institutions, our insufferable pedantry, on the world by brute force—by that stupid quality of military heroism which shows how little we have evolved from the savage: nay, from the beast. We can charge like bulls; we can spring on our foes like gamecocks; when we are overpowered by treason, we can die fighting like rats. And we are foolish enough to be proud of it! Why should we be? Does the bull progress? Can you civilize the gamecock? Is

there any future for the rat? We can't even fight intelligently; when we lose battles, it is because we have not sense enough to know when we are beaten. At Waterloo, had we known when we were beaten, we should have retreated; tried another plan; and won the battle. But no; we were too pigheaded to admit that there is anything impossible to a Frenchman; we were quite satisfied when our Marshals had six horses shot under them, and our stupid old grognards died fighting rather than surrender like reasonable beings. Think of your great Wellington; think of his inspiring words, when the lady asked him whether British soldiers ever ran away. "All soldiers run away, madam," he said, "but if there are supports for them to fall back on it does not matter." Think of your illustrious Nelson, always beaten on land, always victorious on sea, where his men could not run away. You are not dazzled and misled by false ideals of patriotic enthusiasm; your honest and sensible statesmen demand for England a two-power standard, even a three-power standard, frankly admitting that it is wise to fight three to one; whilst we, fools and braggarts as we are, declare that every Frenchman is a host in himself, and that when one Frenchman attacks three Englishmen he is guilty of an act of cowardice comparable to that of the man who strikes a woman. It is folly; it is nonsense; a Frenchman is not really stronger than a German, than an Italian, even than an Englishman. Sir, if all Frenchwomen were like your daughter—if all Frenchmen had the good sense, the power of seeing things as they really are, the calm judgment, the open mind, the philosophic grasp, the foresight and the true courage, which are so natural to you as an Englishman that you are hardly conscious of possessing them, France would become the greatest nation in the world.

Margaret cries, "Three cheers for old England!" The hurrah is taken up by the others: This is the most delicious of Shaw's sarcastic shots. The question now occurs, who is to marry Margaret. Jiggins declares his love for her and remarks that as a younger brother of a Duke he would not have asked for her hand, but as an honest butler, earning his own living, he aspires to that honor. Dora and Bobby likewise agree to marry. "Don't fret, old dear," Dora remarks to Gilbey, "Rudolph will teach me high-class manners. I call it quite a happy ending, don't you, Lieutenant?" "In France it would be quite impossible," Duvallet replies. "But here—ah!"

The curtain falls, and rises again, as al-

ready said, on the critics. The Count is shocked beyond measure by his daughter's production.

THE COUNT. Gentlemen, do not speak to me. I implore you to withhold your opinion. I am not strong enough to bear it. I could never have believed it. Is this a play?

TROTTER. Pooh! You take it too seriously. After all the thing has amusing passages. Dismiss the rest as impertinence.

THE COUNT. Mr. Trotter, it is easy for you to play the pococurantist. You see hundreds of plays every year. But to me, who have never seen anything of this kind before, the effect of this play is terribly disquieting. Sir, if it had been what people call an immoral play I shouldn't have minded a bit. Love beautifies every romance and justifies every audacity. But there are reticences which everybody should respect. There are decencies too subtle to be put into words without which human society would be unbearable. People could not talk to one another as those people talk. No child could speak to its parent, no girl could speak to a youth, no human creature could tear down the veils, could they, sir?

VAUGHAN. Well, I don't see that.

THE COUNT. You don't see it! Don't feel it! Sir, I appeal to you!

GUNN. It seems to me the most ordinary sort of old-fashioned Ibsenite drivel.

THE COUNT. What is your opinion of the play?

BANNAL. Well, who's it by?

THE COUNT. That is a secret for the present.

BANNAL. You don't expect me to know what to say about a play when I don't know who the author is, do you?

THE COUNT. Why not?

BANNAL. Why not! Why not! Suppose you had to write about a play by Pinero and one by Jones. Would you say exactly the same thing about them?

THE COUNT. I presume not.

BANNAL. Then how could you write about them until you knew which was Pinero and which was Jones? Besides, what sort of play is this? That's what I want to know. Is it comedy or a tragedy? Is it a farce or a melodrama? Is it repertory theater bosh or really straight paying stuff?

GUNN. Can't you tell from seeing it?

BANNAL. I can see it all right enough, but how am I to know how to take it? Is it serious or is it spoof? If the author knows what his play is, let him tell us what it is. If he doesn't, he can't complain if I don't know either. I'm not the author.

THE COUNT. But is it a good play, Mr. Bannal? That's a simple question.

BANNAL. Simple enough when you know. If it's by a good author it's a good play naturally. That stands to reason. Who is the author? Tell me that and I'll place the play for you to a hair's breadth.

THE COUNT. I'm sorry, I'm not at liberty to divulge the author's name. The author desires that the play should be judged on its merits.

BANNAL. But what merits can it have except the author's merits? Who would you say it's by, Gunn?

GUNN. Well, who do you think? You have a rotten, old-fashioned domestic melodrama acted by the usual stage puppets. The hero's a naval lieutenant. All melodramatic heroes are naval lieutenants. The heroine gets into trouble by defying the law (if she didn't get into trouble there's to be no drama) and plays for sympathy all the time as hard as she can. Her good old pious mother turns on her cruel father when he's going to put her out of the house and says she'll go too. Then there's the comic relief; the comic shopkeeper, the comic shopkeeper's wife, the comic footman who turns out to be a duke in disguise, and the young scapegrace who gives the author his excuse for dragging in a fast young woman. All as old and stale as a fried-fish shop on a winter morning.

THE COUNT. But—

GUNN. (*Interrupting him.*) I know what you're going to say, Count. You're going to say that the whole thing seems to you to be quite new and unusual and original. The naval lieutenant is a Frenchman who cracks up the English and runs down the French, the hackneyed old Shaw touch. The characters are second-rate middle class, instead of being dukes and millionaires. The heroine gets kicked through the mud—real mud. All the old stage conventions and puppets without the old ingenuity and the old enjoyment. And a feeble air of intellectual pretentiousness kept up all through to persuade you that if the author hasn't written a good play it's because he's too clever to stoop to anything so commonplace. And you three experienced men have sat through all this, and can't tell me who wrote it! Why, the play bears the author's signature in every line.

BANNAL. Who?

GUNN. Granville Barker. Why, old Gilbey is straight out of the Madras House.

BANNAL. Poor old Barker!

VAUGHAN. Utter nonsense! Can't you see the difference in style?

BANNAL. No.

VAUGHAN. (*Contemptuously.*) Do you know what style is?

BANNAL. Well, I suppose you'd call Trotter's uniform style. But it's not my style—since you ask me.

VAUGHAN. To me it's perfectly plain who wrote that play. To begin with, it's intensely disgraceful. Therefore, it's not by Barrie, in spite of the footman, who's cribbed from the Admirable Crichton. He was an earl, you may remember. You notice, too, the author's offensive habit of saying silly things that have no real sense in them when you come to examine them, just to set all the fools in the house giggling. Then what does it all come to? An attempt to expose the supposed hypocrisy of the Puritan middle class in England—people just as good as the author, anyhow. With, of course, the inevitable improper female: the Mrs. Tanqueray, Iris, and so forth. Well, if you can't recognize the author of that, you've mistaken your professions, that's all I have to say.

BANNAL. Why are you so down on Pinero? And what about that touch that Gunn spotted? The Frenchman's long speech. I believe it's Shaw.

GUNN. Rubbish!

VAUGHAN. Rot! You may put that idea out of your head, Bannal. Poor as this play is there's the note of passion in it. You feel somehow that beneath all the assumed levity of that poor waif and stray, she really loves Bobby and will be a good wife to him. Now I've repeatedly proved that Shaw is physiologically incapable of the note of passion.

BANNAL. Yes, I know. Intellect without emotion. That's right. I always say that myself. A giant brain, if you ask me; but no heart.

GUNN. Oh, shut up, Bannal. This crude medieval psychology of heart and brain—Shakespeare would have called it liver and wits—is really schoolboyish. Surely we've had enough of second-hand Schopenhauer. Even such a played-out old back number as Ibsen would have been ashamed of it. Heart and brain indeed!

VAUGHAN. You have neither one nor the other, Gunn. You're decadent.

The conversation again turns to Shaw. Vaughan remarks: "The characters in this play were quite distinguishable from one another. That proves it is not by Shaw, because all Shaw's characters are himself; mere puppets stuck-up to spout Shaw."

Fanny, however, is pleased by the discussion among the critics. They concede that her work is indeed promising. Trotter makes her confess that she has not only a future but also a past. "That bit about the police was real. You are a suffragette, Miss O'Dowda. You were on that Deputation." "It is," Fanny confesses. "I did a month with Lady Constance Lytton."

THE BUMPER CROP IN PLAYS



HE bumper crops that gladden the hearts of our farmers are duplicated this year in the field of the drama. Last year's season began in a most unpromising manner. This year has brought us many interesting plays, including "Fanny's First Play," "Milestones," "The Case of Becky" and "The Governor's Lady," each of which would be of sufficient importance in itself to lend significance to the opening of the theatrical season. Even the comparative failures, such as "The Model," by Augustus Thomas and "Discovering America," by that young expatriated American, Edward Knoblauch, are by no means without merit. Charles Klein's dramatization of Rex Beach's "Ne'er-Do-Well," on the other hand, has little to establish its claim as a play, but it brings playgoers face to face with the place where the straw hats come from, and in that respect at least presents a novelty.

Bernstein's play "The Attack," with John Mason in the principal rôle, disappoints because it lacks the dynamics that we expect from its author. This "attack" which, as one critic remarks, seems more like a "skirmish," was successful in Paris, where it was regarded as Bernstein's reply to his traducers and a plea to permit present achievement to obliterate past disgrace. New York, looking upon it merely as a play, has for once not been captured by the vivacious Frenchman. Knoblauch's "Discovering America" did not deserve the severe censure showered upon it by the critics, but it was not what we expected from the author of "The Faun" and the collaborator of Arnold Bennet. The play, as its name implies, contrasts European and American conditions and ends with a screech of the eagle. John Drew in Alfred Suto's comedy, "The Perplexed Husband," is as always—John Drew. The play fairly sparkles with satire—but only for two acts.



Where Gus Thomas Fails.
MORE may be said of "The Model." Most critics treat the author, Augustus Thomas, very gingerly, but on the whole they are not impressed with the piece. Rarely, remarks Alan Dale in the New York *American*,

has a model suffered more lachrymosely, and withal more languorously, than poor Louise—the heroine of this play.

"Duncan, whose model she was, loved her bitterly yet dearly, but he was affianced to another. That made her suffer some. Then Clarence Van Amberg, very haughty, sardonic, and chic, taunted her. Instantly she said, 'Let me pass,' and suffered more. Later on, Clarence tried to take her hand—tho why he wanted it, goodness only knows. Louise was so hurt at this that she burst into tears, suffered at least a quart more, and said brokenly: 'I—must—ask—you—to—let—me—pass.'"

"The trouble with her was that she wouldn't pass. She kept asking everybody to let her pass, but—not she! She wouldn't budge till 11 o'clock, when it turned out that she was the daughter of Emile Bergeret, a novelist. What Emile Bergeret wrote we never knew, but he had whiskers and an accent, and he was hunting for a lost daughter, à la Theodore Kenner, as soon as he appeared. All Emile had to do was to make long speeches, and hunt for his daughter. When he got her at the close of Act IV, we left him cheerfully with Louise, the suffering model. We willingly confided her to him, and as we went home, wished him joy of his find.

"The name of Augustus Thomas was affixed to this strange concoction at the Harris Theater, and that was the real purpose of the evening. Never for one second did it suggest Mr. Thomas, even in a penitential mood. It was lacking in all the quality that this clever playwright has displayed in his comedies. It sounded cheap, puerile, rhyme-less, reason-less, pointless."

Pinero Writes His Thirty-seventh Play.

PINERO'S "Mind the Paint Girl," with Billie Burke in the titular rôle, reveals, according to the *Evening Post*, much more the accomplished mechanic than the able and aspiring dramatist. Arthur Pinero's second play of stage life, remarks *The Sun*, is not another "Trelawney of the Wells."

"The heroine is an altogether different type from the beautiful Rose of Sadler's Wells. Mr. Pinero has impaled on the end of a pin a beautiful butterfly of London musical farce. He has shown this favorite of modern English society in the various phases of her daily life.

"She is the daughter of a small grocer, but is at the zenith of her success as the leading actress of the Pandora Theater. All that life

can give the young, beautiful and talented heroine her admirers are laying at her feet.

"She is not unlike the creature of Frank Danby's novel, 'The Heart of a Child.' The young Lily Parradell does not hesitate to analyze her character and her life. She has two lovers. Her affection wavers between the older captain and the youthful viscount who wins her at the end of the play.

"In reviewing the incidents of Mr. Pinero's slight comedy in the memory, however, it is difficult to find there enough of a story in the ordinary acceptance of the word to interest in the telling."

Plays of the Underworld.

BAYARD VEILLER'S "Within the Law," remarks Louis Sherwin in the *New York Globe*, "is the best melodrama I have ever seen." He admits, however, that "Othello" may be better in many respects even as a melodrama. "Within the Law" belongs to that family of plays of which "Jimmy Valentine" is a distinguished member. The underworld and the "Department Store" are cleverly shadowed forth. Every good dry-goods store proprietor, remarks that eternal jester, Alan Dale, "should go to see 'Within the Law' in order to hear how he underpays his girls. Every big dry-goods store proprietor who has a marriageable son should rush to see 'Within the Law,' for, according to Mr. Bayard Veiller, the 'paw working gell' may be a Fedora at heart. Mary Turner, in the play at the Eltinge, wants r-r-r-revenge for her wr-r-rongs. In order to get even with the wicked proprietor she lures his son to love and marry her. What say you to that for a dire and dolorous scheme?"

Crime—in this case the crime of counterfeiting—furnishes the theme of another play, "Ready Money." But the author has cleverly woven into the texture a moral of peculiar force. Expressed briefly, his message amounts to this: "People can see a \$1,000 bill further than any other object of its size. It is not necessary to spend money, but it is sufficient to show it." Never once, as the severe and virtuous *Evening Post* critic admits, is the interest of the audience suspended.

"The action takes place during two days, beginning on New Year's Eve, and is laid in New York city. Stephen Baird is the owner of a gold mine, which he has been unable to develop on account of lack of money. It adjoins mines owned by James E. Morgan,

who has lent Baird the money to buy his mine, taking a note that is due on January 2. Baird has used all his money in the purchase, and the mine is about to be taken by Morgan when Jackson Ives appears on the scene and induces Baird to take a bundle of counterfeit \$1,000 bills, declaring that all Baird has to do is to show the money, and his friends will flock to purchase his stock. Baird consents, and the expected happens. His friends rush to him at once, and his future is safe."

Hits.

GEORGE M. COHAN undoubtedly has the genius of catching hold of the popular imagination. Nevertheless "Broadway Jones," his second "straight" comedy, was a pleasant disappointment to those who remembered his first. Mr. Cohan is prodigal of his gifts, but we cannot therefore question the authenticity of his talent. In the present play he depicts with much humor and no little "punch" the transformation of a young good-for-nothing into a captain of industry.

"The Master of the House," by Edward James, is one of the plays whose success was more gradual than sudden. The hero, Frederick Hoffman, sows his second wild oats at sixty. Like the hero of the "Concert," he is forgiven and returns to his wife in the end.

"Milestones" stunned New York as it captivated Chicago and London. Our readers are already acquainted with its contents. The *Times* speaks of its "poignant paths and charm." Alan Dale admits that this play of three generations "gets under the cuticle." Each act in itself is dull, but paradoxically enough, the play as a whole is such that no man can see it unmoved. Belasco's remarkable study of twentieth-century psychology, "The Case of Becky," one of the season's if not of the decade's most remarkable plays, is also already familiar to our readers. Another play, distinctive in flavor and well deserving its success, is "A Scrape o' the Pen," by the author of "Bunt Pulls the Strings."

Belasco Spies Into Life.

THE hand of David Belasco, so evident in "The Case of Becky," is noticeable also in "The Governor's Lady" by Alice Bradley. Seeing this play, remarks Adolph Klauber, makes one feel like an eavesdropper and

a spy. The sense of looking at the intimate things of life, of being present at real crises, of knowing the thoughts and the feelings of the principals, is amazingly conveyed. The central idea of the play, in the words of *The Evening Post*, is that of the patient Grisél. In one form or another this idea has permeated the drama since the flood. The meek, unintelligent wife, as Dale remarks, who refuses to move on with her very progressive husband, who thinks with bitter regret of the days when she stood at the washtubs—this meek, unintelligent, unheroic little woman, out of date to-day in the era of suffrage and mental femininity, is here again the subject of a play. "Oddly enough, to-day, when the sympathy of mental man goes out, or is supposed to go out, to the woman who rises above soapuds, and stocking darning, and furniture dusting, this particularly meek and unintelligent little wife tugged so strenuously at our heart-strings last night that tho we *know*—for have we not been told—that she represented the unprogressive, unregenerate type, the tears gathered in our eyes, and we felt rather foolish."



Discovering a New Sin.
THE NEW SIN, imported from England to Chicago, presents the novelty of a woman-less play. Basil Macdonal Hastings, its author, describes the child of his brain as a "fantastic satire." It is, in the words of James O'Donnell-Bennett (in the *Chicago Tribune*), a skilful bit of juggling with ethical matters that have distracted the world ever since the world was old enough to worry about its duty. "The New Sin," he goes on to say, may be described as developing some half dozen propositions.

"Proposition 1 is that a man whose life stands between his suffering brothers and sisters and comfort owes it to them to put himself out of the way. That proposition is developed from the existence of an eccentric, wicked will left by an Englishman of fortune who, because he could not forgive the misconduct of his gifted but erring eldest son, decreed that his other eleven children should not come into their fortune until that son's death.

"Proposition 2 presents the idea that the eldest son, having determined to put himself out of the way, shall effect his exit by means of a penalty inflicted upon him by the law for

removing 'a public scourge' that the law itself cannot reach.

"In these words Mr. Hastings lets one of his characters put this proposition:

Supposing you were to kill some one, Hil. Well, you would be hanged. Unpleasant, but so is shooting, poisoning or drowning oneself. Suppose the man you selected to kill were some evil living brute in high places, some scourge of humanity that the law is powerless to touch. Then you would not have sacrificed your life entirely in vain. Ah'm not an anarchist. Ah'm no enemy of kings—God help them in these days—but Ah've got the lust for the blood of several men Ah might name. Wouldn't it be easy to find one? Some slave-driving Christian for example. Some wealthy beast who buys the chastity of children, some money-mad brute that sweats our youth and pitches the middle-aged into the street. There's plenty of them.

"Proposition 3 involves the son of old Sir Nathaniel Cutts in a crime which he did not commit, but which was committed by his brother, who had suffered bitterly at the hands of one of those 'public scourges.'

"Proposition 4 presents the eldest son as taking on himself the guilt—or the glory—of that crime and preparing to die on the gallows, thus letting his weak and inefficient kin into their inheritance.

"In Proposition 5 the government balks these inefficients by commuting to life imprisonment the death sentence of the eldest son. 'They are not worth the sacrifice,' the law seems to say; 'let the man live.'

With that proposition the play ended in London, and it left matters in the air. The inefficient, as represented by Hilary Cutts' brother, Maximilian, only dribbled hysterically at the prospect of luxury in idleness. The force that all that money stood for was to be misused, wasted, lost. Hilary's sacrifice of himself seemed likely to be altogether empty. The efficient man was to be wiped out for the sake of the inefficient, who always would be inefficient. And when news of the commutation came, Maximilian screamed: "What am I going to do? What are we all going to do?"

On that figure of impotent woe, sobbing, beating on the table, the curtain fell.

"So what Hilary Cutts had called 'the new sin'—the sin of living to be in the way—had not been expiated, because the problem behind that so-called sin had not been solved or even taken up. The moral was bitter and obvious.

"But now Mr. Hastings has added a fourth act and a sixth proposition. As a result of his brother's confession, Hilary receives a full pardon. He comes out of prison feeling that he has played the game and done all a man can do. 'God help all,' he says, 'who have to live their lives. . . . But God must help

them. I can't. I'm going to do my own work, not God's. The strong must not sacrifice themselves for the weak. That way chaos lies. I realize now what it would have been to let all those weaklings loose on society."

The Loves of Anatol.

THE NEW THEATER'S tiny successor, Mr. Winthrop Ames's Little Playhouse, vindicates its right to exist by the production, for the first time in America, of Arthur Schnitzler's one-act plays dealing with the gallant adventures of one Anatol, a Viennese Don Juan endowed with an analytical temperament. For more than a decade this cycle of plays by the brilliant Austrian, who has been called "the Maupassant of the drama," has been a classic of the modern German stage. The popular quality of the series keeps the audience laughing incessantly after the first two episodes which, as *The Sun* remarks, are different enough from the ordinary play to puzzle spectators who have not yet got the spirit of the work. The hero Anatol of the seven sketches by Arthur Schnitzler, of whom Mr. Ames presented five, with John Barrymore in the leading rôle and with five leading ladies to assist his efforts, is a feminist of a type altogether unknown here, as Americans are not likely to be so analytical in their love affairs and enjoy love of this kind just for the sake of studying themselves and their adored under the influence of this passing passion.

"But Anatol is a very attractive human figure, who fails in more cases than one to be off with the old love before he is on with the new. Granville Barker made the adaptation used by Mr. Ames. With the exception of 'The Farewell Supper,' which was acted here some years ago at the Berkeley Lyceum by Charlotte Wiehe, none of these episodes had been seen here. Granville Barker tried the same scene in a London music hall, but it failed to interest the public. The translation which he has made lacks, of course, the fineness of Schnitzler's German, its delicacy and finesse. Above all that glisten of the teardrop which distinguishes the author's sudden transition from humor to pathos is altogether absent from the play."

One of Anatol's lady loves calls him an idler. To which Anatol promptly responds that an idler is the last word in civilization.

Promissory Notes.

INDLE WALKS," another sociological drama with a new moral, and Louis Napoleon Parker's "Drake" will soon reach us from London where they arouse no little discussion. Charles Frohman promises new plays by Barrie and Bernard Shaw. The small repertory theaters in Chicago and New York both announce daring and exquisite dramatic experiments. There are many other dramatic events worth recording, such as Pierre Loti's strangely exotic and gorgeously staged "Daughter of Heaven." All in all, the season's harvest of plays is plentiful beyond expectation.

MUSIC AND DRAMA IN THE PRIMEVAL FOREST

EVERY summer the Bohemian Club, of San Francisco, gives an outdoor production in its grove in the Redwood forest, seventy-five miles north of that city. The performances are said to have originated in fun around the camp fire at annual outings of the club. From stories told or papers read by members developed the presentation of acts from Shakespearian plays or selections from operas. Choral and orchestral forces were introduced, and led to music drama. The most successful works so far given have been: "The Triumph of Bohemia," by George Sterling and Edward Schneider

(1908); "The Hamadryads," by Will Irwin and William T. McCoy (1904); and in 1910, by the same composers, "The Cave Man," the book of which is by Eugene Field's nephew, Charles K. Field, editor of *The Sunset Magazine*. The productions take place on a hillside at night, among giant trees ten feet thick, and two or three hundred feet in height. The lighting of scenes is handled from behind the mighty stems; the orchestra is hidden by foliage.

This year's "Grove Play," produced a few weeks ago, is entitled "The Atonement of Pan," and is the joint effort of Joseph D. Redding, the librettist of Victor Herbert's "Natoma," and of Henry Hadley, the Amer-



Courtesy of *The Musical Courier*

BEFORE THE TRANSFORMATION

Bispham as the wood-god in "The Atonement of Pan."



PAN TRANSFORMED

Having atoned for his sins, Pan regains human shape.

ican composer and conductor, now directing the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Two hundred took part in the production.

David Bispham, who sang the title rôle as he did in "The Cave Man" two years ago, pronounces "The Atonement of Pan" a work "which any country might be proud of and which surely will serve to lift American music and dramatic art to a much higher position than they have heretofore taken." He continues (in *Musical America*):

"Never in the past fifteen years has anything unworthy been given by this band of men, but on certain occasions high-water mark has been touched. This year, in the opinion of the entire club, the highest level of all has been attained in the successful presentation of 'The Atonement of Pan,' the book by Mr. Redding and the music by Mr. Hadley.

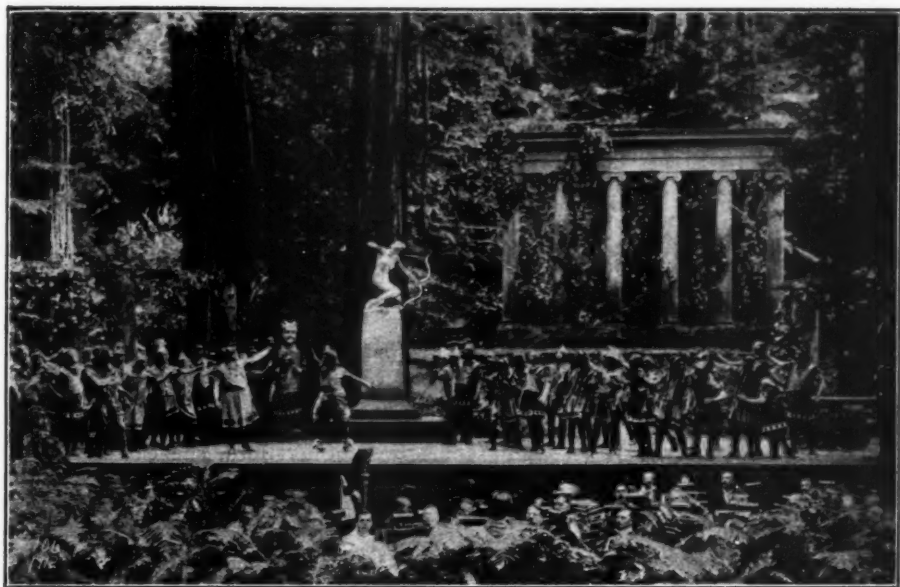
"My knowledge of Mr. Hadley's music from a piano part had caused me to believe that the work was excellent, but I could not have guessed how fine it turned out to be when performed by the admirable orchestra of

sixty-five men, under Mr. Hadley's own direction. Most of these players were from his own symphony orchestra, and with ample rehearsals the outcome was really a wonderful piece of work."

For the first time, this year, ladies—the mothers, wives, sisters and friends of members of the club—were invited to attend, and were introduced within the sacred precincts of the Bohemian Grove.

Mr. Bispham tells us that he "fairly revelled" in the music:

"Beginning with the prolog, the music is of a most grateful character, for Pan in his gentler moods, while his denunciations of Orion and Silenus are masterful in their original phrases. The prayer to Diana in the second act is a noble, lofty piece of writing for the voice. The male choruses are strong; the dance music of the nymphs is enchanting, while the flight of the harpies is a most original piece of orchestration. The concluding music, in which Pan makes his atonement, is a splendid outburst and a worthy finale to an extremely fine work. All of this, heightened by the illumination of the hillside, caused many men in the audience to be so overcome



Courtesy of *The Musical Courier*

PAN IS DENOUNCED FOR HIS SINS

A stirring scene in California's musical forest play.

that they could not restrain their tears. Enthusiasm on all sides was absolutely genuine and caused as prolonged an ebullition of feeling as I, in a very considerable experience, have ever known."

The enthusiasm aroused by this production is much more than a matter of merely local or sentimental interest. The authors have already been offered large financial inducements to reproduce "The Atonement of Pan," with David Bispham in the title rôle, in other parts of the United States, and the expectation is that the general public will soon have an opportunity to witness this work in some of the largest auditoriums of the country.

Another dramatic event, somewhat similar to the "Grove Play" in conception and presentation, was the "Mission Play," produced last winter at San Gabriel, California. This pageant drama is to be annually recurrent, and has as its basic idea the community spirit. The combination of the dramatic principle with that of the historical makes the "Mission Play" of permanent educational importance.

Willard Huntington Wright, describing this pageant-play in *Harper's Weekly*, says that it is the first satisfactory combination of pageant and drama ever seen in this

country. "The 'Mission Play' aims to embrace the entire sweep of Franciscan history, the epoch which brought civilization and religion to the wild shores of the largest Pacific State and left its indelible impress upon the whole western country."

Mr. Wright continues: "The ground upon which the auditorium is built as well as the numerous antique properties and decorations, has been furnished free by interested Californians. The site was secured from the Mission parish; and close to the great brown edifice whose exterior walls rose in 1771 under humble but consecrated Indian hands there was erected, in the space of fifty days, a complete modern theater. The playhouse conforms to that style of architecture which has been given the Mission name, has a stage far larger than any city theater, a full mechanical and electrical equipment, and possesses its own lighting-plant, with a capacity of sixteen thousand sixteen-candle-power incandescents."

The play was written by John S. McGroarty, the author of a history of California and editor of a western magazine. The spectacle was staged by Henry Kabierske, who produced the Philadelphia Historical Pageant and the Queen's Jubilee Pageant in England.

· Literature and Art ·

"What Are We Doing with Life?"
Asks Mr. Wells.



WITH Mr. Wells's recent books in mind—"Ann Veronica," for instance—one approaches a new novel by him bearing the title "Marriage" with some misgivings. But they may be dismissed. The sex-question hardly appears in these pages, and the problems with which the author deals are psychical rather than physical. The general verdict seems to be expressed by a critic in the London *Academy*, who says that "in this book* Mr. Wells has come nearer than he has yet done to writing a great novel," reaching, indeed, "the high-water mark of his achievement." It is a problem novel, of course, and there is a tremendous amount of preaching in it about the meaning of life. "What are we doing with life?" his hero asks, and, like most preachers, his answer is designed to make all us sinners feel very uncomfortable. "Oh, why *should* the life of every day conquer us?" says Trafford, the hero of the story:

"Why should generation after generation of men have these fine beginnings, these splendid dreams of youth, attempt so much, achieve so much, and then, then become—*this*? Look at this room, this litter of little satisfactions! Look at your pretty books there, a hundred minds you have picked at, bright things of the spirit that attracted you as jewels attract a jackdaw. Look at the glass and silver, and that silk from China! And we are in the full tide of our years, Marjorie. Now is the very crown and best of our lives. And this is what we do, we sample, we accumulate. For this we loved, for this we hoped."

A Hero Who Rides
in Aeroplanes.



MAN without a remedy" is what Keir Hardie—who has many "remedies"—calls Mr. Wells. But it is a question whether a novelist needs to have a remedy. If he can make

the world see that a remedy is needed, that is something. And if "Marriage" does not do that it is certainly not Trafford's fault. He is a very serious young man, devoted to pure science. He alights one day in an aeroplane in the backyard of Marjorie's home, and there is a case of love at first sight. The Marjorie is engaged to another man and tho her Philistine father disapproves of Trafford, she elopes with him, and a happy marriage ensues. But Marjorie develops into a shopper and a spender, and Trafford yields to the pressure of circumstances, turning from pure science, pursued for the love of truth, to applied science, pursued for the hope of gain. He discovers how to make artificial rubber. A fortune follows, and on the heels of it come discontent and the feeling that he has sold his soul for a lot of futile "things." And, more serious still, tho he and Marjorie are faithful to each other in thought and deed, their lives have become lives of "intimate disengagement." "There grew up in him a vast hinterland of thoughts and feelings, an accumulation of unspoken, and largely of unformulated, things, in which his wife had no share. And it was in that hinterland that his essential self had its abiding-place."

Marriage in the Melting-Pot.



HERE the problem begins. Trafford must find his own soul again. He plans to go to Labrador and there, in six months of isolation, recover his spiritual poise. But his wise old mother tells him that he can not go alone. He must take Marjorie with him:

"If you go away from her and make the most wonderful discoveries about life and yourself, it's no good—unless she makes them, too. . . . You can't live without her in the end, any more than she can live without you. You may think you can, but I've watched you. You don't want to go away from her; you want to go away from the world that's got hold of her, from the dresses, and the parties, and competition, and all this complicated flatness we have to live in."

* MARRIAGE. By H. G. Wells. Duffield & Company. Published as a serial in the *American Magazine*.

Marjorie also, it appears, has a soul to rediscover. Together, away from shops and parties and receptions and "Movements," and even from their children, they begin to reestablish their relations to the universe and to each other. She resolves to cut out hereafter all the "Jackdaw buying." He resolves to know men hereafter, as well as molecules, and to transmit his knowledge as well as amass it. The framework of the story is thus a very simple one. "There ain't no lions in it,"—no villain, no risky situation, no melodramatic climax. Yet according to *T. P.'s Weekly*, of London, "the study in its profound psychology puts the whole of modern marriage in the melting-pot." And a reviewer in the *Boston Transcript* finds a continuous enlightenment emerging from every page. "As a discussion and as an argument it is provocative. It compels, as should every novel, the intensest thought of the reader upon the problems that everywhere, if he keep his eyes and his mind open, confront him. It is far more than an entertaining novel; it is a vigorous intellectual stimulus."

Mr. Wells Has No
Ancestors.

MR. WELLS, says another reviewer, "has more ideas to the square inch of the printed page than any other writer living." Of such a man it is worth while getting a personal glimpse. We get quite a vivid one in the biographical notice which he has written for a Russian edition of his works. He is forty-two years old, he tells us, and he was born "in that queer indefinite class that we call in England the middle class." He knows nothing of his ancestors beyond his grandparents and very little of them. He says:

"My mother was the daughter of an inn-keeper at a place named Midhurst, who supplied post horses to the coaches before the railways came; my father was the son of the head gardener of Lord de l'Isle at Penhurst Place in Kent. They had various changes of fortune and position. For most of his life my father kept a little shop in a suburb of London, and eked out his resources by playing a game called cricket, which is not only a pastime but a show which people will pay to see, and which therefore affords a living for professional players. His shop was unsuccessful, and my mother, who had been a lady's maid, became, when I was twelve years old, housekeeper in a large country house."

He himself was destined to be a shop-keeper and was apprenticed at the age of thirteen to a chemist, and later to a draper. But after a year or so, he struggled to get an education, and by means of various grants and scholarships he achieved a degree in science in the University of London. His graduating essay was on comparative anatomy, and the professor in whose laboratory he worked was none other than Huxley. Wells describes himself as "a man of diffident and ineffectual presence, unpunctual, fitful, and easily bored by other than literary effort." But his writings have brought him into contact with a great variety of people and supplemented the experiences of his youth. He says: "The days in the shop and the servants' hall, the straightened struggles of my early manhood, have stored me with vivid memories that illuminate and help me to appreciate all the wider vistas of my later social experiences. I have friends and intimates now at almost every social level, from that of a peer to that of a pauper, and I find my sympathies stretching like a spider's web from top to bottom of the social tangle."

"Women and Economics"
in Fiction.

FEMINIST novels come thick and fast. One of the latest and best is "The Wind Before the Dawn," by Dell H. Munger (Doubleday, Page & Co.), which introduces a new theme in fiction,—the economic independence of women. "The writer," says the *New York Bookman*, "has touched a pulsing segment of the woman movement amongst 'the people'—and that is enough to make the

book important." But there is more. "The Wind Before the Dawn" is the first book of an American woman who writes sincerely from experience in a trifle old-fashioned but surprisingly graphic style. It has originality and an epic largeness and significance. The *New York Independent* points out a resemblance to Russian fiction. "There is here," the writer remarks, "the same rough realism and dry style, the same oppressive sense of vastness and loneliness, the same intensity of moral purpose."

A Story of the Kansas Prairies.

THE Kansas prairies, our American "steppes," parching in summer heat, torn by cyclones and (formerly) devastated by grasshoppers, form the harsh background of Mrs. Munger's narrative. She knows well the hard, narrow lives of the pioneer men, and the harder slavery of their women—"slow death of woman on a Kansas farm," as Charlotte Gilman expresses it in one of her poems. But Mrs. Munger's story is forward reaching. It concerns the dawn of character in one strong-minded and strong-hearted girl. We see her develop from an over-worked beaten child on a prairie farm into the district school-teacher, with her coveted smattering of education; her early marriage with a domineering and hasty man; the consequent estrangement and separation from her husband, and their final reunion. The originality of the story centers in the fact that it is the woman's hardly acquired economic independence which makes re-

union with her husband possible. Otherwise, altho she loves him, she would never dare subject herself or her child again to the hazards of his tyrannous nature. "A small narrow book," to quote the author, "that opened endwise and had the name of the Bank of Colebyville on it was all. It was a fitting end to her (Elizabeth's) considerations. She had never owned a check-book till recent years. Because of its presence, she might yet be able to answer John Hunter as he wished. She thought long on her situation. There was no sleep in her. The larger, the universal, aspects of the question began to crowd in upon her mind.

"'There is no other way,' she said. 'A woman must be free, must have money of her own. She must not be supported by a man.' She stepped out on the porch and stood looking toward the East. The refreshing breeze which had sprung up cooled and invigorated her. 'The wind before the dawn! The beginning of a new day!' she said aloud."

Rodin's Rhapsody to the Venus of Melos.

RODIN'S disciples would have us believe that he is in revolt against the classic and the creator of a new statuary. Yet the Master himself tells us, in his conversations with Paul Gsell, that all his life long he has oscillated between the two great tendencies in art,—the conceptions of Michael Angelo and those of Phidias, only to return in the end to the antique where he started. But in none of the conversations can be found such a rapturous expression of Rodin's faith as in his "Venus of Melos," translated by Dorothy Dudley, and soon to appear from the press of B. W. Huebsch (New York).

Venus Victorum! Long ago, George du Maurier told us that she was a Venus only in name. Heine dragged his dying body to the Louvre to feel once more, not surely her power of sensual love, but her amplitude, her serenity and calm, born of the torrent of life which the great sculptor now apostrophizes.

Rodin's "Venus" is more than a rhapsody; it is a final profession of artistic faith, and a philosophy of life.

Rodin Rediscovered the Olympian Gods.

FOR me," writes Rodin, "the antique masterpieces are mingled in my memory with all the pleasures of my youth; or rather the antique is my youth itself that rises again to my heart and hides from me my age. In the Louvre, of old, like saints to a monk in his cloister, the Olympian gods said to me all that a young man might usefully hear; later they protected and inspired me; after an absence of twenty years, I found them again with an indescribable joy, and I understood them. These divine fragments, these marbles, older than two thousand years, speak to me louder, move me more, than human beings. In its turn may the new century meditate upon these marvels, and may it try to ascend to them through intelligence and love. It will owe to them its highest joys. Man may be the forger of his happiness."

For the antique and Nature, Rodin concludes, are bound by the same mystery. The antique is the human workman arrived at the mastery of Nature. And the Venus of Melos—"arch of the triumph of life, bridge of truth, circle of grace"—is its supreme expression.

JOSEPH PENNELL'S PICTURES OF PANAMA



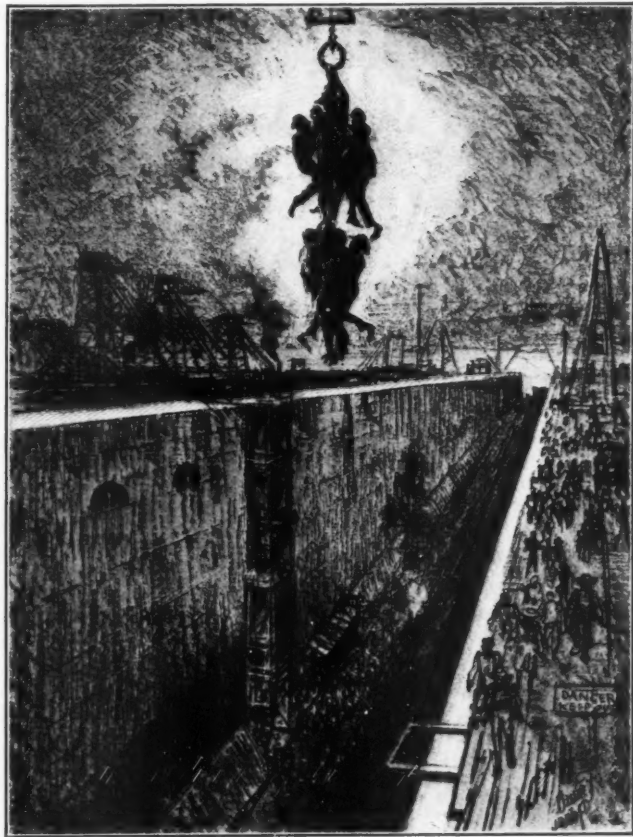
WHEN George Moore made his recent dire prophecy regarding the coming extinction of art, he may have forgotten that there is a certain kind of art which grows out of the industrial and scientific processes. Some forms of art, that is to say, appear where least intended or expected. They follow utility and efficiency, and attain a beauty that is bound up in the perfect fulfilment of function.

Joseph Pennell, the friend and biographer of Whistler and a great artist in his own right, confesses that in recent efforts to portray the most beautiful aspects of American life he has felt little attraction to our most pretentious buildings and our "show pieces." Much of the art that we have been most disposed to prize he has depreciated. But our "sky-scrapers" and our industrial plants interest him intensely because he sees in them giant industrial forces expressing themselves.

In the confident belief that the greatest engineering work the world has ever known would give him the greatest artistic inspiration of his life, Mr. Pennell went to the Panama Canal last January. He was not disappointed. The trip was undertaken on his own initiative. The *Century Magazine* and the *Illustrated London News* offered to print some of the drawings he might make. The most complete collection of his Panama pictures, together with an autobiographical and explanatory narrative, appear in a book published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. "These are not 'pretty' pictures," comments the *New York Times*, "they do not easily captivate the

fancy. But they are not the less admirable examples of the graphic art portraying vividly with a few strokes the very spirit of a colossal enterprise."

Mr. Pennell tells us that his first impression of the Isthmus of Panama was of "a mountainous country, showing deep valleys filled with mist, like snow fields," as he had often seen them from Montepulciano looking over Lake Thrasymene, in Italy. Beyond were higher peaks that reminded him of Japanese prints, and when he at length landed, he found a town of the Spanish type. He followed his instinct, which took him at once to the great swamp near the town of Mount Hope, where so many of De Lesseps' plans lie buried. Here are locomotives, dredges,



A CELLINI GROUP AT GATUN

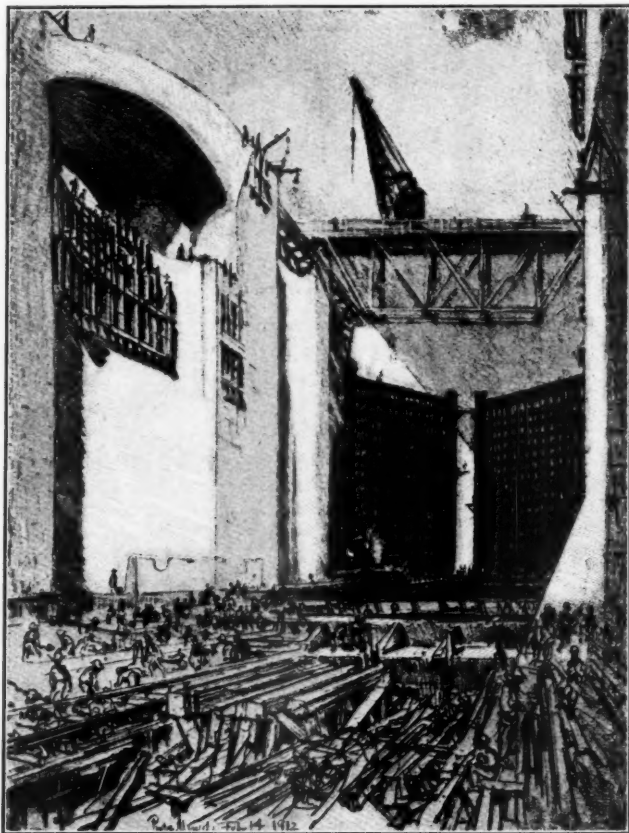
The most decorative motive of living beings Joseph Pennell has ever witnessed in the "Wonder of Work." They pozed only a second, but Pennell made the group immortal.

lock-gates, huge bulks of iron, great wheels, nameless, shapeless masses—half under water, half covered with vines—the end of a great work.

Big subjects began to crowd on Joseph Pennell. He says that he made notes in order to remember them all, and he also says that "first impressions" are what are worth treasuring. On the day following his arrival, he looked down, at Gatun, into a yawning gulf stretching to right and left, the bottom filled with crowds of tiny men and tiny trains—all in a maze of work. To the right the gulf reached to a lake; to the left to mighty gates which mounted from the bottom to his feet. "As I looked," he writes, "a bell rang, the men dropped their tools, and lines of little figures marched away, or climbed wooden stairs

and iron ladders to the surface. The engines whistled, the buckets paused, everything stopped instantly, save that from the depths a long chain came quickly up, and clinging to the end of it, as Cellini would have grouped them, were a dozen men—a living design—the most decorative motive I have ever seen in the Wonder of Work. I could not have imagined it, and in all the time I was on the Isthmus I never saw it but once again. For a second only they were pozed, and then the huge crane swung the group to ground and the design fell to pieces as they dropped off."

Near by, Mr. Pennell could see a telephone station, and beyond and below it the great approaches to the locks along which electric locomotives will draw the ships that pass through. He tells us:



THE BOTTOM OF PEDRO MIGUEL LOCK

"I looked up between the huge walls outside the gates," writes Mr. Pennell, "spanned with arches and buttresses—one of the most stupendous, most decorative compositions I have ever seen."

"There was a subject, and I tackled it at once. In the distance the already filling lake—among islands, but the highland still above the water, dotting it, crowned with palms and with strange trees; dredges slowly moved, native canoes paddled rapidly; over all hovered great birds. To the right was the long line of the French Canal, almost submerged, stretching to the distance, against which, blue and misty and flat, were strange-shaped mountains outlined with strange-shaped trees. Bridges like those of Hiroshigi connected island with island or with the mainland. It was perfect, the apotheosis of the Wonder of Work, and as I looked the whole rocked as with an earthquake—and then another. I was dragged into the hut as showers of stones rattled on the roof as blast after blast went off near by. Soon people in authority came up—I supposed to stop me; instead it was only to show pleasure that I found their work worth drawing. These men were all Americans, all so proud of their part in the Canal, and so strong and healthy—most of them trained and educated. I

knew as soon as they opened their mouths—the greatest contrast to the crowd on the steamer, who now were all tamely following a guide and listening to what they could neither understand nor see during their only day ashore. These engineers and workmen are the sort of Americans worth knowing, and yet I did not see any golf links at Gatun. The day was spent in that telephone box and on the Spillway of the Dam—a semicircle of cyclopean concrete, backed by a bridge finer than Hokusai ever imagined, yet built to carry the huge engines that drag the long trains of dirt and rock across it, to make the dam.”

Another great motive came to Mr. Pennell on the day he visited the locks at Pedro Miguel. To quote his account:

“We were all down, had breakfast, and off in the train—a jim-crow one—before the sun was up, and at Pedro Miguel station I found myself one of a horde of niggers, Greeks, Hindoos, Slovaks, Spaniards, Americans and engineers, bound for the lock, half a mile away. Here I went down to the bottom to get a drawing of the great walls that lead up to the great gates, now nearly finished. I had come at exactly the right time. These walls are surmounted with great arches and buttresses—the most decorative subject, the most supendous motive I have ever seen—almost too great to draw. Unlike my experiences of a lifetime at other Government works, I was asked for no permit. I was allowed to go where I wanted, draw what I liked; when any attention was paid to me, it was to ask what I was working for—give me a glass of ice water—precious, out of the breeze at the bottom of a lock—offer to get me a photograph or make one, to suggest points of view, or tell me to clear out when a blast was to be fired. And the interest of these Americans in my work and in their work was something I had never seen before. . . .

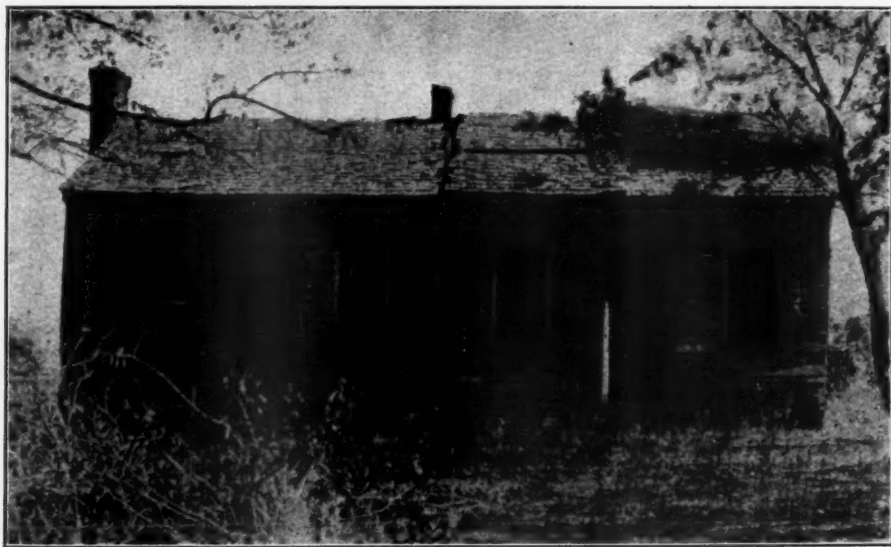


INSPIRATION FROM A STEAM SHOVEL

“Work is the greatest thing in the world to-day,” writes Pennell, “and I wanted to see the greatest thing in the world and try to draw it.” Pennell’s Panama drawings are said to place him along with Piranesi, Turner, Millet and Meunier, and other masters who glorify the “Wonder of Work.”

“I went to see and draw the Canal, and during all the time I was there I was afforded every facility for seeing the construction of the Panama Canal, and from my point of view it is the most wonderful thing in the world.

“I have tried to express this in my drawings at the moment before it was opened, for when it is opened, and the water turned in, half the amazing masses of masonry will be beneath the waters on one side and filled in with earth on the other, and the picturesqueness will have vanished. The Culebra Cut will be finer, and from great steamers passing through the gorge, worth going 15,000 miles, as I have done, to see. But I saw it at the right time, and have tried to show what I saw. And it is American—the work of my countrymen.”



No, it is too stylish, it is not my birthplace.

Sept. 17/06.

*Trueman
Mark Twain*

THE SECOND MISSOURI HOME OF MARK TWAIN

It seems to have been confused in the general mind with the less pretentious log affair in which the supreme American of his day first saw the light. The great man explained in the words he wrote here for the benefit of posterity.

THE SPIRITUAL TRAGEDY OF MARK TWAIN

THAT supreme longing of the soul of man—the wish to be understood—made one great tragedy of the career of Samuel L. Clemens. Again and again he essayed to divest his genius of the cap and bells of the clown and to robe it in the majesty of the prophet, the seer, the philosopher. His immense public would not have it so. His was the dilemma of that serious statesman whom the Athenians made merry with because he used their tongue so quaintly and so originally. Aiming to teach men the inner meaning of life, Mark Twain set them perpetually in a roar. With the plaudits of the world in his ear, the supreme figure in our literature was haunted by the sense of a great failure. So much may be gleaned from the biography of Mark Twain which the Harpers now pre-

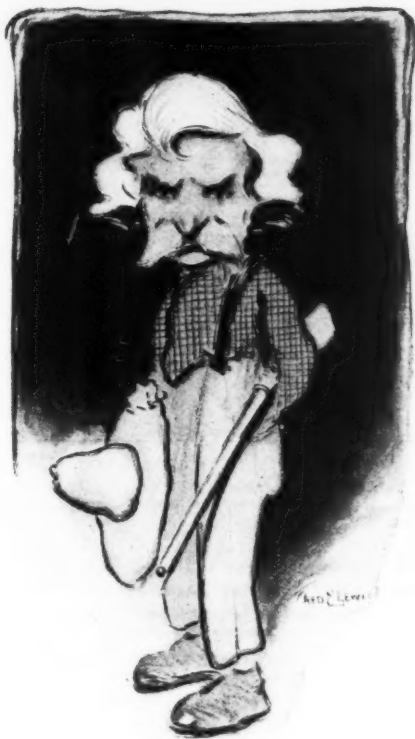
sent in three ambitious volumes from the authentic pen of Albert Bigelow Paine. Not that this biographer does not make his readers see the compensations his immortal subject had. One of them must have been the thirty cents a word his pen brought—or was it his typewriter?—in the splendid autumn of his career. Then there were the applause of the multitude and the approval of the discriminating few. Now and then a finer joy was felt. The truth would dawn tremendously upon an isolated mind. It would be discovered that Mark Twain was, after all, a man with a message, a thinker, one worthy of a place among those immortals like Socrates whom Dante found in a rare and quiet circle of his hell. Yet the vast, delighted and merry Mark Twain public missed this subtler essence. Mr. Paine explains in these words the tragedy of it all:

"Every little while, during the forty years or more that have elapsed since then, some one has come forward announcing Mark Twain to be as much a philosopher as a humorist, as if this were a new discovery. But it was a discovery chiefly to the person making the announcement. Every one who ever knew Mark Twain at any period of his life made the same discovery. Every one who ever took the trouble to familiarize himself with his work made it. Those who did not make it have known his work only by hearsay and quotation, or they have read it very casually or have been very dull. It would be much more of a discovery to find a book in which he has not been serious—a philosopher, a moralist, and a poet. Even in the 'Jumping Frog' sketches, selected particularly for their inconsequence, the under-vein of reflection and purpose is not lacking. The answer to Moral Statistician



THE PILOT

Mark Twain is here exhibited in the character which enriched his mind with its best impressions. He was a dignified member of the great fraternity of the Mississippi, exploiting the physiognomical characteristic of his generation, the side-whisker, with ease and distinction.



RUCK FINS

MARK TWAIN IN A GREAT ROLE

It was said of Samuel L. Clemens that had he not taken to literature he would have made a brilliant actor. In his grotesque improvisations he delighted many audiences. His histrionic powers suggested to a cartoonist this picture.

is fairly alive with human wisdom and righteous wrath. The 'Strange Dream,' tho ending in a joke, is aglow with poetry. Webb's 'advertisement' was playfully written, but it was earnestly intended, and he writes Mark Twain down a moralist—not as a discovery, but as a matter of course. The discoveries came along later, when the author's fame as a humorist had dazzled the nations.

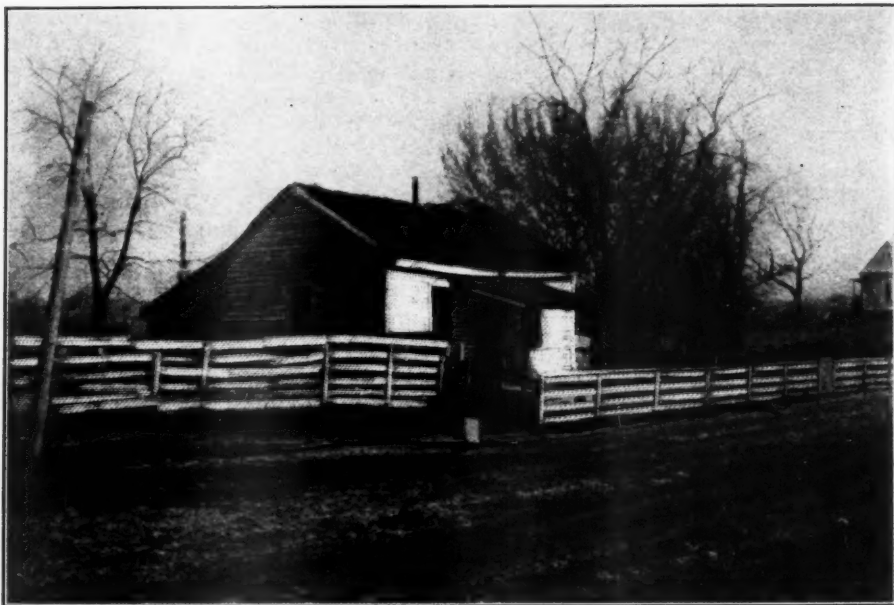
"It is as well to say it here as anywhere, perhaps, that one reason why Mark Twain found it difficult to be accepted seriously was the fact that his personality was in itself so essentially humorous. His physiognomy, his manner of speech, his movement, his mental attitude toward events—all these were distinctly diverting. When we add to this that his medium of expression was nearly always full of the quaint phrasing and those surprising appositions which we recognize as amusing, it is not so astonishing that his deeper, wiser, more serious purpose should be overlooked."

No trace of the bitterness of the man misunderstood was manifest in the manner or the aspect of Mark Twain. Yet he came in time to live curiously apart from the actualities of life in a world of his own thoughts and fancies and philosophical musings. Dwelling mainly in the end, says Mr. Paine, among his philosophies

and speculations, he observed vaguely or minutely what went on about him; but he was a man in a dream always. A fact to him took a place not in the actual world but in a world within his consciousness, a place where facts were likely to assume new and altogether different relations in his subconsciousness. It not infrequently happened, therefore, when he recounted some incident, even the most recent, that history took on fresh and startling forms:

not as a part of the material landscape, but as an item of his own inner world—a world in which philosophies and morals stood upright—a very good world indeed, but certainly a topsy-turvy world when viewed with the eye of mere literal scrutiny. And this was, mainly, of course, because the routine of life did not appeal to him. Even members of his household did not always stir his consciousness.

"He knew they were there; he could call them by name; he relied upon them; but



BIRTHPLACE OF MARK TWAIN

The date of the great event happened to be November 30, 1835, and the place Florida, Missouri. The mother of the genius, a Miss Jane Lampton, married John Marshall Clemens and settled here with him as a pioneer.

"More than once I have known him to relate an occurrence of the day before with a reality of circumstance that carried absolute conviction, when the details themselves were precisely reversed. If his attention were called to the discrepancy, his face would take on a blank look, as of one suddenly aroused from dreamland, to be followed by an almost childish interest in your revelation and ready acknowledgment of his mistake. I do not think such mistakes humiliated him; but they often surprized and, I think, amused him.

"Insubstantial and deceptive as was this inner world of his, to him it must have been much more real than the world of flitting physical shapes about him. He would fix you keenly with his attention, but you realized, at last, that he was placing you and seeing you

his knowledge of them always suggested the knowledge that Mount Everest might have of the forests and caves and boulders upon its slopes, useful, perhaps, but hardly necessary to the giant's existence, and in no important matter a part of its greater life."

There seemed at times a dread in his soul lest by some inadvertence he reveal himself too much. He had reconciled himself to the misunderstanding of mankind. He was willing to be taken for a humorist by the outside world and to show only to his intimates the thoughts, the philosophy and spiritual vision that were his. Perhaps in the end this feeling was slightly morbid.

THE LEWIS CARROLL OF CANADA



HE phenomenon of a middle-aged professor of economics (which Carlyle called the dismal science) expressing himself in the medium of literary burlesque is an unusual event at least. It is a startling event when this activity takes a form which is diametrically opposed to anything academic. Lewis Carroll taught mathematics, but wrote "Alice in Wonderland" and "Sylvie and Bruno." Stephen Leacock, Professor of Economics at McGill University, Montreal, Canada, has published three volumes* in which the sharpness of inferential satire, the audacity of invention, the gift of caricature, and the absolute vapidness of the characters portrayed give the reader the joy of witnessing, as one does in the books of Lewis Carroll, an alert intellect at play. Leacock has been called the Canadian Mark Twain, but according to the *Philadelphia Press* he has tapped an absolutely new vein of humor. "I consider that a man who can so lightly and delightfully poke fun at both Shakespearian criticism and Sir Henry Irving is, as politicians say, 'a national asset,'" says a critic in *The Guardian* (London).

In a delightful preface to his latest volume, "Sunshine Sketches," Leacock declares that it is a far easier task to be a savant than it is to be a humorist. He is prouder of the fact that he is the author of "Nonsense Novels" than that he writes on Canadian politics for stodgy English quarterlies. He explains the situation in this fashion:

"Many of my friends are under the impression that I write these humorous nothings in idle moments when the wearied brain is unable to perform the serious labors of the economist. My own experience is exactly the other way. The writing of solid, instructive stuff fortified by facts and figures is easy enough. There is no trouble in writing a scientific treatise on the folklore of central China or a statistical inquiry into the declining population of Prince Edward Island. But to write something out of one's own mind worth reading for its own sake is an arduous contrivance only to be achieved in fortunate moments few and far between.

* SUNSHINE SKETCHES OF A LITTLE TOWN. LITERARY LAPSSES. NONSENSE NOVELS. By Stephen Leacock. John Lane Company.

"Personally, I would rather have written 'Alice in Wonderland' than the whole Encyclopedia Britannica!"

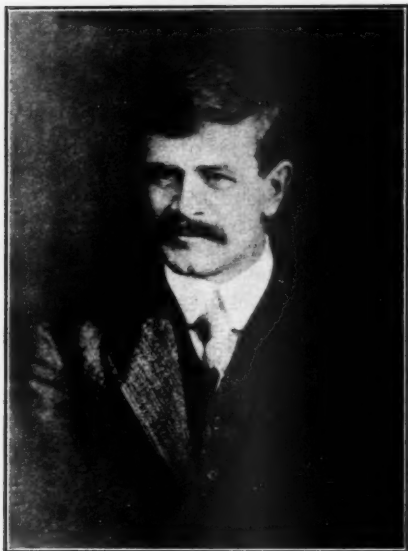
"Education" is one of the favorite targets of Leacock's barbed shafts; his colleagues are not exempt from his attacks and he is not in the least averse to holding himself up to ridicule. In the same preface he explains the advantages of holding a position on the university faculty:

"As this position is one of the prizes of my profession, I am able to regard myself as singularly fortunate. The emolument is so high as to place me distinctly above the policemen, postmen, street car conductors and other salaried officials of the neighborhood, while I am able to mix with the poorer of the business men of the city on terms of something like equality. In point of leisure I enjoy more in the four corners of a single year than the business man knows in his whole life. I thus have what the business man can never enjoy, an ability to think and, what is still better, to stop thinking altogether for months at a time.

"I have written a number of things in connection with my college work—a book on political science, and many essays, magazine articles, and so on. I belong to the Political Science Association of America, to the Royal Colonial Institute, and to the Church of England. These things, surely, are a proof of respectability. I have had some small connection with politics and public life. A few years ago I went all round the British Empire delivering addresses on imperial organization. When I state that these lectures were followed almost immediately by the union of South Africa, the banana riots in Trinidad and the Turco-Italian war, I think the reader can form some idea of their importance.

"In Canada I belong to the Conservative party, but as yet I have failed entirely in Canadian politics, never having received a contract to build a bridge, or make a wharf, or to construct even the smallest section of the Transcontinental Railway. This, however, is a form of national ingratitude to which one becomes accustomed in this Dominion."

Stephen Leacock at his best is to be found in the "Nonsense Novels." The modern novel has never been more ruthlessly ridiculed than in these sketches. The secret mechanics of the detective story of the Conan Doyle type is exposed in the following fashion. The secretary of the Great Detective enters his chambers:



AN ACADEMIC JEKYLL AND HYDE

He varies the infinite monotony of the "dismal science" by writing hilarious literary burlesque.

"Sir," said the young man, 'a mystery has been committed.'

"Ha!" said the Great Detective, his eye kindling, 'Is it such as to completely baffle the police of the entire continent?'

"They are so completely baffled with it," said the secretary, 'that they are lying in heaps. Many of them have committed suicide.'

"So," said the detective, 'and is the mystery one that is absolutely unparalleled in the whole recorded annals of the London police?'

"It is."

"And I suppose," said the detective, 'that it involves names which you would scarcely dare to breathe, at least without first using some kind of atomizer or throat-gargle.'

"Exactly."

"And it is connected, I presume, with the highest diplomatic consequences, so that if we solve it England will be at war with the whole world in sixteen minutes.'

"His secretary, still quivering with excitement, again answered yes.

"And finally," said the Great Detective, 'I presume it was committed in broad daylight, in some such place as the entrance of the Bank of England, or in the cloak-room of the House of Commons, and under the very eyes of the police?'

"Good," said the Great Detective, 'now conditions of the mystery.'

"Good," said the Great Detective, 'now wrap yourself in this disguise, put on these brown whiskers, and tell me what it is!'"

Other literary types effectively burlesqued are the hysterical confessions of Marie Bashkirtseff, under the title of "Sorrows of a Supersoul, or the Memoirs of Marie Mushenough"; the psychic, spiritualistic short story in which the mood of mystery predominates, under the title of "Q: a Psychic Pstory of the Psupernatural"; the medieval romance, in "Guido the Gimlet of Ghent"; the Robert Chambers type, in "Gertrude the Governess"; and the inevitable and conventional Christmas story of the popular magazine in "Caroline's Xmas, or the Inexplicable Infant," "introducing," Mr. Leacock explains, "the inevitable infant which turns up at Xmas time under highly peculiar circumstances, which as usual are happily explained."

There is nothing of the Socialistic trend in the mentality of Leacock, and his sharpest satire is to be found in a burlesque on the lack of authenticity in facts in novels of the Upton Sinclair genre. A poor country boy, Hezekiah Hayloft, comes to the great "cruel city." He hunts for work in this fashion:

"All that day and the next Hezekiah looked for work.

"A Wall Street firm had advertized for a stenographer.

"Can you write shorthand?' they said.

"No," said the boy in homespun, 'but I can try.'

"They threw him down the elevator.

"Hezekiah was not discouraged. That day he applied for fourteen jobs.

"The Waldorf-Astoria was in need of a chef. Hezekiah applied for the place.

"Can you cook?' they said.

"No," said Hezekiah, 'but, oh, sir, give me a trial; give me an egg and let me try—I will try so hard.' Great tears rolled down the boy's face. . . .

"Next day he applied for a job as a telegrapher. His mere ignorance of telegraphy was made the ground of a refusal. . . .

"For fourteen weeks Hezekiah looked for work. Once or twice he obtained employment, only to lose it again.

"For a few days he was made accountant in a trust company. He was discharged because he would not tell a lie. For about a week he held a position as cashier in a bank. They discharged the lad because he refused to forge a cheque. For three days he held a conductorship on a Broadway surface car. He was dismissed from this business for refusing to steal a nickel.

"Such, reader, is the horrid degradation of business life in New York."

THE GREATEST LITERARY IMPRESSIONIST OF OUR TIME



PIERRE LOTI, member of the French Academy, epicure of emotions, multi-colored stylist, has come to America and has gone. The immediate object of his visit was to assist the rehearsals of a play, "The Daughter of Heaven," that he wrote in collaboration with the daughter of Théophile Gautier; but for him and for us the journey was bound to mean much more than that. During his stay here he expressed his thoughts freely to interviewers. He indicted America from the point of view of the thinker and the esthete. He conceded our mechanical ingenuity, but deemed it too one-sided. He found the "furious living" of our cities quite as monstrous as magnificent. What we need, he said, is an aristocracy of contemplation to offset our materialism; and he added: "To think is itself a form of action and, in a sense, a superior form of it. It is this discovery which America could make with supreme advantage to herself."

All this has led to widespread discussion and has awakened keen interest in Loti's art. Most Americans know little of the books of this Frenchman of genius who is often ranked with Anatole France, and who is described by Benjamin De Casseres in *The Forum* as the greatest literary Impressionist of our time. Mr. De Casseres writes:

"It may be said of Pierre Loti, as of Lafcadio Hearn, that he phantomized a universe. He is the Prospero of Impressionism. His world is the baseless fabric of a vision and his adventures nothing but the insubstantial pageant of his own mind. His books are an aromatic hasheesh. His creations—Aziyadé, Madame Chrysanthème, Ramuncho—file by like wraiths who have a swift passion to be buried.

"The difference between Pierre Loti and the modern world is the difference between the Orient and the Occident, a difference fundamental and eternal, and one that can only be settled at the Armageddon of races. The Impressionist is Oriental. The soul of Loti has its roots in India, where life is a mirage invented by Maya, the Evil One.

"Impressionism cages the world in the brain. Only images and sensations are real. Matter is a myth. Resistance is a legend of touch.

The eternal universe is a superstition of the senses.

"Guy de Maupassant invented a being called Horla, a creature of some unimaginable world. It absorbed into itself whatever it touched. In all of Loti's works there is a Horla. Phantasmagoria and Terror are the protagonists of all his books—and Mystery, that sense of mystery that overcomes one in Gothic glooms and tropic distances. . . .

"Flaubert has been called the 'Colossus of Ennui.' Pierre Loti is Ennui itself. Like the Proserpina of Swinburne, Loti has gathered 'all things mortal with cold, immortal hands.' An unconquerable nostalgia for the *Néant* wells from every page he has written. For him to discover the specter Ennui it is only necessary to rend a shadow—that is, act. He yawns behind each gesture. Pleasure is, to Loti, only the glittering scabbard of Ennui. His thoughts are the sad, ironic dreams of the demon Ennui. All gods and demigods and humans will gray and pass through the twilight of senescence into the Nothing—except one, that reigns from everlasting to everlasting. It is Ennui."

All his days, Pierre Loti (who in private life is Captain Viaud, retired, of the French Navy) has roamed about the world in quest of intellectual material. In remote ages, in woman's soul and in many climes he has sought the new, the romantic. Breton seamen, Africa and the French soldier, Turkey and its "disenchanted" women, and the last days of Peking have furnished themes for his pen. "He has foisted himself upon things," in Mr. De Casseres' words. "It is Loti's desert; Loti's Stamboul; Loti's Japan; Loti's Roumania; Loti's sunset; Loti's Egypt; Loti's China; Loti's Pyrenees. And they are immortal because no other being has ever seen those things in that way before." On "Madame Chrysanthème," the story of an episode in the author's own life, John Luther Long built the "Madame Butterfly" which later became the basis of Puccini's opera.

Woman has played a dominating part in Loti's life and in his art. "If it were not for love," he says, "I would have lived and died unknown." And mystery, he claims, is woman's greatest charm—the allurements of the veiled in a presence and personality. "Yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow the



PIERRE LOTI AT SIXTY-THREE

A new portrait of the great French stylist who came to America recently to attend rehearsals of the play that he has written in collaboration with Judith Gautier.

mystery of womanhood is as that fabled of the Sphinx. You interrogate it with delight, but in vain. This indefinable remoteness is woman's obscure and precious gift from the gods." In the light of this statement, it is easy to understand Loti's lack of sympathy with the modern feminist movement. "I have no thoughts," he declares, "about the woman who longs for a vote; she does not interest me."

Pierre Loti, Mr. De Casseres observes, is the veritable Spirit of the Exotic. His art seems rooted in the illusion that "whatever is foreign is poetic; whatever is near is ugly." Mr. De Casseres continues:

"His passion for the exotic caused him to change his European attire for that of a Moslem and espouse the cause of the Crescent. All of us, some in lesser, some in greater ways, have this passion for the exotic. Some feed the craving with alcohol, others with the blasting dreams of religious mysticism. The pirate of the South Seas and the hermit of the Thebaid, Balzac dressed as a monk, Tolstoy masquerading as a moujik, Loti in Moslem attire—all are moved by the same impulse, love of the novel, the strange, the exotic, the

Elsewhere. In Loti and Poe the exotic is a life-principle. In Wilde and the Goncourt brothers it is pure attitude.

"The passion of distance is the original sin. Distance, psychological or real, is the mother of desire, and its unattainable horizons the cause of all pessimism. Loti is a distance-drunkard. He invents distances that were never in air or sea or firmament. He is distance-mad. The Hindu seer traveling his upward Path rises from prospect to prospect with a rapt joy blazoned on his soul, indulging that passion of distance, the frenetic desire to be lost in the Infinite, to be the hub of a million perspectives. It is something of this divine intoxication which has taken possession of Loti of late years. The Infinite has petrified him and he creates like a man in a dream.

"Loti is the enemy of the familiar. The average person holds fast to the limited; the boundaries of the territory in which he strolls are as clearly marked for him as the streets of his native place. He ambles through life the smiling prisoner of use and wont, chilled by the unfamiliar, a scarcely manumitted automaton of instinct. He feels well housed, safe in the concrete, in the very real walls of his mental abode, surrounded by his lares and penates, his unchanging God of Sundries back of it all.

"To Loti only the spectral is real. He bears about him the air of one sent on a strange, perplexing errand, and his life, as much as his books, has been a Search."

If the question be asked, What has Loti found in his quest? the answer is: Beauty and Sadness. "The incurable melancholy of Pierre Loti," Mr. De Casseres tells us, "is the purple mantle that robes his genius. He has fallen in love with the reflection of his own nothingness in the monstrous mirror of Time. The black Cup of Despair from which he has drunk has become his Holy Grail." Another writer, in the *New York Tribune* declares:

"Life, seen through his sensitive, melancholy, and, from the more sturdy Anglo-Saxon point of view, morbid temperament, is a meaningless, purposeless tragedy, whose fleeting joys but intensify its pain. Whether in the Desert of Sahara, amid the tropical luxuriance of the South Seas or in the chilling gray mists of the Iceland fishing banks, the note of sadness ever prevails in his books, a sadness that does not wonder, much less protest. It acquiesces, it accepts: such things are, and must be suffered. They spell life.

"No wonder, then, that Pierre Loti has found no lasting joy of living in his surrender to the lure of distant places, of races and

customs not our own. 'We ourselves are heaven and hell.' Everywhere his temperament has sounded the note of *Weltschmerz*. Our western civilization is hateful to him—hustling, ugly, harsh. He shrinks from it, he anathematizes it under the Pyramids profaned by street-cars and tourist agents and by the Briton's brisk rule. He has searched the world all his days and found not what he sought.

"But in the seeking he has enriched French literature with many a page of beauty; he

has added to her crown many a jewel, cut and polished with all the perfection and brilliancy of the finished artist. It is as artist pure and simple that the world has recognized him and honored him, that America honors him again to-day. His is, indeed, the art of the lapidary in letters in his descriptions of the islands far away mirrored in the southern seas. Yet at times, in storms of the chilling North, the lapidary has risen to the sculptor's strength."

MR. HOWELLS' TRIBUTE TO HAMLIN GARLAND



SOME years ago, Hamlin Garland paid a handsome tribute, in *The North American Review*, to William Dean Howells as the master craftsman and the master spirit among contemporary American novelists. Mr. Howells returns the compliment, in a late issue of the same magazine, by declaring that Garland's books seem to him "as indigenous, in the true sense, as any our country has produced." The book that Mr. Howells selects as Garland's masterpiece is not the one that will rise first in most readers' minds—"Main-Travelled Roads"—but the lesser known "Money Magic." In it, Mr. Howells tells us, the author has not hesitated to take clay from the "rude breast of the unexhausted West" and to mold it in shapes that breathe as with a life of their own.

Mr. Howells first met Hamlin Garland, it seems, in a Boston suburb in the early nineties. The younger man was devoting his energies at that time in about equal measure to active championship of Henry George's "Single Tax" and of a literary "veritism" which he had learned from a French critic and which he conceived as a solution of the knotty problem of realism versus idealism. Only a few years lay between him and the Wisconsin farm which grew him as genuinely as if he had been a product of its soil. Mr. Howells writes:

"When we both left Boston and came to New York, neither of us experienced that mental expansion, not to call it distension, which is supposed to await the provincial arriving in the metropolis; we still remained narrow-mindedly veritistic. This possibly was because we were both doubly provincial, being firstly Middle Westerners, and secondarily Bostonians; but for whatever reason it was,

he had already begun to show his faith by his works, in those severely conscientious studies of Wisconsin life which I should not blame the reader for finding the best of his doing in fiction. But it is not necessary to make any such restriction in one's liking in order to vouch one's high sense of the art and the fact in 'Main-Travelled Roads' and 'Other Main-Travelled Roads.' The volumes are happily named: these highways are truly the paths that the sore feet of common men and women have trodden to and fro in the rude new country; they are thick with the dust and the snow of fierce summers and savage winters. I do not say but they lead now and then through beautiful springtimes and mellow autumns; they mostly seek the lonely farmers, but sometimes they tarry in sociable villages where youth and love have their dances. I do not think that I am wrong in taking 'The Return of the Private' and 'Up the Coolly' for types of the bare reality prevailing with the hot pity which comes from the painter's heart for the conditions he depicts."

At the time Mr. Garland was telling his grim stories of farm life in the West, he was much in contact with the dramatist and actor, James A. Hearne. He tried his hand at plays, and Mr. Howells believes it the loss of our theater that they have never got upon the stage. But no doubt fortune that kept him to the story written to be read was not unintelligent. In the invention of such a group of novels as "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly," "The Eagle's Heart," "Hesper," "The Captain of the Gray-Horse Troop," "Money Magic" and "Cavanaugh," he has justified, Mr. Howells observes, the constancy of purpose which the fickle goddess has shown in his case. "She seems to have known what she was about in guiding his talent from West to Farther West, from the farms to the wilds, and lib-

erating it to the freer and bolder adventure which he must always have loved." Mr. Howells proceeds:

"If the work seems to lose at times in closeness of texture on its westering way, it gains in breadth. The workman does not change in it; he is always what he was: mindful of his own past, and tenderly loyal to the simplest life, as embracing not only the potentialities but the actualities of beauty, of sublimity.

"Mr. Garland's books seem to me as indigenous, in the true sense, as any our country has produced. They are western American, it is true, but America is mostly western now. But that is a question apart from the question of the author's literature. I for my part find this wholesome and edifying: I like being in the company of a man who believes so cordially in man's perfectibility; who believes that wrongs can really be righted, and that even in our depraved conditions, which imply selfishness as the greatest personal good, teaches that generosity and honesty and duty are wiser and better things. I like stirring adventure without bloodshed, as I find it so

often in these pages; I like love which is sweet and pure, chivalry which is in its senses, honor for women which recognizes that while all women ultimately are good and beautiful, some women are better and beautifuller than others, and some are more foolish and potentially vile enough to keep the balance of the virtues even between the sexes. . . . Indians, soldiers, woods, waters, he teaches me that they may all be considered to the national advantage. He does not allow me to despair of the hero, even of the heroine; he finds me new sorts of these in every sort of people and persuades me that they may still be naturally and charmingly in love with one another. He paints me a West in which the physiognomy of the East has put on new expression, kindlier, gentler, truer; he makes me imagine a life out there which has been somehow pacified and humbled and exalted as an escape from death and restored in gratitude to new usefulness in that new air on that new earth. He holds me with his story and he will not let me go till he has taught me something more than he has told me. Greater than this I do not think we ought to ask of any, and if we do I am sure we shall not get it."

MAY SINCLAIR'S DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCES OF "WUTHERING HEIGHTS"



UNTIL ten years ago, it was commonly supposed that the thirty-nine poems of Emily Brontë, given to the world by her sister Charlotte, were all that we should ever know in verse of her "passionate great genius," to quote from Swinburne's eulogy. Then, in 1902, sixty-seven additional poems were privately printed in America, and now the indefatigable Mr. Clement Shorter has brought to light seventy-one more, making in all a goodly volume.* Of these important literary "finds," however, the world has remained almost unaware. "The few people in it who read poetry at all do not read Emily Brontë much," says May Sinclair in her brilliant controversial book on the Brontës†: "it is as much as they can do to keep pace with the perpetual, swift procession of young poets. There is a certain austerity about Emily Brontë, a superb refusal of all extravagance, pomp, and decoration, which makes her verses look naked

to eyes accustomed to young lyrics loaded with 'jewels five-words long.' About Emily Brontë there is no emerald and beryl and chrysoprase; there are no vine-leaves in her hair, and on her white Oread's feet there is no stain of purple vintage. She knows nothing of the Dionysiac rapture and the sensuous side of mysticism." Yet these poems reveal new aspects of one of the world's great mystics, and, to the discerning mind of Miss Sinclair, reveal also the sources of that detached and solitary work of creative genius, "Wuthering Heights," a subject which has long been "the dream and the despair" of literary explorers.

Even Emily Brontë's editor, Miss Sinclair asserts, does not seem quite to have realized the nature of his discovery. Incidentally, he has not revized his proofs with "perfect piety." Worse still, he has admitted four poems of Anne Brontë's to the collection ("Anne's voice at her feeblest and most depressed!") merely because they were found in Emily's handwriting. To be brief, Mr. Clement Shorter, owing possibly to a temporary decline in Brontëan

* COMPLETE WORKS OF EMILY BRONTË. VOL. I.—POETRY. Hodder & Stoughton, London.

† THE THREE BRONTËS. By May Sinclair. Houghton Mifflin Company.

fervor, has missed his opportunity—an opportunity which Miss Sinclair proceeds to use right royally. For not only does she give us a "glorification" (the word is Chesterton's) and analysis of Emily Brontë's genius, surpassing all previous appreciations (not forgetting Maeterlinck and Swinburne), she really contributes something new to the controversial literature that still rages about the "weird sisters." In the fragmentary mass of Emily Brontë's verse she clearly discerns the fabric of an original epic, the "Gondal Chronicles"—"that continuous dream, that stupendous and gorgeous fantasy, in which Emily Brontë, for at least eleven years, lived and moved and had her being."

Until the publication of the later poems, Miss Sinclair concedes, it was quite possible to dismiss the "Gondal Chronicles" as youthful puerilities. Brontë specialists have done so confidently. But the new poems cannot be so considered. They demand a very serious attention. To quote at length:

"Written in lyric or ballad form, fluent at their worst and loose, but never feeble; powerful, vehement, and overflowing at their best, their cycle contains some of Emily Brontë's very finest verse. They are obscure, incoherent sometimes, because they are fragmentary; even poems apparently complete in themselves are fragments, scenes torn out of the vast and complicated epic drama. We have no clue to the history of the Gondals, whereby we can arrange these scenes in their right order. But dark and broken as they are, they yet trail an epic splendor, they bear the whole phantasmagoria of ancestral and of racial memories of 'old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago.' These songs and ballads, strung on no discernible thread, are the voice of an enchanted spirit, recalling the long roll of its secular existences; in whom nothing lives but that mysterious, resurgent memory."

It is easy to pick out many of the Gondal poems by the recurring names of lands and people. Others are distinguishable only by internal evidence. Miss Sinclair counts eighty-three of the latter, and ten more she considers doubtful. These are unmistakably battle pieces and songs of battle, songs of mourning and captivity and exile, heroic strains of martyrdom and defiance, fragments of magic and divination. The idea of the "Doomed Child" is ever recurrent. Yet after all, Miss Sinclair admits, her dis-

covery would not be so very important if the proper placing of the poems did not show the main track of the legend, and this track did not lead one straight to the sources of "Wuthering Heights." Mrs. Humphry Ward has thought she found them in the "Tales of Hoffman." But "supreme in the Gondal legend," Miss Sinclair points out, "is the idea of a mighty and disastrous passion, a woman's passion for the defeated, the dishonored, and the outlawed lover; a creature superb in evil, like Heathcliff, and like Heathcliff tragic and unspeakably mournful in his doom." She gives crucial passages, quotes at length, and thus brings her argument to a close:

"The genius of Emily Brontë was so far dramatic that, if you could divide her poems into the personal and impersonal, the impersonal would be found in a mass out of all proportions to the other. But, with very few exceptions, you cannot so divide them; for in her continuous and sustaining dream, the vision that lasted for at least eleven years of her life—from eighteen-thirty-four, the earliest date of any known Gondal poem, to eighteen-forty-five, the last appearance of the legend—she *was* these people; she lived, indistinguishably and interchangeably, their tumultuous and passionate life. Sometimes she is the lonely spirit that looks on in immortal irony, raised above good and evil. More often she is a happy god, immanent in his restless and manifold creations, rejoicing in this multiplication of himself. It is she who fights and rides, who loves and hates, and suffers and defies. She heads one poem naively: 'To the Horse Black Eagle that I rode at the Battle of Zamorna.' The horse *I* rode! If it were not glorious, it would be (when you think what her life was in that Parsonage) most mortally pathetic."

Miss Sinclair uses her power as a novelist to picture Emily Brontë's "outward and visible presence" as no one else has done, except Maeterlinck, and to draw a veil from the inner mystery of her personality.

"You see her tall and slender, in her rough clothes, tramping the moors with the form and the step of a virile adolescent. Shirley, the '*bête fauve*,' is Emily civilized. You see her head carried high and crowned with its long, dark hair, coiled simply, caught up with a comb. You see her face, honey-pale, her slightly high, slightly aquiline nose; her beautiful eyes, dark-gray, luminous; the 'kind, kindling, liquid eyes' that Ellen Nussey saw; and their look, one moment alert, intent, and the

next, inaccessibly remote. No separation ever broke, for one hour that counted, the bonds that bound her to her moors, or frustrated the divine passion of her communion with their earth and sky. Better still, no tale of passion such as they tell of Charlotte was ever told of Emily.

"It may be told yet, for no secret thing belonging to this disastrous family is sacred. There may be somewhere some awful worshipper of Emily Brontë, impatient of her silence and unsatisfied with her strange, her virgin and inaccessible beauty, who will some day make up some story of some love-affair, some passion kindred to Catherine Earnshaw's passion for Heathcliff, of which her moors have kept the secret; and he will tell his tale. But we shall at least know that he has made it up. And, even so, it will have been better for that man if he had never been born. He will have done his best to destroy or to deface the loveliness of a figure unique in literature."

When Emily Brontë, at the age of twenty-seven, resolved to write a novel such as her sisters were writing, all her epic youthful adventures in verse, her intense secret life of the imagination, culminated, according to this interpretation, in "Wuthering Heights." To quote further:

"In 'Wuthering Heights' we are plunged apparently into a world of most unspiritual lusts and hates and cruelties; into the very darkness and thickness of elemental matter; a world that would be chaos but for the iron necessity that brings its own terrible order, its own implacable law of lust upon lust begotten, hate upon hate, and cruelty upon cruelty, through the generations of Heathcliffs and of Earnshaws. . . . Judged by his bare deeds, Heathcliff seems a monster of evil, a devil without any fiery infernal splendor, a mean and sordid devil.

"But—and this is what makes Emily Brontë's work stupendous—not for a moment can you judge Heathcliff by his base deeds. Properly speaking, there are no base deeds to judge him by. Each deed comes wrapt in its own infernal glamour, trailing a cloud of supernatural splendor. The whole drama moves on a plane of reality superior to any deed. The spirit of it, like Emily Brontë's spirit, is superbly regardless of the material event. . . .

"If there never was anything less heavenly, less Christian, than this drama, there never was anything less earthly, less pagan. There is no name for it. It is above all our consecrated labels and distinctions. It has been called a Greek tragedy, with the Æschylean motto, *τῷ δῆσαντι παθεῖν*. But it is not

Greek any more than it is Christian; and if it has a moral, its moral is far more . . . *τῷ παθόντι παθεῖν*. It is the drama of suffering born of suffering, and confined strictly within the boundaries of the soul."

Admitting the many faults and crudities of "Wuthering Heights," and granting that it is probably one of the worst constructed tales that ever was written, Miss Sinclair yet concludes:

"This book stands alone, absolutely self-begotten and self-born. It belongs to no school; it follows no tendency. You cannot put it into any category. It is not 'Realism,' it is not 'Romance,' any more than 'Jane Eyre'; and if any other master's method, De Maupassant's or Turgenev's, is to be the test, it will not stand it. There is nothing in it you can seize and name. You will not find in it support for any creed or theory. The redemption of Catherine Linton and Hareton is thrown in by the way in sheer opulence of imagination. It is not insisted on. Redemption is not the keynote of 'Wuthering Heights.' The moral problem never entered into Emily Brontë's head. You may call her what you will—pagan, pantheist, transcendentalist, mystic and worshipper of earth, she slips from all your formulas. She reveals a point of view above good and evil."

Sir William Robertson Nicoll, who wrote the introductory essay to the definitive edition of Emily Brontë's poems, altho he finds Miss Sinclair's attempt to interpret the Gondal legend a "singularly ingenious and plausible effort," and one with which Brontë experts will be obliged to reckon, remains admiringly unconvinced. *The Athenaeum* takes Miss Sinclair to task for an exaggeration of Emily Brontë's genius. "She was narrow, intense, visionary, exceptional—a beautiful and surprising spectacle for the ordinary sons of men," the writer declares; but he considers it a waste of time to present her as poised and complete. G. K. Chesterton, by way of the *London Nation*, dashes into the controversy. "Emily Brontë was a splendid creature," he says, "and 'Wuthering Heights' is a splendid book; but there is nothing human about it; it might have been written by an eagle. Not only is there no happiness in it, but there is no hint that happiness is even possible. It is because 'Jane Eyre' has in it the whole human heart, the continual possibility of pleasure, as well as pain, that 'Jane Eyre' is a better human document."

RECENT POETRY



URING the year now drawing to its close, there have been published surprisingly many poems written by prisoners. Some of this work has had little to recommend it save the interesting circumstances of its origin. John Carter, however, has given us verse of considerable distinction. One of the most striking of prison-poems since the "Ballad of Reading Gaol" was printed in a recent number of the *International Socialist Review*. It was written by Arthur Giovannitti, the labor-leader who, with Joseph Ettor, is in Essex County Jail, Massachusetts, awaiting trial as an accessory to murder in connection with the Lawrence Mill strike. Giovannitti's native speech is Italian, but he handles English with vigor and certainty. Poems in the manner of Whitman frequently are slavishly imitative, but this is original. It is sincere, graphic, memorable. The poem is very long and we reprint it only in part:

THE WALKER.

BY ARTHUR GIOVANNITTI.

I hear footsteps over my head all night.
They come and they go. Again they come
and again they go all night.
They come one eternity in four paces and
they go one eternity in four paces, and
between the coming and the going there
are Silence and the Night and the Infinite.
For infinite are the nine feet of a prison cell,
and endless is the march of him who
walks between the yellow brick wall and
the red iron gate, thinking things that
cannot be chained and cannot be locked,
but wander far away in the sunlit world,
each in its wild pilgrimage after its des-
tined goal.
Throughout the restless night I hear the foot-
steps over my head.
Who walks? I don't know. It is the phan-
tom of the jail, the sleepless brain, a
man, the man, the Walker.
One—two—three—four; four paces and the
wall.
One—two—three—four; four paces and the
iron gate.
He has measured the space; he has measured
it so accurately, scrupulously, minutely,
so many feet, so many inches, so many
fractions of an inch for each of the four
paces.
One—two—three—four. Each step sounds
heavy and hollow over my head, and the

echo of each step sounds hollow within
my head as I count them in suspense and
in fear that once, perhaps, in the endless
walk, there may be five steps instead of
four between the yellow brick wall and
the red iron gate.

But he has measured the space so accurately,
so scrupulously, so minutely, that nothing
breaks the grave rhythm of the slow fan-
tastic march.

Yet fearsome and terrible are all the footsteps
of men upon the earth, for they either
descend or climb.

They descend from little mounds and high
peaks and lofty altitudes, through wide
roads and narrow paths, down noble
marble stairs and creaky stairs of wood,
and some go down to the street, and
some go down to the cellar, and some
down to the pits of shame and infamy,
and still some to the glory of an un-
fathomable abyss where there is nothing
but the staring white stony eyeballs of
Destiny.

And again other footsteps climb. They climb
to life and to love, to fame, to power,
to vanity, to truth, to glory, and to the
gallows: to everything but Freedom and
the Ideal.

And they all climb the same roads and the
same stairs others go down; for never,
since man began to think how to over-
come and overpass man, have other roads
and other stairs been found.

They descend and they climb, the fearful
footsteps of men, and some drag, some
speed, some trot, some run; the footsteps
are quiet, slow, noisy, brisk, quick, fever-
ish, mad, and most awful is their cadence
to hear for the one who stands still.

But of all the footsteps of men that either
descend or climb, no footsteps are as
fearsome and terrible as those that go
straight on the dead level of a prison floor
from a yellow stone wall to a red iron
gate.

Every important development in our na-
tional life finds its poet and sometimes many
poets. But how little poetry so produced
survives. The poetry of the Civil War was
abundant and much of it still lives. William
Vaughn Moody gave us an "Ode in Time of
Hesitation" and Richard Watson Gilder did
some memorable work of this order. His
successor in the editorial chair of *The
Century*, Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson,
recently uttered through the columns of
the *New York Times* the following vehem-

ment protest against the Panama Canal legislation:

DIRGE.

On Hearing of the Violation of the Panama Treaty.

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

Now toll the bell,
The slow and fatal bell,
Let hill and valley hear the lingering knell,
As for every son of Fame
At whose death the land stood still,
As tho there were no greater ill.
Gathered all the tears for such
Into one fount of sorrow, not too much
It were for this one, murdered in immortal
shame!
The trembling struggle now is o'er,
Ended the hope and dread;
The greatest of our greatest is no more:
Honor is dead!

Now drape with black,
Darken the day
With solemn and insistent black,
Till Night herself the speech of grief shall
seem to lack.
Since Honor was the pillar of the State,
Let every public shaft the general mourning
mate.
Drape the white beacon of the Capitol
That thrilled us from afar—
Our faith, our egis, and our star;
Let black encompass it from Hall to Hall,
Nor spare the storied wall
Whence Webster's voice to duty made its
mighty call.
Drape the White Mansion where, another
desperate day,
Our stainless Lincoln lay.
(It looked so white but yesterday!)
Nor spare the tower whose crest, when day
is done,
Above the glooming night
Holds glowing in the light
The thought of Washington.
Thank God these died before
Men to each other said:
"The greatest of our greatest is no more:
Honor is dead."

Ay, speak the unwelcome word,
Droop the shamed head, but speak!
When Sages' sight is blurred
The silent are the weak.
What tho the dagger plead no dire intent,
Loud is the land's lament:
Our best is slain, slain, slain!
Not by a hand insane,
As thrice the deed was done;
Not by a foreign foe
The hideous and surpassing blow;

But by sworn guardians of the people's trust—
All parties for the moment merged in one,
Since 'twas too great a crime for faction's
single thrust.

Caesar at Pompey's feet deserved his fate
But not our candid State,
That had begun to teach the world a new way
to be great.

O ye that blindly struck and ye that led,
Hark to the land's lament from shore to shore:
"The greatest of our greatest is no more,
Honor is dead."

In England, as in America, the poet is not afraid to enter politics. Like Rudyard Kipling, William Watson is keenly interested in the attitude of Ulster toward Irish Home Rule. The poem which we quote appeared in the *London Times* and was cabled over to the *New York American*. In manner and in tone it is not dissimilar to Mr. Johnson's ode.

ULSTER'S REWARD.

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

What is the wage the faithful earn,
What is a recompense fair and meet?
Trample their fealty under your feet.
That is a fitting and just return.
Flout them, buffet them, over them ride;
Fling them aside.

Ulster is ours to mock and spurn,
Ours to spit upon, ours to deride;
And let it be known and blazoned wide
That this is the wage the faithful earn.
Did she uphold us when others defied?
Then fling her aside!

Oh, when has constancy firm and deep
Been proven so oft, yet held so cheap?
She had only asked that none should sever,
None should divorce us, nothing divide;
She had only asked to be ours for ever
And this was denied.
This was the prayer of the heart of Ulster,
To them that repulsed her,
And flung her aside.

When in the world was such payment tendered
For service rendered?
Her faith had been tested, her love had been
tried,
And all that she begged was with us to abide.
She proffered devotion in boundless store,
But that is a thing men prize no more.
And, tossing it back in her face, they cried:
"Let us open the door
And fling her outside."

Where on the earth was the like of it done
In the gaze of the sun?
She had pleaded and prayed to be counted still
As one of our household through good and ill.
And with scorn they replied,
Jeered at her loyalty, trod on her pride;
Spurned her, repulsed her,
Great-hearted Ulster,
Flung her aside.

Here is a poem which may justly be called occasional, altho there is no direct mention of any contemporary event. But its appearance coincided so closely with Prof. Schäfer's address on the chemical origin of life that its inspiration is clear. It was printed in the London *Daily Mail* and cabled over to the New York *Times*.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

BY ALFRED NOYES.

In the beginning?—Slowly grope we back
Along the narrowing track,
Back to the deserts of the world's pale prime,
The mire, the clay, the slime;
And then . . . what then? Surely to something less;
Back, back, to Nothingness!

You dare not halt upon that dwindling way!
There is no gulf to stay
Your footsteps to the last. Go back you must!
Far, far below the dust,
Descend, descend! Grade by dissolving grade.
We follow, unafraid!
Dissolve, dissolve this moving world of men
Into thin air—and then?

O pioneers, O warriors of the Light,
In that abysmal night,
Will you have courage then to rise and tell
Earth of this miracle?
Will you have courage, then, to bow the head,
And say, when all is said—
"Out of this Nothingness arose our thought!
This blank abysmal Nought
Woke, and brought forth that lighted City street,
Those towers, that armored fleet?"

When you have seen those vacant primal skies
Beyond the centuries,
Watched the pale mists across their darkness flow,
As in a lantern-show,
Weaving, by merest "chance," out of thin air,
Pageants of praise and prayer;

Watched the great hills like clouds arise and set,
And one—named Olivet;
When you have seen, as a shadow passing away,
One child clasp hands and pray;
When you have seen emerge from that dark mire
One martyr, ringed with fire;
Or, from that Nothingness, by special grace,
One woman's love-lit face, . . .

Will you have courage, then, to front that law
(From which your sophists draw
Their only right to flout one human creed)
That nothing can proceed—
Not even thought, not even love—from less
Than its own nothingness?
The law is yours! But dare you waive your pride,
And kneel where you denied?
The law is yours! Dare you rekindle, then,
One faith for faithless men,
And say you found, on that dark road you trod,
In the beginning—GOD?

Charles Hanson Towne has a striking poem in *Collier's Weekly*. It has the grace and dignity which mark most of this poet's work. We omit two stanzas simply for lack of space.

PEACE.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

There is a rumor of eternal Peace;
The wonderful wild news sweeps through the world
That nevermore loud drums shall beat alarms,
Or bugles blow the awful songs of War.

There shall be silence where the sabers clashed,
And utter calm where once the cannon roared;
The Lord's green fields shall not be wet with blood,
But white with innocent daisies in the Spring;
And where the crashing cavalry once plunged
Our hearts shall hear the lyrics of the birds
When soft May mornings break in years to be.

Be swift, O laggard years, to bring that day
When Right shall be the master of old Might,
And Love with her soft processes shall see
Her hour triumphant and her legions large.
Tear down the bulwarks of incessant Hate,
And let pale Pity rise from the dull dust,
Her unfamiliar eyes two flashing stars
Emerging from the shadows of the deep.

But dream not there shall be eternal Peace,
 Tho red battalions have been scattered far,
 And mighty armies lost like autumn winds.
 Call in the iron navies of the world,
 And sink them in the ocean's monstrous
 heart;

Sunder the bastions of the universe,
 The watchful forts that face the open sea;
 Still we shall hear the rumors of great wars,
 And see the smoke of conflict; we shall know
 The old, old battle of the rich and poor—
 The poor with watch-fires in the engine room,
 And regiments of children in the mills;
 The rich with beacon lights upon their hearths,
 And golden domes their perfumed tents at
 night.

But when wild Winter bares her icy sword,
 One army shall remember Valley Forge,
 And tremble at the menace of the days;
 One army shall meet endless Waterloos
 In the long line of years that sing defeat,
 And in their tattered uniforms march on,
 Till Death, the last Commander, bids them
 halt.

There shall be desolation in their eyes,
 And sorrow where they pitch their city camps;
 And rags shall be the emblem of their cause—
 Sad banners that reveal their very shame.

Dream not of Peace eternal till there comes
 Some hour supreme when these two hosts
 shall meet

In a great whirlwind of high brotherhood!

There is a haunting melody in this poem,
 taken from *Harper's Weekly*:

THE PIPER.

BY DONN BYRNE.

I will take my pipes and go now, for the bees
 upon the sill

Are singing of the summer that is coming
 from the stars.

I will take my pipes and go now, for the little
 mountain rill

Is pleading with the bagpipes in tender,
 crooning bars.

I will go o'er hills and valleys, and through
 fields of ripening rye,

And the linnet and the throstle and the
 bittern in the sedge

Will hush their throats and listen, as the
 piper passes by,

On the great long road of silver that ends
 at the world's edge.

I will take my pipes and go now, for the
 sandflower on the dunes

Is a-weary of the sobbing of the great white
 sea,

And is asking for the piper, with his basketful
 of tunes,
 To play the merry lilting that sets all hearts
 free.

I will take my pipes and go now, and God go
 with you all,

And keep all sorrow from you and the
 dark heart's load.

I will take my pipes and go now, for I hear
 the summer call,

And you'll hear the pipes a-singing as I
 pass along the road.

So far the woman suffrage movement
 has failed to achieve any very compelling
 lyrical expression—anything, that is, that
 seems likely to forward the cause with
 "the man in the street." Mrs. Stetson and
 Witter Bynner and others have written on
 the subject with great earnestness; but
 nothing on that side has seemed to arrest
 public attention as, for instance, Kipling's
 "The Female of the Species" arrested it.
 In *Collier's* we find a new attempt to set
 forth the cause in verse:

THE CALL.

BY ELLEN GLASGOW.

Woman called to woman at the daybreak!

When the bosom of the deep was stirred,
 In the gold of dawn and in the silence,
 Woman called to woman and was heard!

Steadfast as the dawning of the polestar,

Secret as the fading of the breath;
 At the gate of Birth we stood together,
 Still together at the gate of Death.

Queen or slave or bond or free, we battled,

Bartered not our faith for love or gold;
 Man we served, but in the hour of anguish
 Woman called to woman as of old.

Hidden at the heart of earth we waited,

Watchful, patient, silent, secret, true;
 All the terrors of the chains that bound us
 Man has seen, but only woman knew!

Woman knew! Yea, still, and woman know-
 eth!—

Thick the shadows of our prison lay—
 Yet that knowledge in our hearts we treasure
 Till the dawning of the perfect day.

Onward now as in the long, dim ages,

Onward to the light where Freedom lies;
 Woman calls to woman to awaken!
 Woman calls to woman to arise!

But, after all, the controversial poem has its limitations. Here is a little poem with nothing to commend it but its sheer beauty. What more is needed? We find it in *The Atlantic Monthly*:

AUTUMN IN THE ISLANDS.

BY M. L. C. PICKTHALL.

After the wind in the wood,
Peace and the night;
After the bond and the brood,
Flight.
After the height and the hush
Where the wild hawk swings,
Heart of the earth-loving thrush
Shaken with wings.

After the bloom and the leaf,
Rain on the nest;
After the splendor and grief,
Rest.
After the hills, and the far
Glories and gleams,
Cloud, and the dawn of a star,
And dreams.

Since the following poem was printed in the N. Y. *Evening Mail*, that most Rooseveltian of newspapers, its intended application is evident. But even the most conservative in politics will acknowledge its strength and directness.

A MAN.

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

The spiteful will slander, the timid will clamor,
The sordid will barter, the crafty will plan;
But thanks be to God! that the strokes of His hammer

On Destiny's anvil have made us a Man!

One man who was faithful whatever assailed us,

Whose arm we found ready, whose heart we proved just;

A man with a vision, who never has failed us,
The man we have tested, the man whom we trust.

When others could falter, faint-hearted and hollow,

He caught up our banner, he rallied our might;

And glad were the hearts of the young men to follow

The Leader who laughed in the heat of the fight.

We called him to aid us when evil assailed us,
And still as our champion, still in the van

He battles, the Captain who never yet failed us,
Clear-sighted, true-hearted. Thank God for a Man!

The sociologist is seldom a poet. But the poet must be sufficiently a sociologist to be keenly interested in humanity. Life must be his chief study if his work is to be of interest and of value. That Mr. Louis Untermeyer has been looking at life at a somewhat unusual angle of late is indicated by the poem reprinted below. It appeared in the New York *Independent*.

CALIBAN IN THE COAL MINES.

BY LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

God, we don't like to complain;
We know that the mines are no lark;
But—there's the pools from the rain,
But—there's the cold and the dark.

God, You don't know what it is;
You, in Your well-lighted sky,
Watching a meteor whiz—
Warm, with the sun always by. . . .

God, if You had but the moon
Stuck in Your cap for a lamp,
Even You'd tire of it soon
Down in the dark and the damp. . . .

Nothing but blackness above,
And nothing that moves but the cars—
God, in return for our love,
Fling us a handful of stars!

When the poet attempts sociology he is apt to grow prolix and dull. But Miss Moore (in the *American Magazine*) dexterously avoids these dangers of her subject and gives us in a few lines a striking picture and a powerful sermon.

IN THE JUVENILE COURT.

By DOROTHEA MOORE

So very like the flower—the weed—
So very like the flower. Indeed
I'm wondering what God would say
If I should throw the weed away.

This hard defiant pallid girl—
Offensiveness in every curl
Of her rough hair. O my dull eyes,
Can you be reason hers are wise?

And when I bend beside the bed
Where my girl lies so sheltered,
How may I touch that tender face,
Forgetting these—who need such grace?

THE GREAT MAN: A STORY BY RICHARD MIDDLETON

"The common man can have no conception of the joy that is to be found in belonging, tho but momentarily and illusively, to the aristocracy of genius." So says Middleton in a sort of introduction to the following slight story. We question the truth of the statement. We are inclined to believe that the experience here recorded is fairly universal. Even to the "common man" enough blessed self-conceit is accorded to enable him to feel great once or twice during his life, at least in his youth. This story is taken from Middleton's volume of short stories (noticed at length last month) "The Ghost Ship and Other Stories."



ONCE met an Englishman in the forest that starts outside Brussels and stretches for a long day's journey across the hills. We found a little café under the trees, and sat in the sun talking about modern English literature all the afternoon. In this way we discovered that we had a common standpoint from which we judged works of art, tho our judgments differed pleasantly and provided us with materials for agreeable discussion. By the time we had divided three bottles of Gueze Lambic, we had already sketched out a scheme for the ideal literary newspaper. In other words, we had achieved friendship.

When the afternoon grew suddenly cold, the Englishman led me off to tea at his house, which was half-way up the hill out of Woluwe. It was one of those modern country cottages that Belgian architects steal openly and without shame from their English confrères. We were met at the garden gate by his daughter, a dark-haired girl of fifteen or sixteen, so unreasonably beautiful that she made a disillusioned scribbler feel like a sad line out of one of the saddest poems of Francis Thompson. In my mind I christened her Monica, because I did not like her real name. The house, with its old furniture, its library, where the choice of books was clearly dictated by individual prejudices and affections, and its unambitious parade of domestic happiness, heightened my melancholy. While tea was being prepared, Monica showed me the garden. Only a few daffodils and crocuses were in bloom, but she led me to the rose garden, and told me that in the summer she could pick a great basket of roses every day. I pictured Monica to myself, gathering her roses on a breathless summer afternoon, and returned to the house feeling like a battered version of the Reverend Laurence Sterne. I knew that I had gathered all my roses, and I thought regretfully of the chill loneliness of

the world that lay beyond the limits of this paradise.

This mood lingered with me during tea, and it was not till that meal was over that the miracle happened. I do not know whether it was the Englishman or his wife that wrought the magic; or perhaps it was Monica, nibbling "speculations" with her sharp white teeth; but at all events I was led with delicate diplomacy to talk about myself, and I presently realized that I was performing the grateful labor really well. My words were warmed into life by an eloquence that is not ordinarily mine, my adjectives were neither commonplace nor far-fetched, my adverbs fell into their sockets with a sob of joy. I spoke of myself with a noble sympathy, a compassion so intense that it seemed divinely altruistic. And gradually, as the spirit of creation woke in my blood, I revealed, trembling between a natural sensitiveness and a generous abandonment of restraint, the inner life of a man of genius.

I passed lightly by his misunderstood childhood to concentrate my sympathies on the literary struggles of his youth. I spoke of the ignoble environment, the material hardships, the masterpieces written at night to be condemned in the morning, the songs of his heart that were too great for his immature voice to sing; and all the while I bade them watch the fire of his faith burning with a constant and quenchless flame. I traced the development of his powers, and instanced some of his poems, my poems, which I recited so well that they sounded to me, and I swear to them also, like staves from an angelic hymn-book. I asked their compassion for the man who, having such things in his heart, was compelled to waste his hours in sordid journalistic labors.

So by degrees I brought them to the present time, when, fatigued by a world that would not acknowledge the truth of his message, the man of genius was preparing to retire from life, in order to devote himself to the compo-

sition of five or six masterpieces. I described these masterpieces to them in outline, with a suggestive detail dashed in here and there to show how they would be finished. Nothing is easier than to describe unwritten literary masterpieces in outline; but by that time I had thoroly convinced my audience and myself, and we looked upon these things as completed books. The atmosphere was charged with the spirit of high endeavor, of wonderful accomplishment. I heard the Englishman breathing deeply, and through the dusk I was aware of the eyes of Monica, the wide, vague eyes of a young girl in which youth can find exactly what it pleases.

It is a good thing to be great once or twice in our lives, and that night I was wise enough to depart before the inevitable anti-climax. At the gate the Englishman pressed me warmly by the hand and begged me to honor his house with my presence again. His wife echoed the wish, and Monica looked at me with those vacant eyes, that but a few years ago I would have charged with the wine of my song. As I stood in the tram on my way back to Brussels I felt like a man recovering from a terrible debauch, and I knew that the brief hour of my pride was over, to return, perhaps, no more. Work was impossible

to a man who had expressed considerably more than he had to express, so I went into a café where there was a string-band to play sentimental music over the corpse of my genius. Chance took me to a table presided over by a waiter I singularly detested, and the last embers of my greatness enabled me to order my drink in a voice so passionate that he looked at me aghast and fled. By the time he returned with my bock the tale was finished, and I tried to buy his toleration with an enormous *pourboire*.

No; I will return to that house on the hill above Woluwe no more, not even to see Monica standing on tiptoe to pick her roses. For I have left a giant's robe hanging on a peg in the hall, and I would not have those amiable people see how utterly incapable I am of filling it under normal conditions. I feel, besides, a kind of sentimental tenderness for this illusion fated to have so short a life. I am no Herod to slaughter babies, and it pleases me to think that it lingers yet in that delightful house with the books and the old furniture and Monica, even tho I myself shall probably never see it again, even tho the Englishman watches the publishers' announcements for the masterpieces that will never appear.

WHEN THE HANGMAN LOST HIS NERVE

The following vivid sketch, by John D. Barry, the American novelist, appeared in the *San Francisco Bulletin*. It makes one not only feel but reflect.



YOU have treated me so fine ever since I came in here," said the voice from the cell, "I don't see how you can have the heart to hang me to-morrow."

The heavy figure, sitting in the gloom outside the cell door, moved uncomfortably. "Well, it's this way. Don't you think it's better for me to do it than somebody that don't take any interest in you at all? Now I don't want to do it, Jim. And I don't do it for the twenty-five dollars there is in it for me. When they first put it up to me some five years ago to hang a man in this place I said I wouldn't do it for any amount of money in the world. And then I thought it over. I said to myself: 'Well, it wouldn't be me that was doing it. I don't make the laws any more than any other man. I'm only

here to carry them out. And I stand in good with the boys. Perhaps I can make it a bit easier for them in the last few minutes. Anyway, they'll know that I ain't doing it with any hard feelings. But every time I do it, I have to take a few drinks of whisky to keep up my nerve."

Out of the cell came a long sigh.

"How are you feeling?"

"Oh, not so bad. I guess I'll lie down and try to get a little sleep."

"Will you take some of the dope?"

"No, thanks, Bill. I'm going to see if I can't get along without it."

"Makes it easier."

"Maybe. But I don't want to have any bad dreams. It's bad enough when I doze off. It's funny I can't remember anything about killing my wife when I'm awake. I was too drunk at

the time. But hundreds of times since I did it I have done it over again in my sleep, in different ways."

"Well, if there wasn't any drink in the world there wouldn't be much use for prisons."

The next morning, at ten o'clock, they were ready. Jim was dressed in black, with a white shirt and a white collar and a black tie. On his small feet were black socks and black felt slippers. His fresh-shaven face made him look like a boy. As he stood in the center of the cell he smiled at the people around him, the warden, the two surpliced priests, a tall young man in stripes, and Bill.

While the young man in stripes was pinioning Jim's arms, Bill looked sadly on, the furrows cutting deeply into his full cheeks and lines of pain crossing his forehead under his thick white hair. "Sure you won't have any whisky?" he asked.

"Thanks. I guess not. You take it."

Bill shook his head. "If you can get along without it I ought to."

The warden was looking sympathetically at Jim's face, yellow as wax. "How are you feeling?"

"All right, Warden."

"It's time," said the warden, and he bent forward to step out of the cell door.

Jim and Bill followed and walked along the corridor side by side, with the two priests behind them reciting prayers, and the figure in stripes.

The procession passed through a narrow door and entered a room crowded with men. In the center stood a slim green scaffold. The warden ascended the steps and stood at one side. Jim stood over the trap with Bill at his right hand. The two priests stood at Jim's left, continuing their prayers. The striped figure stood at the edge of the crowd.

Quickly Bill drew a narrow black belt across the calves of Jim's legs. Around the neck he adjusted the noose. Over the yellow face he pressed a black hood.

The warden nodded, almost imperceptibly.

There was silence.

The men in the crowd stood motionless.

The silence continued.

The warden's face grew paler. "Go on!"

Bill did not move.

The warden spoke sharply: "Why don't you go on?"

Still Bill did not move.

"Spring the trap."

Now Bill's lips were moving. "I can't, Warden."

"What's the matter?"

"I don't know. I can't do it."

From under the cap came a hoarse appeal.

"For God's sake, go ahead."

Again came the warden's command. "Spring the trap! Put him out of torture."

Bill walked unsteadily toward the warden. He seemed broken. "You'll have to do it yourself, Warden," he whispered.

In the warden's face there was a flush of anger. "Why should I do it? I'm not the hangman. I'm the warden."

The warden looked down on the young man in stripes at the edge of the crowd. "You

come up here and spring the trap," he called out.

The young man did not stir.

"Do you hear what I say?"

"I can't do it, Warden."

"I order you to do it."

"I can't help it, Warden. But I can't kill a man in cold blood."

The black figure was trembling.

The warden caught sight of another striped figure standing in a corner, a hale old man, more than six feet tall, with broad shoulders. "Oh, Finnerty!"

The old man walked forward. "Here," said the warden in a tone of confidence, "you've been at all these things for the past thirty years. You come up here and finish the job."

The old man's blue eyes were fixed on the warden.

"Do you hear what I say?"

"I hear, Warden, and I'd like to oblige you. But it's too much for me. I killed a man once when I was drunk. But I can't kill a man in cold blood that ain't done nothin' to me."

The warden walked to the edge of the scaffold. "Is the sheriff of Plumas County here?" he asked.

A stout, red-faced man raised an arm. "Say, you arrested this man. Now I want you to come up and spring the trap."

The red-faced man shook his head. "That's not my business, Warden. I've done my duty and you can't expect me to do any more." He glanced furtively at the smooth-faced youth of about twenty-one at his side. "Here's the brother of the woman that was killed. Pr'aps he'll do it."

"No! I couldn't do it." The reply came in a trembling voice. "I wanted to see him hanged. But now I feel different."

Jim trembled violently. He looked as if he might drop on the floor of the scaffold. Bill walked forward and put one arm around the black figure.

From out of the crowd stepped a well-dressed man of middle age, wearing large gold-bowed spectacles. "I'll do it," he said, in a low voice, addressing the warden.

The warden looked startled. "Who are you?"

"I'm a citizen of this State. I'm in favor of capital punishment. I can't see there is any difference between hanging a man by a law that I support and hanging a man myself."

When the warden perceived that the man was sincere, he said: "Well, as there is no one else to do the job you might as well do it."

The man walked up the steps. He had a whispered talk with the warden.

Bill said in a low voice: "Brace up," and stepped off the trap.

The black figure stood rigid. Then it dropped and frantically dangled at the end of the rope.

Bill seized the rope. The figure hung still, the slipped feet in the air.

The man with the gold-bowed spectacles made his way down the steps. At his approach the crowd parted. They looked at him with curiosity and horror in their eyes, as if he were different from themselves, a monster.

The Humor of Life

As a story-teller, Robert Henri would seem to equal his ability as a painter, judging from the following stories found in *Tit-Bits*, and the *Los Angeles Times*.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

Mr. Henri paused before a landscape at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts and said:—

"Dawb, who painted this, has sprung from humble circumstances to great wealth and eminence.

"Dawb made his first success in Paris. He was diffident and abashed in those days. When he would sally out from his garret in the Rue Vaugirard to a duchess's in the Avenue des Champs Elysées, or a princess's in the Rue de l'Université, his heart would be in his mouth.

"They say that once, at a dinner-party at Paillaird's, Dawb, the guest of honor, didn't open his mouth from the oysters to the soufflé.

"Finally, when the desert came on, the beautiful and elegant hostess smiled and said:—

"Come, dear M. Dawb, do say something!"

"Dawb blushed at this challenge, racked his brain, and stammered, with a bashful smile:—

"Have you noticed, ladies and gentlemen, that this year's pawn-tickets are all green."

NOT WHAT SHE EXPECTED

"It isn't wise for a painter to be too frank in his criticisms," said Robert Henri at a luncheon. "I know a very outspoken painter whose little daughter called at a friend's house and said:

"Show me your new parlor rug, won't you, please?"

"So, with great pride, the hostess led the little girl into the drawing-room, and raised all the blinds, so that the light might stream in abundantly upon the gorgeous colors of an expensive Kirmanshah.

"The little girl stared down at the rug in silence. Then, as she turned away, she said in a rather disappointed voice:

"It doesn't make ME sick!"

The "younger brother" appears again in the *Los Angeles Times* with one of his weighty questions.

WHAT IS THE ANSWER?

Senator Borah was talking at a dinner in Boise about an embarrassing question that had been asked at Chicago.

"The question," he said, smiling, "went unanswered. It was like little Willie's query.

"A young gentleman was spending the weekend at little Willie's cottage at Atlantic City, and on Sunday evening after dinner, there being a scarcity of chairs on the crowded piazza, the young gentleman took Willie on his lap.

"Then, during a pause in the conversation, little Willie looked up at the young gentleman and piped.

"Am I as heavy as sister Mabel?"

Satire gives the motorist this hint to help him decide where he shall and shall not stop with his wife.

UNDERTONE.

WIFE (on auto tour):—That fellow back there said there is a road-house a few miles down the road. Shall we stop there?

HUSBAND:—Did he whisper it or say it out loud?

The following story is from the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Some of us do take this view of those who supplant us.

HIS RIVAL.

It happened in front of the village post-office.

An old farmer was holding his frightened team while an automobile rushed by.

"Queer how horses are so skeered of them things," said one of the loafers.

"Queer?" grumbled the farmer. "What would you do if you should see my pants coming down the street with nothing in them?"



TALK ABOUT TROUBLES!

—Morris in *Spokane Spokesman-Review*

From *Everybody's* comes this story of a very accommodating gentleman:

A SLIP.

The boys had made good use of the steep hill in their search for winter sport, and their sleds had worn a track, where the snow had turned to ice.

A gentleman, whom we will call Mr. Chesterfield (he was really very polite), collided with a fat woman just at the brow of the hill, lost his footing, and fell; the woman fell also, landing on top of the polite gentleman. And down the hill they went, Mr. Chesterfield forming a toboggan on which the fat lady rode in safety. Faster, faster they went down the icy incline, not stopping until the foot of the hill was reached. Then the fat lady heard a very weak voice saying, "Pardon me, madam; you will have to get off now—this is as far as I go."

Sandy is a close rival with Pat for the honors when it comes to humor. We are inclined to give our decision for Sandy. His is so often unconscious. This from *Everybody's* is an example.

FOUND.

A woman and her brother lived alone in the Scotch Highlands. She knitted gloves and garments to sell in the Lowland towns. Once when she was starting out to market her wares, her brother said he would go with her and take a dip in the ocean. While the woman was in the town selling her work, Sandy was sporting in the waves. When his sister came down to join him, however, he met her with a wry face. "Oh, Kirstie," he said, "I've lost me weskit." They hunted high and low, but finally as night settled down decided that the waves must have carried it out to sea.

The next year, at about the same season, the two again visited the town. And while Kirstie sold her wool in the town, Sandy splashed about in the brine. When Kirstie joined her brother she found him with a radiant face, and he cried out to her, "Oh, Kirstie, I've found me weskit. 'Twas under me shirt."

It does seem as if the doctors had an unusual advantage, and this story from *Life* suggests an explanation.

EITHER WAY.

"Why did papa have appendicitis and have to pay the doctor a thousand dollars, mamma?"

"It was God's will, dear."

"And was it because God was mad at papa or pleased with the doctor?"

Here is a story that might serve as an advertisement for a business opening.

COMPETITION NEEDED.

In a quiet little country town, so quiet that the silence hurt, a commercial traveler entered the general store. Going through to the parlor at the back, he came upon the proprietor and a friend engaged in a game of draughts.

"Here, Mr. Slocum," he said, in an energetic whisper, "there's two customers in the shop."

Slocum never took his eyes from the board. He merely nodded his head and whispered in reply:—

"That's all right. Keep quiet, and they'll go away again."

The editor of the *Atchison Globe*—E. W. Howe, also a novelist—runs a department semi-occasionally called "Globe Lights," which consists of epigrams so good that we assume he himself writes them. Here are a few:

EPIGRAMS.

One reason young people think they have so many friends is that they never need them.

A woman who cries a great deal is usually a great kisser.

If you don't like this world, complain to the girl who is at home from school for the holiday vacation; she is running it at present.

Every man throws a rock now and then that he would like to have back in his hand.

The children who attend a certain church in Atchison say that the preacher prays so long that they can count two street cars go by.



QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE

—Arthur Lewis in *Harper's Weekly*